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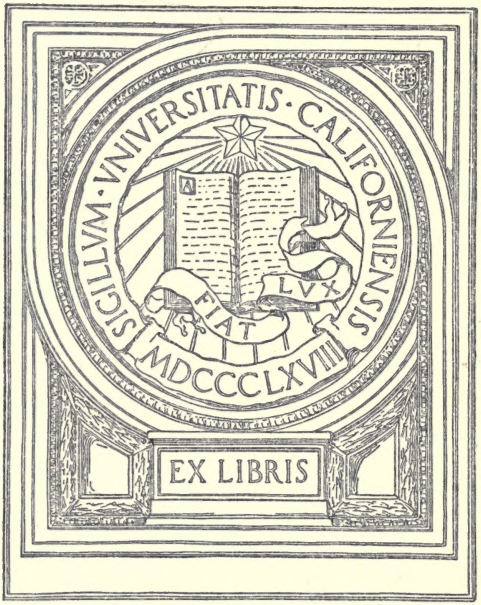

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THE

ANTI-GALLICAN;

OR

STANDARD

OF

British Loyalty, Religion and Liberty;

INCLUDING

A COLLECTION

OF THE PRINCIPAL

PAPERS, TRACTS, SPEECHES, POEMS, AND SONGS,

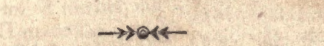
THAT HAVE BEEN PUBLISHED ON

THE THREATENED INVASION:

TOGETHER WITH MANY

ORIGINAL PIECES

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.



"A *Descent* I am determined to attempt, by putting myself at the Head of the Expedition, and with 480,000 men at command, army after army will be found for the Enterprize."

Bonaparte's Speech to Lord Whitworth.

GALLUS suo Sterquilinio *plurimum potest.*

London.

PRINTED FOR VERNOR AND HOOD, POULTRY; AND J. ASPERNE, CORNHILL,

BY J. AND E. HODSON, CROSS-STREET, HATTON-GARDEN.

1804.

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TO

THE VOLUNTEERS

OF THE

UNITED KINGDOM,

WHO

WITH AN IMPULSE OF GENUINE PATRIOTISM,

HAVE OFFERED THEIR SERVICES

TO DEFEND

THE RIGHTS OF THEIR COUNTRY,

FROM THE

VIOLATION THREATENED

BY AN IMPLACABLE FOE;

THIS VOLUME

INTENDED TO PROMOTE THE SAME OBJECT,

IS

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

Let come three corners of the World in Arms,
And we shall shock them :—NOUGHT SHALL MAKE US RUE,
IF ENGLAND TO HERSELF DO REST BUT TRUE.

SHAKESPEARE.

M199199

THE
ANTI-GALLICAN.

NUMBER I.

ADDRESS TO THE BRITISH NATION.

THE expiring embers of War being again re-lumed by the vengeance of an implacable enemy, and its flame directed against the dearest liberties of our NATIVE LAND, it becomes no less the INTEREST, than the DUTY, of every Englishman, to lend his aid in rescuing his Country from the impending danger. The storm excited by the most imperious of our foes, is driven onward with a celerity proportioned to the magnitude of the purposed mischief. Not content with the subjugation of the greatest part of Europe, the FIRST CONSUL OF FRANCE directs every engine of his malice to the overthrow and destruction of this Island. The firm and dignified resistance which it has opposed to the extension of his tyranny, has raised his hatred, and given force to his malignity. Intoxicated by the more than regal splendours of the state he has usurped, he would bend the world to his will, and force it to stoop beneath the footstool of his power. Dazzled by success, and blinded by flattery, his judgment has become morbid, and every opposition to his purposes is followed by deep and lasting displeasure. Hence his enmity to Britain; for daring to raise barriers to the overwhelming progress of his destructive influence,

influence, he has vowed her ruin; and every artifice that Vengeance can inspire, is pursued to accomplish his dire intent. His Legions, already versed in the completion of human misery, are excited to the charge by the promise of unlimited plunder. The spoils and the riches of the Country are to be at their disposal; their licentiousness is to be unbridled, and their passions glutted to satiety. The promised Canaan is pointed out to their view; and the land flowing with milk and honey, is at the will of the proud Conqueror, to become to its inhabitants, a scene of desolation and of bitterness.

Britons! the Danger is imminent. The ferocious bands of Gaul have been too long nurtured in blood and rapine to resist the influence of the allurements thus displayed. Like rapacious wolves they advance to the conquest as reckless of danger, as divested of humanity. The "compunctious visitings of nature," are stifled in their bosoms. In their hearts, mercy is not an inmate; and so well does this fierceness of temper accord with the disposition of their despotic Ruler, that a *Public Edict* directs them to the massacre of *every Man* whose loyalty or whose bravery has impelled him to arm in defence of the menaced liberties of this Country!

The security which results from ignorance, or confidence unfounded in reality, is the sleep of delirium on the precipice of death. The means employed for our destruction, are great and extensive; and aided as they are by every kind of Machiavelian artifice, the only way of preventing their success, is by a kindred preparation. *We know*, and *we feel*, that DEATH is preferable to DEFEAT; yet let us not supinely neglect the precautions which tend to conquest, till the moment when the tempest bursts upon our heads. Let us prove that we deserve to live; not more by our contempt of an existence which reproach or shame would embitter, than by making the sacrifices which prudence dictates, to preserve that existence uncontaminated. Let us prove to Europe and to the World, that the insulting vaunt of the Usurper of Gaul, that Britain could not contend "*single handed*" with his enslaved Republic, was nothing more than the vapid ebullition of intoxicated pride.

The

The bravery of Britons is *proverbial;* yet it rests not on the shallow basis of report. The roll of History has recorded the triumphs of our country in unfading colours. Admiring nations have beheld our victories, and wondered at the greatness of the spirit displayed in atchieving them. Can it be, that the descendants of the *Heroes* that obtained the Battle of *Cressy*, of *Poictiers*, and of *Agincourt*, should have degenerated, and become unworthy of their sires? Oh! No. No. The pages of modern times sufficiently illustrate the falsehood of the supposition. LINCELLES, VALENCIENNES, EGYPT, ACRES, all, demonstrate that British Courage is still unconquerable. But not to courage alone must we look for security: its resources must be marshalled by Discretion, and directed by Wisdom. The foe with whom we contend, has all the subtlety of his country, and it behoves us to be wary: even the magnanimous Lion may be caught in the toils, should his generous spirit occasion him to despise the craft of the hunters.

Once more, Britons, permit us to assert, that the danger is imminent! Your courage wants not animation; but the idea of the folly of an Invasion of this Country, which too many entertain, must not be suffered to paralyze your efforts, and render that courage nugatory. WE MUST PREPARE FOR THE WORST. Your FOE, who never yet shrunk from a merciless deed, has told you, that *army after army will be found for the enterprize*. Let us remember, that these armies are inured to warfare, and must be opposed by discipline. It is not the mere register of names that can make SOLDIERS. We must be *practised* in the *use of arms;* we must learn to *march;* to sustain *privation* and *fatigue; to act in concert;* to oppose an *unshaken firmness* to the *extreme of danger;* and so to *embody ourselves* (if the expression may be allowed) with the *threatened fate of our Country*, that every other idea may be absorbed in a determined resolution to DIE, or CONQUER.

E. W. B.

THE

THE SPEECH OF ROLLA TO THE PERUVIANS.

From Sheridan's Play of Pizarro.

This animated Address is so peculiarly applicable to the present Situation of this Country, that we think no piece can be better adapted to commence the present Selection.

MY brave Associates—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame!—can words add vigour to the VIRTUOUS ENERGIES which inspire your hearts?—No—YOU have judged as I have, the *foulness* of the *crafty plea* by which these bold INVADERS would delude you—your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the *motives* which in a war like this, can animate *their* minds, and OURS.—THEY, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule—WE, for our Country, our Altars, and our Homes.—THEY follow an ADVENTURER whom they fear—and obey a power whom they *hate*—WE serve a *Monarch* whom we love—a GOD whom we adore.—Whene'er they move in anger, *Desolation* tracks their progress! Where'er they pause in amity, *Affliction* mourns their friendship!—They boast, they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of Error!—Yes—THEY will give enlightened freedom to *our* minds, who are themselves the *slaves* of passion, avarice, and pride.—They offer us their protection,—Yes, such protection as *vultures* give to lambs—covering and devouring them!—They call upon us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they *promise*.—Be our plain answer this: The Throne WE honour is the PEOPLE'S CHOICE—the Laws we reverence are our brave Fathers' legacy——the Faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your *Invaders* this; and tell them too, we seek no change; and, least of all, such change as *they* would bring us.

THE TENDER MERCIES OF *BONAPARTE IN EGYPT!*

As the avowed purpose of BONAPARTE, is the subjugation of this Country, it becomes a matter of considerable interest to know his *actual* Character, and to what extent his promises may be confided in, and his humanity trusted, should he ever obtain footing in England. The ensuing relations will enable us to form a tolerable idea of these circumstances:—

SIR ROBERT WILSON, in his "History of the British Expedition to Egypt," gives the following Narrative of the cruelties committed by order of GENERAL BONAPARTE, now First Consul of France.

"The Turks justified themselves for the massacre of the French by the massacre at Jaffa. As this act, and the poisoning of the sick, have never been credited, because of such enormities being so incredibly atrocious, a digression to authenticate them may not be deemed intrusively tedious; and, had not the influence of power interfered, the act of accusation would have been preferred in a more solemn manner, and the damning proofs produced by penitent agents of these murders; but neither menaces, recompence, nor promises, can altogether stifle the cries of outraged humanity, and the day for retribution of justice is only delayed. Bonaparte having carried the town of Jaffa by assault, many of the garrison were put to the sword, but the greater part flying into the mosque, and imploring mercy from their pursuers, were granted their lives; and let it be well remembered, that an exasperated army in the moment of revenge, when the laws of war justified the rage, yet heard the voice of pity, received its impression, and proudly refused to be any longer the executioners of an unresisting enemy. Soldiers of the Italian army, this is a laurel wreath worthy of your fame, a trophy of which the subsequent treason of an individual shall not deprive you! Bonaparte, who had expressed much resentment at the compassion manifested by his troops, and determined to relieve himself from the maintenance and care of 3800 prisoners*, ordered them to be marched to a rising ground near Jaffa, where a division of French infantry formed against them. When the Turks had entered into their fatal alignment, and the manifold preparations were completed, the signal gun fired. Vollies of musquetry and grape instantly played against them; and Bonaparte, who had been regarding the scene through a telescope, when he saw the smoke ascending, could not restrain his joy, but broke out into exclamations of approval. Indeed, he had just reason to dread the refusal of his troops thus to dishonour themselves. Kleber had remon-

* "Bonaparte had in person inspected, previously, the whole body, amounting to near 5000 men, with the object of saving those who belonged to the towns he was preparing to attack. The age and noble physiognomy of a veteran Janissary attracted his observation, and he asked him sharply 'Old man, what did you do here?' The Janissary, undauntedly replied, "I must answer that question by asking you the same; your answer will be, that you come to serve your Sultan; so did I mine." The intrepid frankness of this reply excited universal interest in his favour. Bonaparte even smiled. "He is saved," whispered some of the aids-du-camp. 'You know not Bonaparte,' observed one who had served under him in Italy; 'that smile, I speak from experience, does not proceed from the sentiment of benevolence; remember what I say.' The opinion was too true: the Janissary was left in the ranks, doomed to death, and suffered."

strated in the most strenuous manner; and the officer of the etat-major who commanded, (for the General to whom the division belonged was absent,) even refused to execute the order without a written instruction; but Bonaparte was too cautious, and sent Berthier to enforce obedience. When the Turks had all fallen, the French troops humanely endeavoured to put a period to the sufferings of the wounded; but some time elapsed before the bayonet could finish what the fire had not destroyed, and probably many languished days in agony. Several French officers, by whom partly these details are furnished, declared this was a scene, the retrospect of which tormented their recollection; and that they could not reflect on it without horror, accustomed as they had been to sights of cruelty. These were the prisoners whom Assalini, in his very able work on the plague, alludes to, when he says, that for three days the Turks shewed no symptoms of that disease, and it was their putrifying remains which produced the pestilential malady which he describes as afterwards making such ravages in the French army. Their bones still lie in heaps, and are shown to every traveller who arrives; nor can they be confounded with those who perished in the assault, since this field of butchery lies a mile from the town. Such a fact should not, however, be alledged without some proof or leading circumstance, stronger than assertion, being produced to support it; but there would be a want of generosity in naming individuals, and branding them to the latest posterity, for obeying a command when their submission became an act of necessity, since the whole army did not mutiny against the execution: therefore, to establish further the authenticity of the relation, this can only be mentioned, that it was Bonn's division which fired: and thus every one is afforded the opportunity of satisfying themselves respecting the truth, by enquiring of officers serving in the different brigades composing this division.

"The next circumstance is of a nature which requires, indeed, the most particular details to establish; since the idea can scarce be entertained, that the commander of an army should order his own countrymen (or, if not immediately such, those amongst whom he had been naturalized) to be deprived of existence when in a state which required the kindest consideration. But the annals of France record the frightful crimes of a Robertspiere, a Carriere; and historical truth must now recite one equal to any which has blackened its page. Bonaparte, finding that his hospitals at Jaffa were crowded with sick, sent for a physician, whose name should be inscribed in letters of gold, but which, from weighty reasons, cannot be here inserted: on his arrival, he entered into a long conversation with him respecting the dangerous contagion, concluding at last with the remark, that something must be done to remedy the evil, and that the destruction of the sick in the hospital was the only measure which could be adopted. The physician, alarmed at the proposal, bold in the confidence of virtue and the cause of humanity, remonstrated vehemently, representing the cruelty as well as the atrocity of such a murder; but, finding that Bonaparte persevered and menaced, he indignantly left the tent with this memorable observation: "Neither my principles, nor the character of my profession, will allow me to become a human butcher; and, General, if such qualities are necessary to form a great man, I thank my God that I do not possess them." Bonaparte was not to be diverted from his object by moral considerations. He persevered, and found an apothecary, who, dreading the weight of power, (but who has since made an atonement to his mind by unequivocally confessing

fessing the fact,) consented to become his agent, and to administer poison to the sick. Opium at night was administered in gratifying food; the wretched, unsuspecting victims banquetted; and in a few hours, 580 soldiers, who had suffered so much for their country, perished thus miserably by order of its Idol. Is there a Frenchman whose blood does not chill with horror at the recital of such a fact? Surely, the manes of these murdered, unoffending people must be now hovering round the seat of government and . . . . . If a doubt should still exist as to the veracity of this statement, let the members of the Institute at Cairo, be asked what passed in their sitting after the return of Bonaparte from Syria; they will relate that the same virtuous physician, who refused to become the destroyer of those committed to his protection, accused Bonaparte of high treason, in the full assembly, against the honour of France, her children, and humanity; that he entered into the full details of the poisoning of the sick, and the massacre of the garrison; aggravating these crimes by charging Bonaparte with strangling previously at Rosetta, a number of French and Copts, who were ill of the plague; thus proving, that this disposal of his sick was a premeditated plan, which he wished to introduce into general practice. In vain Bonaparte attempted to justify himself. The members sat petrified with terror, and almost doubted whether the scene passing before their eyes was not illusion. Assuredly, all these proceedings will not be found in the minutes of the Institute!——No! Bonaparte's policy foresaw the danger, and power produced the erasure:—but let no man calculate on the force of circumstances which may prevent such an avowal as is solicited, presume on this to deny the whole; there are records which remain, and which in due season will be produced. In the interim, this representation will be sufficient to stimulate enquiry; and, Frenchmen, your honour is indeed interested in the examination."

In the Official Correspondence between Lord Hawkesbury and General Andreossi, the latter terms the above relation "a most atrocious and disgusting calumny." Sir Robert has since written the following letter to the Editors of the public Newspapers, which we consider as conclusive on the subject.

TO THE EDITOR, &c.

"SIR,

"IN the official correspondence lately published, there appears some remarks, which the French Ambassador was instructed to make on my History of the Expedition to Egypt, and of which I feel called upon to take notice; not in personal controversy with General Andreossi, for, conscious of the superior virtue of my cause, I find myself neither aggrieved nor irritated by the language he has used; but that the public may not attribute my silence to a desire of evading further discussion, and thus the shallow mode of contradiction adopted by the Chief Consul acquire an unmerited consideration.

"The Ambassador observes, 'That a Colonel in the English army has published a work in England, filled with the most atrocious and disgusting calumnies against the French army and its General. The lies it contains have been contradicted by the reception which Colonel Sebastiani experienced. The publicity of his report was at once a refutation and reparation, which the French army had a right to expect.'

"But surely a new signification must have been attached in France to the word calumny, when such a term is applied to my account of the conduct of the French troops in Egypt, and the consequent disposition of the inhabitants towards them!

"Independent,

" Independent, however of the proofs to be adduced in corroboration of my statement, Europe may justly appreciate the probable truth of what I have written, when she recollects the unparallelled sufferings endured by the unoffending countries, into which, during the last war, a French army penetrated; and she will at least hesitate to believe that the same armies should voluntarily ameliorate their conduct, in a country more remote, where the atrocities they might commit would be less liable to publicity, and that this extraordinary change should be in favour of a people, whose principles and resistance might have excited the resentment of more generous invaders.

" I will not enter into any unnecessary detail of the numerous facts which I could urge; but I appeal to the honour of every British officer employed in Egypt, whether those observations are not sacredly true, which describe the French as being hateful to the inhabitants of that country, which represent them as having merited that hatred from the ruin and devastation with which their progress through it has been marked; and I am ready, if there be one who refuses to sanction this relation, to resign for ever every pretension to honourable reputation, and submit, without farther struggle, to that odium which should attach to calumny, and a wilful perversion of truth.

" But, Sir, I feel confident there is no individual, who will not amply confirm all that I have written on this subject; and perhaps Europe has a right to condemn me for not having made the accusations still stronger, when I can produce general orders of the French army, for the destruction of villages and their inhabitants; when I can prove, that above 20,000 of the natives perished by the swords of the French soldiery; and that every act of violence was committed, and particularly in Upper Egypt, which could outrage humanity, and disgrace the character of civilized nations. When writing a history of the campaign, was it possible not to express indignation against the authors of such calamities? Would it have been natural not to have felt the animation of that virtuous pride, which a reflection on the different conduct of the British soldiery must inspire in the breast of every Briton? I have asserted that a British soldier could traverse alone through any part of Egypt, or even penetrate through the Desert, secure from injury or insult. I have described the natives as considering the British as their benefactors and protectors, soliciting opportunities to manifest their gratitude, and esteeming their uniform as sacred as the turban of Mahometanism; and I may venture to predict, that hereafter the French traveller will be compelled to conceal the name of his nation, and owe his security to the assumption of the British character.

" But, Sir, does the effect of Colonel Sebastiani's report justify the Chief Consul's conclusion, that it is "a complete refutation of what I have advanced," even if we attach to that report implicit belief in its candour and veracity? Is it possible that the Chief Consul can suppose the world will trace respect for the French name in the circumstance which occurred to Colonel Sebastiani at Cairo, and which rendered it necessary for him to demand protection from the Vizir? or would he imagine that the apologue of d'Ghezzar Pacha was not intelligible even previous to the instructions being published which M. Talleyrand sent to the French *commercial agents?*

" That illustrious senator, to whose virtues and stupenduous talents England owes so much of her prosperity, has declared, that this report of Colonel Sebastiani in no case contradicts my statement; and I should consider that high opinion

ently sufficient to remove any impression which the French Ambassador's note might otherwise have made, did I not think it a duty to press some observations on that part of the paragraph which alludes to the direct accusation against General Bonaparte, that the public may know I was fully aware of the important responsibility which I had voluntarily undertaken, and in which much national honour was involved. I would wish the world seriously to examine, whether the accuser or accused have shrunk from the investigation, and then hold him as guilty who has withdrawn from the tribunal of enquiry.

"I avowed that I was his public accuser; I stood prepared to support the charge. The courts of my country were open to that mode of trial, which, as an innocent man, he could alone have required, but of which he did not dare to avail himself. It was no anonymous libeller against whom he was to have filed his answer, but against one (and without any indecent vanity I may say it) whose rank and character would have justified his most serious attention.

"The charges were too awful to be treated with neglect, and we know that they have not been read with indifference. Nor is it possible that the First Consul can imagine the fame of General Bonaparte is less sullied, because a few snuff-boxes bearing his portrait were received by some abject or avaricious individuals with expressions of esteem. Or can he hope, that the contemptible, but not less unworthy insinuation, directed against the gallant and estimable British General, will divert mankind from a reflection of the crimes with which he stands arraigned?

"Fortunately for Europe, she is daily becoming more intimately acquainted with the character of this hitherto misconceived man; and I confess that I feel considerable gratification when I indulge the thought that I have contributed to its developement.

"Success may, for inscrutable purposes, continue to attend him; abject senates may decree him a Throne, or the Pantheon; but history shall render injured humanity justice, and an indignant posterity inscribe on his cenotaph—

"Ille venena Colchia
Et quidquid usquam concipitur nefas,
Tractavit.

"I am, Sir, yours,
ROBERT WILSON, K. M. T.
Lieutenant-Colonel."

Confirmation of the Tender Mercies of BONAPARTE *in Egypt.*

AS a proof of the veracity of Sir Robert Wilson's account of the tremendously inhuman *murders* perpetrated at Jaffa by order of that most sanguinary monster, and detestable tyrant, Bonaparte, Dr. Wittman, who was physician to the British Military Mission which accompanied the army of the Grand Vizir in its route through Turkey, Syria, and Egypt, during the late campaign in that country, in his Narrative of his Travels, page 128, thus speaks: "*Four* "*thousand* of the wretched inhabitants who had surrendered, and who had in vain implored the mercy of their conquerors, were, together with a part of the late Turkish garrison of El-Arish, (amounting, it has been said, to five or six hundred,) dragged out in *cold blood*, four days after the French had obtained possession of Jaffa, to the sand hills, about a league distant, in the way to Gaza, and there most inhumanly put to death. I have seen the *skeletons of those unfortunate victims*, which lie scattered over the hills, a modern

a modern Golgotha, which remains a lasting disgrace to a nation calling itself civilized. Indeed, I am sorry to add, that the charge of *cruelty* against the *French General* does not rest here. It having been reported that, previously to the retreat of the French army from Syria, their commander in chief (BONAPARTE) had ordered all the *French sick at Jaffa to be poisoned*, I was led to make the enquiry, to which every one who had visited the spot would naturally be directed, respecting an act of such *singular*, and, it *should seem*, *wanton inhumanity*. It concerns me to have to state, not only that *such a circumstance was positively asserted to have happened, but that while in Egypt, an individual was pointed out to us as having been the executioner of these diabolical Commands.*" *!!!*

ENGLISHMEN, can you possibly read this account without horror? Can you read it, and not wish for the most consummate vengeance on the head of the wretch who caused it? Not only in cold blood to murder Four Thousand Five Hundred of his captives, but to destroy, by poison, his unfortunate comrades—*his own sick soldiers!*—Never was there an action committed in the world—so barbarous, so horribly cruel. And it is this execrable fiend who menaces your shores with invasion, who has presumptuously ordered a general massacre of Britons, and the unlimited pillage and plunder of your Metropolis, as a reward to his recreant army! That *he will* attempt to invade you, *ought not* for one moment to be doubted—That he will fail in his attempt, *cannot* for one moment be disputed.—You have only with heart and hand to rally round the throne of your King, and the Constitution of your country, and, with the blessing of God, which you may most confidently expect on so excellent a cause, the proud, the insulting foe, should he come, will, to his eternal dismay, prove that the descendants of the heroes of Cressy, Agincourt, &c. (some of whom are the Heroes of Aboukir, of Acre, and of Alexandria,) are animated with the same soul, possess the same courage and unshaken zeal for their country, which glowed in the breasts of their Forefathers.

INSCRIPTION.

Partly Historical, partly Prophetical, which, for the sake of the moral order of the world, and of the tranquillity of man-mind, it is hoped may not, ere long, be wholly consigned to a marble Monument to be erected at Jaffa.

To hand down for ages to come
to the just execration of posterity,
the Name and Memory of
N——N B—P—E;
this Charnel House,
filled with the bones of our Fathers
and Brethren in Arms,
was erected by us,
the Survivors, at JAFFA,
in this very field,
where that atrocious Tyrant
triumphed
in the cold-blooded massacre
of near four thousand of our race.
Reader!
take good heed, and know,
that it was reserved for Jacobin France
to prove
that there could exist,
upon the face of the earth,
a human being
so completely bereft
of all the sympathies our nature,
as to be capable,
first to conceive,
next to command,
and, at last,
after the basest simulation till the
fatal moment,
to witness, as he did,

with hellish exultation,
so horrible a work
of perfidy and murder.
The relentless butchery of that day
almost glutted
the ruthless satellites of his power.
The Jacobin soldiery
of the French Republic,
a set of wretches
truly abandoned, and alone
worthy of such a commander;
who,
in point of talents and genius,
and in spite of
the false glare of his name,
as a minion of fortune,
proved fortune to be blind.
Estimated
by the pretensions of his person,
he was a pigmy;
by the propensities of his soul, and
the magnitude of his crimes,
a Giant
of wrath and destruction,
who over-ran the earth;
till,
molesting the forest
of the
BRITISH LION,
he courted his fate,
and was torn to pieces.

ANECDOTE OF FREDERIC THE GREAT, KING OF PRUSSIA.

THE day before the bloody but decisive battle at Leuthen, in which the Austrian army, commanded by Prince Charles of Lorrain, was greatly superior to the Prussian forces, the king ordered all his officers to attend him, and made to them the following speech.

"Gentlemen,

"I intend to march against the enemy to-morrow, and to give him battle. As the success of the whole campaign depends entirely upon the event of this battle, and as it will decide who is to be the future master of Silesia, I have ordered you to attend me, in order to tell you, that I expect every one of you to *do his duty in the strictest manner, and to exert himself to the utmost of his power.*

"I desire that every one of you in his particular post, attend to the word of command, *and lead on his troops with undaunted courage and bravery; in short, that every one approach the enemy with* FIXED RESOLUTION TO CONQUER OR DIE!———*If all of you,* WITHOUT EXCEPTION, *are of my mind*—I AM SURE OF VICTORY!

"I am perfectly well informed where the strength and where the weakness of the enemy lies; and I shall therefore place every corps in a situation in which it will fight with advantage to itself. *It will then only depend on you to fight with manly courage and old Prussian bravery.*

"*If any one of you is a coward—if any one is not* DETERMINED TO SACRIFICE HIS LIFE FOR HIS COUNTRY;—*let him step forward, before he makes others* AS COWARDLY AS HIMSELF!!!—Let him step forward, *and he shall immediately receive his discharge,* without ceremony or reproach.

"After a short pause, one of the staff-officers said, with enthusiasm, in the name of all the rest, "WE ARE ALL READY TO SACRIFICE OUR LIVES FOR YOUR MAJESTY"!!

"On this reply the King proceeded as follows, with apparent composure and satisfaction:

"*I see there is none amongst you who does not possess* TRUE HEROISM!—But though I am convinced of this, I shall take particular notice whether each of you fulfills his promise and does his duty faithfully. *I shall be in the front, and in the rear.* I shall fly from one wing to the other.

other. No squadron, no company shall escape my strictest attention; and whomsoever I then find exerting himself, and doing his duty to the utmost of his power, upon him I will heap honour and favour, *and I shall never forget it:—but whoever neglects his charge, may go about his business, and* NEVER AGAIN SHEW HIM SELF BEFORE ME!" Let the animated sentiments contained in the former part of this address, be fully impressed on the hearts of Britons, and the effects will be the same:—our efforts will be crowned with conquest, and the presumptuous vauntings of a proud enemy for ever silenced.

THEATRE-ROYAL, ENGLAND.

In Rehearsal, and meant to be speedily *attempted*,
A FARCE IN ONE ACT, CALLED

THE INVASION OF ENGLAND.

Principal Buffo, M. BONAPARTE:
Being his FIRST (and most likely his Last) Appearance on this Stage.

ANTICIPATED CRITIQUE.

THE Structure of this Farce is very *loose*, and there is *moral* and radical Defect in the Ground-Work. It boasts however considerable Novelty, for the Characters are ALL MAD. It is probable that it will not be played in the COUNTRY, but will certainly never be *acted* in TOWN; whereever it may be represented, we will do it the Justice to say, it will be received with *loud* and *reiterated* bursts of——CANNON!!! but we will venture to affirm, will never have the Success of

JOHN BULL.

It is however likely that the Piece may yet be put off on account of the INDISPOSITION of the PRINCIPAL PERFORMER, Mr. BONAPARTE. We don't know exactly what this Gentleman's Merits may be on the Tragic Boards of France, but he will never succeed here; his Figure is very Diminutive, he Struts a great deal, seems to have no conception of his *Character*, and treads the Stage very badly; notwithstanding which Defects, we think if he comes here, he will get an ENGAGEMENT, though it is probable that he will shortly after be reduced to the Situation of a SCENE-SHIFTER.

As for the Farce, we recommend the Whole to be Cut down, as it is the Opinion of all good Critics, that it will certainly be

DAMN'D.

Vivant Rex & Regina.

PROCEEDINGS
AT THE YORK MEETING.

ON Thursday July 28, 1803, a General Meeting of the Noblemen, Gentlemen, Clergy and Freeholders, of the three Ridings of this extensive and populous county, was held at the Castle at York, agreeable to the notice of the High Sheriff, for the purpose of addressing His Majesty on the present situation of the country. The Meeting was the first for respectability and number from all parts of the county, that was ever witnessed. Sir Henry Carr Ibbetson, Bart. the High Sheriff, was in the Chair. A most loyal, spirited, and patriotic Address was produced to the Meeting by Bacon Frank, Esq. one of the Magistrates for the West Riding, which was seconded by Walter Fawkes, Esq. unanimously adopted by the Meeting, and ordered to be presented to His Majesty by the Members for the county. The unanimity which was manifested by the thousands who attended, of their determination to support their beloved Sovereign, and enviable Constitution, with their fortunes, and with their lives, must be gratifying to every Briton. Their enthusiasm was unbounded —they felt like Britons, the energetic and truly patriotic speeches of the Gentlemen who addressed them. One and all seemed anxious to have the glorious opportunity of meeting face to face, the Ruler of France and his legions. Indeed the true flame of British patriotism never shone with greater effulgence than at this Meeting; and we have presented to our readers as full a detail of the speeches of the different Gentlemen who spoke, as our limits will permit; and which we doubt not will be highly worthy of attention at this important period.

Mr. FRANK, having moved the Address, said: "I stand forward upon the present moment to address you, and as the mover of the Address, for the purpose of which this Meeting is called: I should stand forward with great diffidence upon business of such publicity and importance, were I not in the almost constant habit of usually discharging my duty to the public. Assisted as I am by those habits; feeling, as I do, what I owe to the character of an Englishman, much of that diffidence is naturally destroyed. I address you at a period the most awful and important that we ever heard or read of; at a period when we are to fight with the strongest, and the greatest power that ever existed, for the preservation of that valuable Constitution, whence we have derived every happiness; for our lives, our families, and our religion. I say, when the strength of that great power is called out by the inordinate ambition of the greatest tyrant that ever lived upon the face of the earth, and the greatest enemy that this country ever had to contend with; I have no doubt but every man will think with me, that this country is not unnecessarily called upon for its exertion. When we know that this tyrant has satiated his ambition upon every thing but this country, and that its destruction is the only thing left here to satiate his ambition upon: When we know that it is, and has long been the admiration and envy of the world, and is now the only stumbling block in the way to the full gratification of all his desires; I trust, that under these considerations you will perceive that this meeting is called for no common purpose. When we look back to the page of our history, I trust the lesson of our forefathers will be instructive to us; that we will take their examples; and, like them, come forward with our lives and fortunes in support of our invaluable Constitution, and of every thing that is dear to us. Though this Address be signed by the Sheriff only, I doubt not it will be sealed by the hearts of the people; that they are determined

determined to be true to each other; for if Englishmen unite with one heart and one soul, they have nothing to dread. The stake to fight for, does not merely concern us as a collective body, but concerns us all as individuals in the preservation of our property, our wives, and our daughters; but if Englishmen come forth with united energy, England will stand against the whole world.

Mr. FAWKES seconded the motion, and spoke as follows:—"When I consider the great importance of the subject which has this day called us together—a subject perhaps the most serious upon which Englishmen ever deliberated. Feeling how absolutely necessary it is that as many as possible should give their opinion, where all are so deeply and momentuously concerned. I cannot help expressing the highest satisfaction, when I observe, and have the honour of addressing myself to so numerous and so very respectable an assemblage of my fellow freeholders. The question, Gentlemen, which you are this day called upon to decide, is one upon which, happily, little difference of opinion appears to exist. Your Ministers have thought it expedient once more to have recourse to hostilities; and, if you think, upon a fair and candid examination, that His Majesty's Ministers had no other choice left them, I trust you will cordially support the motion of my worthy friend, Mr. Frank, which if carried into effect, cannot fail to encourage His Majesty to prosecute the contest in which he is engaged with confidence and vigour.—Gentlemen, I can with great sincerity say, that no man present regrets more than myself the interruption which the waste, disorder, and the unsocial passions of war threaten to that rapid march of improvement, which the state of society in Europe for the last century has so powerfully promoted: no man more sincerely laments that situation of affairs, which especially in a commercial country, tends to check the exchange of commodities; which paralyzes industry, and which may eventually occasion an expenditure of blood and treasure, sufficiently prodigal to appal any mind; any mind, Gentlemen, not conscious of the tremendous evils we are preparing to avert, and the mighty advantages which we have to defend. Gentlemen, notwithstanding all the miseries, all the inconveniences, attendant upon such a situation, still circumstances may arise, which may render war a necessary evil; and we may fairly conclude that such necessity has actually taken place. When we find a great and powerful people absolutely compelled forcibly to contend for that character, without which nations cannot be great, and that security without which they cannot be prosperous. It has, I know, been said by many, and objected to by our enemies, that Malta is the sole cause of the present dispute; it is contended that we are expending our blood and our treasure, upon an object of inconsiderable value; a mere barren rock, which, even if it were ceded to us tomorrow, would not afford protection to those dominions, which, we conceive, would be endangered by its being left in the occupation of the enemy. But Gentlemen, this is not the point of view in which I look at the present war; I regard Malta merely as the point upon which the two Governments, irritated against each other, have chosen to take their stand; I feel convinced that this struggle must have taken place, even though the name of Malta had never once occured in the treaty; and I consider as the real cause of war, the unconquerable antipathy to this country which appears to have taken possession of the mind of Bonaparte. Gentlemen, firmly convinced that his Majesty's Ministers made peace in the true spirit of peace; after the great sacrifices we

we made to obtain it; after the very liberal treatment which Frenchmen of all descriptions experienced in this country at the cessation of hostilities, I must own, I did expect a suitable return from the First Consul: I did hope, that for the future, he would have left his neighbours at rest, and that the return of peace might have soothed his animosity to this country in particular. But Gentlemen, instead of this, what do we find at this period, on his part, but one continued series of injuries and insults; any of them, in my opinion, amounts to a just cause of war, even separately considered; but taken collectively, forming the strongest case ever yet exhibited to rouse the indignation, and to exasperate the manly feeling of a great and powerful people. Had the First Consul, Gentlemen, been suffered to proceed in his career with impunity, every thing sacred, every thing dear to us, must have been swept away; not only the honest fruits of our industry, but our Constitution, our private feelings, and our public character; every thing would have been put in requisition to gratify his malice and his mischief; and nothing would have remained to us but the miserable and melancholy remembrance of what we once were." Here Mr. Fawkes enumerated all the causes of the war, which we are sorry want of room obliges us to omit. Mr. Fawkes then continued "These, Gentlemen, are the gross injuries and the wanton insults you have received, and it is your province to determine, whether your feelings will permit you to put up with those wrongs; whether you will tamely and patiently await the destruction with which you are menaced by your inveterate foe; or whether by parting with a portion of your wealth, and sacrificing, for the moment, a few of your comforts, you will make one generous, one tremendous effort, to secure to yourselves and your posterity, that, for which alone an honest man would wish to live—the independence of the country which gave him birth. Did I believe, Gentlemen, that this war was occasioned by private ambition; did I believe that it had been commenced merely that this country might wreak vengeance, and satiate her vindictive passion, upon a country which had offended her: Did I not believe that His Majesty's Ministers had most reluctantly drawn the sword, and that they would return it to the scabbard as soon as they can do it with security to the country, and credit to themselves; you would not find me the advocate of violent measures. But, Gentlemen, this is not a common war, these are not common times; we are not now contending for any of those ordinary objects which have so often and so unfortunately urged the human species to their mutual destruction; but against the entire ascendancy of that monstrous power which has already trampled upon one half of Europe, and which would now dictate to the other." Mr. Fawkes here exhibited to the meeting, in the most energetic language, and which we are unable to follow, the dangers to which all our institutions are exposed.—In his mention of the audacious attack upon the liberty of the press by the First Consul, Mr. Fawkes called it that glorious privilege which had made his countrymen powerful, in proportion as it had rendered them enlightened.—"That engine (he said) could alone tend to humanize and break the bonds of those who still groaned under the dominion of ignorance, tyranny, and superstition, that right which none but despots disturbed; and for the establishment of which, the blood of Britons was not considered by those who maintained the glorious struggle, as too precious a sacrifice. In the First Consul's attack upon this privilege, I say, Gentlemen, he urged you, and that with threats, to alter the Constitution

of your country in his favour. Gracious God! what does he take us for? What! at his mere pleasure, are we to alter a constitution, for the establishment of which our ancestors did so much." Mr. Fawkes then noticed the Commercial Commissioners sent over to this country by France; not for any commercial purpose, but as accredited spies: and lastly that Bonaparte accused the King as the rewarder and encourager of assassins, and wished to make the people of this countrry believe that they are nothing more or less than a nation of cowards and shopkeepers. The country was, therefore, called upon to consider of these aggravated injuries and insults. Mr. Fawkes said, if the war had been entered into from ordinary causes; if it had been the offspring of private ambition; he, for one, should have withheld his support; but when we have to contend with a Colossal Power, that has trampled under its feet every other nation in Europe; when the choice is before us, whether we shall enjoy the benefit of that constitution, which has stood the test of ages; whether we shall enjoy that religion which has afforded to us and our forefathers a consolation under all the misfortunes of life, and an exalted hope in death; or whether we shall sit under the pestilential shade of the tree of liberty; no choice is left us but war or slavery. Our lands are allotted out to his followers: our property consigned to plunder, our children to ruin, and our wives to dishonour. Mr. Fawkes then forcibly said, "Gentlemen, I must confess, that till very lately, the apathy and indifference of my countrymen to their present dangerous situation, perplexed, astonished, and terrified me. I began, to use the language of our immortal Bard, to—

> Quake, lest my country
> A feverish life should entertain,
> And half a dozen winters more respect
> Than her perpetual honour.

But now, Gentlemen, I trust that the country is roused; and I feel confident, that there is not a man present who would not sooner suffer death than part with one jot of that independence by which he lives, moves, and has his being." Mr. F. said, if exertions were made suitable to the great occasion which gave them birth, that it would not merely be ungrateful, but criminal, to despond. "Why are we (he exclaimed) to forget the various exploits of our ancestors upon the plain of Blenheim? Why are we so suddenly to overlook their exertions on the summit of the heights of Abraham: but, Gentlemen, (he added) there is little reason to recur to examples of so remote a date, when they are abundantly supplied by the events of the last war; and when the First Consul vauntingly tells us, that we are unable to contend against him single-handed: I do maintain, that the field of Lincelles, the plains of Catux, the fortress of Acre, and the shores of Aboukir, are full and convincing proofs of the weakness of his assertion. Let us but consider; let us lay aside all our political differences at this moment; let us trust in God and a good cause; let us be united, active, and firm; and let us proclaim to the world, when the independence of the country is threatened, in the language of the Poet, which of the two to chuse—— "*Slavery or Death.*" Mr. Fawkes made many more observations, which we regret our room will not suffer us to detail; and drew towards a conclusion, by strongly expressing his hope, that as no circumstance yet had, so no event in the womb of time, would ever tend either to blast or to wither those laurels, which, he trusted, with a deathless verdure, would encircle the proud records of his envied and magnificent country. In his appeal to the lower classes, Mr. F. said—"Gentlemen it has been reported, but I trust without foundation, for I should be deeply concerned to think so meanly, even of the

the meanest of my countrymen, that some few individuals, in the great mass of our population, imagine, that the arrival and success of the French would put an end to all their toils, to all their cares, and to all their burthens. Gentlemen, if any person of that description now stands before me, if there yet remain any so perfectly infatuated, after the dire warnings they have received, I do beg, I do conjure them most earnestly to consider what has been the melancholy lot of those unfortunate countries which have fallen victims either to the arms or to the artifice of our enemies. Oh! Gentlemen, could we summon to our bar, at this awful moment, the poor miserable, half-starved, and devoted inhabitants of Italy, Switzerland, and Holland; could we put to them this simple question, 'Whether in trampling upon the rights of their superiors, the French army had respected theirs!' depend upon it, to this plain question we should receive a general, an affecting, a tremendous negative: they would tell us, that they experienced neither safety nor protection, either in respect to their property or their persons; they would tell us, that owing to French plunder, to the want of work, to the want of encouragement to industry; they were steeped in poverty to the very lips; and that, preferring exile to scenes so dreadful and so disgusting, they were preparing to fly to the utmost extremities of the earth, from so cruel, so abominable, and so incomprehensible a change."—Mr. Fawkes concluded with seconding the Address.

Mr. LASCELLES.—This country having already, as I conceive, expressed its unanimous opinion of the justice and necessity of the war, in which we have been reluctantly compelled to engage, I should deem it a waste of your time to enter at large into the transactions between this country and France, subsequent to the Treaty of Amiens. Although doubts may have occurred upon particular points, the country had admitted, that, upon the whole, there was such a clear evidence of views of aggression and hostility on the part of France, as to justify our going to war. I consider the conduct of France, since the treaty of Amiens, to the renewal of hostilities, as one continual series of insult and aggression. Circumstances repeatedly occurred during that period, which in ordinary times would, separately, have been considered as declarations of war. I do not blame the spirit of forbearance, which, under all the circumstances of the country, actuated our councils; but, beyond a certain point, forbearance, degenerates into cowardice. When once a country, which has ranked high among the powers of Europe, feels itself degraded by the adoption of a weak and timid policy, from that period may be dated the commencement of its downfall. Circumstanced as we are at present, it behoves us therefore to look forward with steadiness to the dangers which threaten us. The Chief Consul has announced his determination to invade this country; the obsequious and blasphemous addresses extorted from the suffering people of France, appear to encourage him to the attempt. However disgusted they may be with the violence and tyranny of their ruler, yet I am persuaded, that stimulated as they are by every sort of artifice, what they would not undertake from attachment to their own Government, they would readily undertake in the hope of plunder. This leads me to combat what I consider a most dangerous prejudice, too generally entertained by the people of this country, namely, the impracticability of invasion. Such an opinion is calculated to lull the people into a state of false security, and to afford to the indolent a plausible pretence for inactivity. But, be assured, an invasion, however difficult, is by no means impracticable.

practicable. I value, as much as any man, the skill and bravery of our navy; but when we take into contemplation the vast extent of coast occupied by the enemy: their immense armies, their alacrity, and, above all, their rooted hatred and animosity to this country, there is every reason to conclude the attempt will be made; circumstances, over which we can have no controul, may so far favour the enemy, as to admit of his reaching our shores. I do not contemplate even this event with despondency, but it behoves every man to rouse himself from a state of false security, and bring his mind to bear upon the utmost consequences of the dangers which threaten this country; in order that he may be prepared to resist, defeat, and that in the most speedy and exemplary manner, the most bloody and insatiable enemy with which this country had ever to contend. Whatever may have been the melancholy fate of other countries over which the intregues or arms of France have prevailed; whatever may have been the outrages and violence to which the defenceless inhabitants may have been exposed, they may be deemed trifling, in comparison to those we must be prepared to experience, should the enemy be permitted to advance into the country. What mercy is to be expected from the man, who not only ordered, but was an exulting eye-witness of the murder of 3,800 defenceless prisoners? What mitigation from the horrors of war, is to be looked for from the man who barbarously ordered to be poisoned 580 of his soldiers, disabled fighting under his command?—These are facts known to many of our brave countrymen, who so gloriously defeated, and ultimately expelled the French armies with disgrace from Egypt. I wish to rouse my fellow countrymen to a sense of what they may expect if the French were among them; and to impress upon them the necessity of their coming forward to defend themselves, their families, and property, from the murders, violations, plundering and devastation that attend upon, and mark the progress of the French arms. The deluded inhabitants of some countries have been taught to believe, that to relinquish their independence without a struggle, would be the means of securing to them at least some favour from the enemy; but instead of mercy, acts of humanity have been denied them. They have been wantonly massacred, their property plundered, their wives and daughters violated before their eyes, and their country left a prey to a merciless banditti. Do not let us deceive ourselves; the time is come when the voice of the country calls imperiously upon every man to stand forward, cheerfully and vigorously in its defence. Every day, nay, every hour, is of consequence. We have the means of effectual defence within ourselves; let every man who has a heart to defend his property, his family, his country, and every thing dear to him, step forward at this important crisis, with a voluntary offer of his services to repel an invading enemy. We must either defeat his projects, or we must fall a prey to his merciless ambition and cruelty. There never was a moment which called more loudly for unanimity and exertion than the present. If the Country be true to itself, and I verily believe it will prove itself so, the enemy must be hardy indeed, should he make the attempt at invasion; but even should he succeed in eluding the vigilance of our fleets and cruizers, and effect a landing, I think with such a disposition, supported by active exertions, we may look forward with confidence to success, and to the total defeat and disgrace of his armies. If I may be allowed to anticipate the feelings of the people of all descriptions of this great county, I think I may look for unanimity upon the present occasion.

casion. In giving assurances to His Majesty of our cordial support and co-operation, I trust, we all feel impressed with the same sense of the awful importance of the engagement; that we do not consider these assurances as formal words of ceremony or custom, but as a solemn pledge on behalf of ourselves and the county, that we feel to the fullest extent the real difficulties and dangers of our situation; the arduous struggle which this country is compelled to endure; and the sacrifices which the unexampled circumstances of the times render indispensably necessary for the public safety. With such sentiments, assisted by prompt and vigorous exertions, we may bid defiance to our enemies. The time which remains to us for preparation may be short, let us therefore employ it with effect, as upon that may depend the future destiny of England and the world.

Mr. STANHOPE.—I had no doubt that upon your summons to call us all here together on this day, to consider on the conduct that becomes this great county, to hold in the present perilous crisis of our country, I had not the smallest doubt but you would be attended by a very numerous and very respectable meeting; but one so numerous, so highly respectable as the present, has as much exceeded my expectations, as it gives comfort and satisfaction to my heart. When I signed my name to the requisition that was sent to you, from Leeds, I I did it under the impression that the feelings of the country were not sufficiently awakened; that they were not enough apprised of the danger, the immediate, pressing, actual, and hourly danger of an invasion of this island, with such a force as was never before drawn up against it. What has since passed in the senate, in the metropolis, and in almost every part of the kingdom, must have awakened and roused it as with the shrill call of the trumpet, when it sounds every man to arms. It is therefore the more satisfactory to see so large a meeting, because I am sure there is not a man that hears me, who thinks, that in holding up his hand for the Address, that has been so ably moved and seconded, he is holding it up to a common address at the beginning of a common war; that he will have nothing further to do but to meet a roomful of his neighbours to dinner; to drink "the King's health," "the Wooden Walls of Old England with three times three;" to join the chorus of "Rule Britannia," and to pay his taxes with as little grumbling as may be.—No, Sir!—we by this address publicly and solemnly, before God and our country, pledge our fortunes, persons, and lives, in defence of our Sovereign and all the blessings of our glorious Constitution. There is not a man that hears me, I am persuaded, who is not prompt and eager to redeem that pledge; there is not, there cannot be, a man here who would leave undefended our good, tried, and brave old King in the hour of danger.—No, Sir!—we need now no warning voice; no string of eloquence; no thoughts that heat, and words that burn, are necessary to raise a host of hardy men, when the King, the Parliament, and the Country is in distress. Call out to YORKSHIREMEN, "*Come forth to battle*"—our answer will be, one and all, "*We are ready—shew us the enemy—lead on.*"—Sir, that enemy is not far off; a very numerous, well-appointed, ably commanded army, to whom is promised the plunder of England, are now hovering round, and part of them in daily sight of the promised land. They view it like so many famished wolves, cruel as death and hungry as the grave, panting for an opportunity, at any risk, to come into our sheepfold;—but, if they should, is it not our business, our first duty, to have such a guard of our faithful English

Mastiffs,

Mastiffs, of the old breed, as shall make them quickly repent of their temerity. *The Chief Consul of France* tells us, that we are but a *nation of Shopkeepers*; let us *Shopkeepers* then melt our *weights* in our *scales*, and return him the compliment in *bullets*. Sir, we may have a firm reliance on the exertions of as gallant a Fleet as ever sailed; but that fleet cannot perform impossibilities; it cannot be in two places at once; it cannot conquer the winds and subdue the storms: though our old Tubs can do much, they cannot do every thing; and it would be unsafe and dastardly to lye skulking behind them. With the blessing of God, and a good cause, we can do wonders; but if we depend upon our naval prowess only, we have much to fear.—No, Sir!—England will never be perfectly safe, until she can defend herself, as well by land as by sea; until she can defy the haughty foe, if there was even a bridge between Calais and Dover, and that bridge in possession of the enemy; till she can say in the language of a good English boxing match, "a fair field and no favour;" or in the language of Macduff in the play, "within our swords' length set him, if he escape, then heaven forgive him," all his lies, his blasphemies, and his murders. Mr. Stanhope then took notice of the various characters Bonaparte had assumed; his treatment to the Turkish prisoners, and to his own wounded soldiers in Egypt; and last of all, the slow lingering death in the vapour of a damp dungeon, of the gallant black chief Toussaint, whom he treated with villainy, kidnapped, and miserably destroyed.

Mr. WRIGHTSON, in a short, but energetic speech, highly recommended that spirit of unanimity which appeared among his fellow countrymen; that spirit of true British liberty which would be fully able to repel the Invader.—He said, that after the eloquence and abilities which had been displayed by the gentlemen who had already spoken on the occasion, it would be vain in him to trouble the Meeting any further, than by giving his most sincere and hearty sanction to the present address in support of our King and Country.

Mr. TIKELL, of Barningham-Hall, near Greta-Bridge,—after stating the disadvantages which he laboured under in addressing the Meeting, after that display of eloquence which they had just heard, observed, that nothing but a sense of that duty he owed to his Country and himself at this most important period, could have called forth any talents which he possessed; but feeling as he did, the arduous contest in which we were soon to be engaged, he asserted it to be the sacred duty of every Englishman, to step forward in whatever way he should consider himself of any use to his Country. Mr. T. then stated the purpose for which the meeting was called; namely, to Address his Majesty, and pledge themselves, that with hand and heart they would join to defeat the ambitious projects of an inveterate enemy, against the very existence of our Country. After expressing his belief in the loyalty and courage of Britons, he said, "Our Liberties, our Constitution, our National Independence have been menaced;—and he that will meanly skulk behind the common danger,—he that will not shed his blood in such a cause, must either be a traitor, or stand confessed as a wretch whose soul was never animated by a single spark of that pure flame which led our ancestors to glory.—If such a wretch there be, may he sink into oblivion.—If such a traitor lives among us—may his fate be proportioned to his crime;—may he enjoy the object of his wishes;—may he taste the baneful fruits of the tree of Gallic liberty—may its poisonous juice corrode his very heart—and its accursed venom dry up the springs of life;—may

—may he wither like the oak that is blasted by lightning,—and like it, be a proof to the world, that the thunders of heaven roll not in vain.—France, since the commencement of her revolution, has appeared in the world like a great conflagration. It is to quench that fire that we are now called upon, which threatens to consume in its progress the whole civilized world; or that we are basely to submit till we behold the fair fabric of our Constitution tottering to its foundation. It is to decide the great question of Liberty or Slavery:—It is to decide whether we will preserve that which our ancestors have handed down to us as a sacred deposit, or servilely give it up to French Ambition.—No!—let us convince them that we will not; let us rush on; let us strike some blow that may spread a terror to the whole of France, and shake the very throne of her usurper; let us convince France that she is not invulnerable; let us by our example, arouse the lost spirit of Europe, and lead them on the way that will pull down this Colossal Statue:—let us not forget the character of our enemy, of him who under the specious guise of a popular title, has usurped the diadem of France, and has assumed the Royal Purple, stained with the blood of his murdered Sovereign:—for be assured, he stands prepared to hurl the torch of discord on our shores.—Let us not only raise our shield to award off the blow, but draw our sword to avenge the insult that is offered; and let us rather perish amidst the ruins of our constitution, than live under the polluting air of slavery.

Mr. WILBERFORCE began with apologizing for having absented himself from the House of Commons while it was still sitting, but he trusted that he should be excused on account of the strong desire he felt to join in the solemn act in which they were now engaged, of assuring His Majesty, in the present critical circumstances of the country, that the Freeholders of this great county were deeply impressed with a sense of the danger which now threatened us, but that they felt themselves bound also to declare their firm determination to stand forth with becoming resolution, in defence of their King, their Constitution, and their Country. This was no ordinary occasion, nor the war in which we were now engaged, a common war; war was always an evil; but the present, dangerous beyond all in former example. We have to contend, not for some distant possession of the value of which persons might entertain different opinions; not for some dubious point of honour, or for some real but secondary interest, but for the very body and substance of our Island;—not for the foliage or even the branches, but even for the very trunk of that British oak; that oak, so different in all respects from the tree of liberty of which the Gentleman before him had spoken; that oak, beneath which a grateful and a happy people had so long sheltered, and under which the distressed of other countries had often found a refuge, when driven to seek protection from the stormy blasts in their own less happy land.—Let us consider the crisis—We live in times teeming with events of such prodigious magnitude, that they seem to laugh to scorn all that we used to call important in our former history. Let us not deceive ourselves. It is no petty danger that threatens us; it is great beyond all precedent: I would not hide from you our situation—I trust you are not of that wretched race of beings who would seek consolation by concealing from themselves their real danger; but, that like Britons you will look it in the face. Yet while on the one hand I state that your dangers are thus great and numerous, yet on the other, I trust I am not deceived in declaring, that, under the

Divine blessing which has so long favoured us, you may still transmit unimpaired to your posterity, those rights and that civil happiness you received from your forefathers.—Gentlemen, we are at war with France; a great and powerful country;—and it has been truly remarked, that all countries, after times of revolution and civil war, are capable of more energetic efforts, because they are then habituated to labours, burthens, and dangers, estranged from the quiet and comfort of tranquil life, and peaceful industry. But we have not France only to contend with, but with a great part of Europe; many are the vassal states which are now forced to supply all that is required by their powerful taskmaster, France; and even all the other great powers seem to bow to the ascendant of their domineering superior. From the coast of Denmark to the centre of the Adriatic, with the exception of Portugal, we behold only a hostile shore; but it will be said, our navy will protect us, it will do all that a navy can effect: But the most skilful naval men are the most forward to declare, that from the uncertainty of intercepting an enemy, from the various circumstances of winds, of currents, of calms, and other such accidents, we must not depend on our navy, for preventing invasion; and happily for us, justly as we are partial to our naval defence, our attention to it has not so engrossed us, as to prevent our gaining many splendid trophies in the field of military honour. I might appeal to ancient times; I might remind you of Cressy and Agincourt; but let us look to still later times, when our brave soldiers have humbled the pride of France, and conquered with inferior force her boasted armies; look to the last war, and especially to Egypt: The First Consul might there be convinced, that the present race of Britons inherit the gallantry of their brave ancestors; and look above all at Acre, where the First Consul himself, with every possible advantage, was compelled to yield to the commanding energy of our brave countryman, Sir Sidney Smith. Whilst we have such heroes as him to defend us, with the blessings of Providence, we need not fear. Even my friend at my side, Lord Mulgrave, reminds me of the eminent gallantry of British troops in the last war; gallantry which it was his honourable office to inspire and lead, and which was increased by the consciousness that they were under his military guidance.—Gentlemen, let me confess to you, I am most afraid of language I sometimes hear, that the enemy will not dare to attack us. Let me assure you, that all who are best informed, agree that the First Consul is determined on invasion. In truth, he has been able to excite in his countrymen, as well as in his army, such an ardent spirit and presumptuous confidence of conquering this country, that he could not now repress it if he would; but these violent paroxysms of passion, as they are more easily raised in our neighbours the French, so they more quickly subside again. My countrymen are of an opposite character and quality; and if they are more slowly excited, their feelings, when once roused, are more fixed and durable. Shallow streams are easily moved into a rippling; but we English are more like the ocean we are used to traverse; not so soon raised into a storm, but when once raised, raging with billows of tremendous magnitude. Yes, Gentlemen, the attempt will be made, and we all, and each of us, in our several situations, should resolve to use our utmost efforts to repel it. The wealthy must contribute their wealth, the strong their bodily strength, all their spirit, and every one must act as if all depended on his own individual exertion. If thus we act, we cannot be defeated. With our triumphant navy, to every single

single ship of which we might almost point for some act of superior valour. With our army, with our militia, we are now going to join the mass and body of our people. We shall be an armed nation: this is what our enemy cannot bring against us. He may transport successive armies; but an armed nation like this will not be overcome. If these exertions require, as they will, great burthens and labours, lay them to the right account; they are borne to preserve all that is dear to you; they are laid on you, in fact, not by your own rulers, but by the French Government. Oh! my friends, could I but represent to you the dreadful state to which you would be reduced, if the enemy should succeed in his attempt, it would be sufficient to call forth all your exertions, and make you feel as nothing the greatest labours and sufferings you will have to bear. Every conquered country is reduced to a state of wretchedness; its population become hewers of wood and drawers of water to their imperious lords; but, in the case of France, we should not only be enslaved by a nation, foreign to us in language, in religion, in manners, in habits, but the long rivalship and hostility between the two countries, would serve greatly to aggravate our misery. They would have to revenge upon us all the victories we had gained over them; and happily there is a long score to be paid off, which now recorded in history to our distinction, would then only be remembered in order to add bitterness to our bondage, and heap up insult upon injury; besides they would know that we could not but intend to take the first opportunity of shaking off the yoke, and therefore fear would exasperate cruelty, and they would see no hope but in grinding us down into sordid vassalage, that the slavish mind might be confirmed in us, and every remaining spark of British spirit be extinguished from our bosoms. Gentlemen, look abroad, and see how the French have conducted themselves towards other countries, even where this spirit of rivalship has not existed. Look to the French conduct in countries where they came with professed intentions of freeing the inhabitants from oppression. They extorted from the wretched natives all their property, and threatened them with every possible mark of cruelty and outrage. The very decencies of language forbid my mentioning to you the enormous brutality of their conduct towards the female sex; but will any one say, this was at the beginning of the Revolution; things are now changed,—"No."—Their conduct in Egypt was no less atrocious, and with which they had no quarrel, and which they professed to come to, in order to do good to the inhabitants; even the other day, in Hanover, the same unutterable abominations prevailed, and in the broad face of day, shameless indecencies were perpetrated, which, while the decorums of civilized society prevent my naming,, so I trust, there is not present a single bosom so foul as that the idea of their abominations can be suggested by your own minds. All this and worse you would have to suffer. Can you then hesitate? I draw a good omen from the general animation that I see around me. We must remember, however, that it is only by vigorous and steady exertions that our country can be saved; but we are prompted to these exertions by every motive of interest, as well as of honour, and of feeling; and as I own I look forward with desire to the restoration of the blessings of peace; remember that in proportion as your preparations for war are more vigorous and decisive, your hopes of peace may be more sanguine; so long as the enemy hopes to conquer you, you cannot hope

for security in peace; but when he is at length convinced, that all his efforts must be vain, we may then hope for a cessation of hostilities; meanwhile it is a satisfaction to my mind, that while I am urging you to war, it is not for the purpose of conquering or enslaving others, but of defending yourselves. It is not to impose fetters on your neighbours, but to vindicate your own liberties and equal laws. It is a contest in which Europe, the world, human nature itself, is interested; only guard against the delusion—excuse my once more repeating the warning, that the enemy will not attack you. Remember Switzerland, unhappy country, that calls forth the feelings of all, to whom the name of liberty is dear; while she hesitated, the enemy matured his strength, until at length he became irresistible; but you, I trust, will afford an instance of a different kind, and the other nations of Europe now bending under the yoke of France, may learn from you a lesson of successful resistance, and feel their own degradation more galling, by being contrasted with your independence; know then your own state; make efforts worthy of yourselves, and then as we consult together in this season of danger, so we may hereafter rejoice in the hour of victory.

Lord MULGRAVE said, that he felt himself called upon by what had fallen from his honourable friend who had last spoken, to say something of the character of a British soldier. His Lordship said, he felt a pride as an Englishman; he felt a pride as a fellow-soldier, in doing them justice. Called by his Sovereign to exert his best zeal and his best abilities in the defence of his country, he wished his abilities could bear any proportion at that time to the zeal he felt displayed. It was a matter of particular gratification to be called to the defence of his native country, where every tie of personal connection and local habits would add a spur to every exertion. He felt the weight of the charge he had undertaken: but he felt also the advantage of being supported by such feelings, and assisted by such energy as had been manifested by those to whom he was addressing himself. He saw with the pride of a Briton and a soldier, the spirit of his country coming forth into action. He said, the effects of French conquest, the cruelty of French power, and the devastation of French rapacity, had been painted, in glaring terms, by the Gentlemen who had preceded him, from the reports they have heard. "It has been a painful part of my duty (said he) to have travelled through some of those fine countries conquered by France; I have seen them almost desolate; I have seen the inhabitant driven from his peaceful and happy abode, where the fruits of his industry have suffered devastation by the wanton and destructive fury of French fraternity, and French devastation; and also the wretched and ruined farmers, and their industrious, and till then, innocent labourers, driven to the desperate and precarious existence of robbers and banditti. I have seen those countries where the females have become the object for the gratification of French lust. Such a picture, in which we, as a nation, are not concerned, is of itself sufficient to rouse the spirit of Englishmen; but when we are told that we are not able to cope single-handed with France, who that has a grain of English spirit, but feels himself challenged to the contest. We have contended single-handed with France, and those times mark the proudest page of our history. Agincourt, Blenheim, and the conclusion of the last war, ought to teach France what single-handed we can do with her; and, now we are again single-handed, we will convince them that we can do more.

If

If they dare oppose themselves to freemen, freemen will convince them with whom they have to encounter. I have with pride, seen the spirit this day displayed in this great and opulent county; I consider it as a pledge for the spirit of the whole kingdom. I feel now no doubt of the issue of the contest. We must, and I see we shall follow up with spirit, those wise provisions made by Parliament. I have seen the effect of British discipline, as well as British spirit. If Englishmen are armed, there is no doubt what they can do. Most Englishmen know something of the management of a fowling-piece.

If the practice of discipline, which I have recommended to you, for the purpose of rendering your efforts more effectual against the enemy, with the least possible sacrifice of British blood, and with the least possible mixture of individual lamentation in the general triumph of his country; if this degree of discipline should not be perfect when the enemy arrives, as it cannot be general; yet, let every man who hears me, feel a pride and satisfaction in the reflection that his individual exertion may conduce to the final triumph of his countrymen. Make use of your knowledge of the country; harrass his flanks; press on his rear; check his detachments; cut off his supplies; a swarm of zealous Englishmen fighting for their country, will impede every step of his progress, and lessen the work of the disciplined force. I call upon you all [*here the meeting with one voice replied*, "*All*; *we will all.*"] I will lead you as a *soldier*; I will fight with you as a fellow countryman; I will endeavour to turn my efforts where they may best second your spirit; and nothing shall be wanting on my part that I am capable of, to lead you on to victory. I have seen an equal contest between Englishmen and Frenchmen. I have seen what Englishmen can do. I have seen five hundred Englishmen surrounded by an enemy, occupying a country ten miles around them. I have seen these handful of men multiply themselves by their zeal and energy, and check the efforts of that enemy, with the patient endurance of fatigue, the cheerful sacrifice of comforts, and the ready encounter of danger, which particularly marks the character of Englishmen in times of difficulty and danger. When our preparations shall have been matured, and the spirit this day shown, shall have been marshalled; so far from thinking the country in danger if the enemy lands, I think it will be a happy circumstance, not only for this country, but for Europe, if the enemy does land. I could almost persuade myself, that it would be wisdom to withdraw our fleets, and encourage the enemy to come; the fate they would meet with upon British ground, would, I doubt not, rouse Europe from her lethargy, and afford them the opportunity of shaking off their oppressive chains. It is not a contest between France and England alone, but a contest for the slavery or freedom of the world. If the enemy should land, let Englishmen bear this in their hearts, that they are not fighting for themselves alone, but for the whole world, which is deeply interested in the triumph of Britain."

Mr. Frank again came forward—when the Address was universally voted, and the Meeting adjourned."

York Herald.

Extract from the eloquent, patriotic, and impressive, Charge made by LORD ELLENBOROUGH, CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND, *to the* GRAND JURY *of the County of Sussex.*

"Gentlemen of the Grand Jury,

"At a period like the present, so critical and important, when so large a proportion of your valuable time, attention, and

and labour, is so necessarily and so laudably occupied in arranging and preparing the means of defence for your country, it cannot but occur as a matter of just commendation, that you appear here disposed and ready to sacrifice still more abundantly a portion of your convenience to the demands of public duty, by bearing also your very important and no less useful share in the administration of that public justice we are this day respectively called upon to administer. Your occasional attendance to these duties, and still more the exercise, by many of you, of the functions of local Magistracy, assisted by that information, antecedently derived from a liberal and expanded education, renders it in a degree unnecessary for me to dwell minutely on their importance, as such avocations must have instructed most of you, not only in the general principles, but in the particular provisions of that wholesome and salutary system of laws, by which this country has the happiness of being governed; a system of laws, in the formation of which the people, it is our pride and boaſt, have a large individual share, as well as a more *effective* share in the administration of them, both in our Civil and Criminal Courts, than belong to the Members of any Civil Community, that has hitherto existed in the history of mankind. If, therefore, you inherit, as assuredly you do, that spirit, and those honourable feelings your forefathers did for the Rights and Constitution handed down to them; the knowledge you must have received from such sources of information, cannot fail to have produced in your minds a corresponding veneration for the wisdom that framed and suggested such laws, and the characteristic good sense and firmness of your countrymen which has continued, matured, and given effect to them; and also to have produced in you (which is most essential at the present crisis) a *constant*, *immovable*, and *fearless determination*, at *whatever peril*, and under the pressure of *whatever difficulties* and *inconveniences*, to *maintain* and to *perpetuate* to succeeding generations, the *blessings* thus derived to you from that system of *wise and equal laws*, under which you and your ancestors have *so long and happily flourished*. Beneath the protecting shade of those laws, and under the mild and beneficent character of a succession of excellent Sovereigns, especially under that of his present Majesty, and the Princes of his illustrious House, this country has for a long series of years enjoyed a greater proportion of civil and political liberty, and of *real happiness*, than has fallen to the lot of any other community in the known world. A country great in arms, in arts, and in commerce; in the discovery and perfection of every kind of human science, and in the improvement of every comfort and convenience that gladdens and adorns social life; and above all attached to the pure reformed religion establiſhed amongst us, which exhibits generally the good effects of the Christian dispensation, from the morality it inculcates, and which in comparison is infinitely more chaſte and correct, and better calculated to promote happiness, than the religion of other nations that surround us. In this happy and enviable condition of human affairs, it has, however, pleased God, from the mysterious and inscrutable ends of his Divine Wisdom, to permit for a time a great part of the world to be visited and ravaged by a revolutionary storm, which, arising in foreign lands, has at last swept away before it all the barriers of continental strength and security; has annihilated all former alliances and associations for the common protection of states and kingdoms; has extinguished every spirit of resistance in heretofore manly

manly and martial nations, and stunned and affrighted Europe into a melancholy state of passive and despondingexpectation and endurance of whatever thraldom and disgrace the malignant pest and scourge of the human race may have in store for them. In such a state of despondency and submission, you will feel with me, this gallant, high-minded, and powerful nation, cannot endure to stand. The blessings which, under God's providence, it enjoys, are too many and too valuable; the resources it possesses, in wealth and in arms, and in an active and undaunted population, are too extensive and effective, not to afford at once both the motive and the means for the most energetic and successful resistance to those, whom no treaty can bind, no sincerity and liberality of conduct can conciliate, and whose mad lust of domination and conquest no sense of human suffering, or calamity, in their own country, or in others, can qualify or restrain. In this awful posture of affairs, I say, it is cast upon us by Providence, as a duty we owe to ourselves and to the world, to become *the means* and *the example*, by which the world may be aroused and rescued from the degraded state of terror and dismay into which it is at present cast down and laid prostrate; in the hope that the Princes of Europe may once more be induced to resume some active and honourable measures of co-operation and union for the attainment of the general and permanent interests of mankind; which *means* will be best afforded, and *example* best displayed, by a generous and prudent sacrifice of our present ease, comfort, and indulgences, for the attainment of lasting and honourable security. Whatever then in such a case is expended, is cheaply laid out in the redemption of all that remains. It is a prudent salvage well paid; an economical and trusty devotion of a part to preserve the rest. Whatever life is lost in such a cause is a sacrifice to the best interests of our country, our religion, and our laws; to the best interests of all future beings in our land; and the most honourable consummation of our own."

British Press.

WARNING TO THE CONSUL.

AN ORIGINAL SONG.

SO they say Little *Bony* is making his boast,
That, soon he intends a descent on our Coast,
But 'tis one thing to talk, and another to do,
And who is afraid of this mere Bugaboo?

Should he set but a foot on our freedom-girt shore,
The Consular Chair he will never fill more,
For the Lads of the Island will show him some fun,
And tear from his brow, ev'ry Laurel he's won.

Of *Marengo* he boasts, and the Devil knows what,
But for *Acres*, he still keeps his thumb upon that,
For there Gallant Sidney once prov'd to a T.
That fighting on shore, came as pat as at Sea.

Should

Should the Coast of old Erin, this Braggart receive,
(As many are led from his threats, to believe)
To his cost, by Saint Partick, the Consul will find
A welcome, that may not be quite to his mind.

Or should this Invader be led to explore
The way to old England, by Caledon's shore,
I think he'll be tempted to curse his hard lot,
When met in the Field by the *true Sans culottes.*

But jesting apart, let us join heart and hand,
With vigour to meet him, if here he should land,
And prove we are Britons—united and brave,
Then laugh at the man, who our Isle would enslave.

A. Z.

THE BRITONS' DETERMINATION.

Our feuds, our party passions are for ever gone- they are to be buried in the Grave of our Invaders.

OUR bosoms we'll bare for the glorious strife,
And our oath is recorded on high,
To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life,
Or crush'd in its ruins, to die.
Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land.

'Tis the home we hold sacred is laid to our trust,
God bless the green isle of the brave;
Should a conqueror tread on our forefathers' dust,
It would rouse the old dead from their grave.
Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land.

In a Briton's sweet home shall the spoiler abide,
Prophaning its loves and his charms?
Shall a Frenchmn insult the lov'd-fair at our side?
To arms! Oh, my country to arms!
Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land.

Shall Tyrants enslave us, my countrymen?—No!
Their heads to the sword shall be given:—
Let a death bed repentance be taught the proud foe,
And his blood be an offering to Heaven.
ONE and ALL then we rise, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in our dear native land.

CAMPBELL.

THE
ANTI-GALLICAN.

NUMBER II.

THE OLD ENGLISH LION,

By the Author of "THE HERO OF THE NORTH."

THE Old Lion of England grows youthful again;
He rouses---he rises---he bristles his mane,
His eye-balls flash fire, his terrible roar,
Like thunder bursts awfully over our shore!
We, Sons of the Lion, inspir'd by the sound,
Devoted to Liberty, gather around,
And indignantly hurl the false olive away,
Vain symbol of peace, only meant to betray;
Our high temper'd spirits, fresh touch'd with those fires,
Which glow'd in the hearts of our free-bosom'd sires;
To conquer or perish---an emulous band,
The natural Rampart of Albion we stand;
Our banners unfurl'd,
O'ershadow the world,
Waving wide from those cliffs whence our rights are proclaim'd,
The arms which they bear
Still proudly declare,
The Old English Lion will never be tam'd.

We fight for the Altar, and Throne we revere,
And the hearths that our home-born affections endear;
On Heaven's high favor then fearlessly trust,
For God arms with nations whose quarrel is just!
The oak, that was planted by Druids of yore,
Its mystical branches still flings round our shore,

Great parent of navies! it spreads o'er the waves,
Strikes deeper its roots, and Time's enmity braves!
Our life-streams unsullied flow down from those veins,
Which fed Fame on Cressy's and Agincourt's plains.
Our Edwards and Henrys 'tis true, are no more,
But George lives their glory and worth to restore;
On him we depend,
Our Father---our Friend,
The King whom we honour!---the Man whom we love!
By him now renew'd,
Its nerves fresh endued,
The Old English Lion immortal shall prove.

From the sail-crowded bays and throng'd havens of France,
Let the boastful Invader his legions advance,
Ah! vainly with numbers he threatens our coast,
One heart, brac'd by Freedom, will combat an host.
The Lion disdainfully pants for the fray;
The greater his foes, the more noble his prey.
Too late shall France learn on the blood-floated field,
That Britons can perish, but never can yield.
We'll grant her rash crew, should they 'scape from the waves,
No more English earth than will cover their graves,
Then let them embark—let the winds waft them o'er,
For Fate tolls their knell when they land on our shore:
In front, sure defeat,
Behind, no retreat;
Denied to advance, yet forbidden to fly:
While dreadfully round,
Our thunders resound,
"The Old English Lion will conquer or die."

WILLIAM DIMOND.

AN ADDRESS

To those Brave, Gallant, and Loyal Hearts, the

COMMANDERS, OFFICERS, SEAMEN, AND MARINES, OF

THE BRITISH NAVY.

MY FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN!

BEHOLD, after a short and precarious interval of peace, your Country again involved in war with the ancient and implacable enemy of her liberties, prosperity, and greatness. Behold the shores of that enemy's country covered with numerous bands of fierce, bloodthirsty, and rapacious Assassins, ready to seize the first opportunity of invasion, and prompted to the most desperate undertakings, by the promises held forth to them, by their unprincipled Leader, of universal pillage, rapine, and confiscation. All who are found in arms are to be put to the sword, in order to make the booty richer; and our wives and

and daughters are to be delivered up to gratify the brutal appetites of the French Soldiers. So cordially are Britons hated by *Bonaparte*, that he does not deign to offer them FRENCH FRATERNITY, but avows, that nothing short of their utter destruction as a nation will satisfy the measure of his ambition, or gratify the insatiable spirit of hatred and revenge with which he is animated against us. Glorious distinction! to be hated by this CORSICAN MULATTO and his BLOOD-STAINED SLAVES! As we are the only nation that has hitherto successfully opposed the progress of his destructive arms, so he dreads us no less for our valour, than he detests us for the fatal experience he has had of it.

Nobly have YOU fought on former occasions! What obligations does your Country owe to YOU, HER GALLANT HEARTS OF OAK, HER FIRM, INVINCIBLE DEFENDERS! She calls on you again to protect her: and shall she call in vain? No! BRITISH SEAMEN can never prove false to the Land that gave them birth! It is a principle deeply imprinted in their hearts to fight for OLD ENGLAND while they have a drop of blood in their veins, as long as they are able to point a musket, or to handle a cutlass! And will they degenerate in these perilous times, when a MURDEROUS TYRANT, the Despoiler and Ravager of every Country he has visited, whether in amity or warfare, menaces the shores of their native land with his hostile bands, and threatens its inhabitants with every atrocity which the wickedness of his heart can devise, or the iniquity of his career has rendered familiar to his imagination? No! BRITISH SEAMEN will never suffer that their Native Country should become a prey to any Foreign Invader, much less to an insolent CORSICAN USURPER, who has established with the point of the Bayonet, a power over a nation fitted only to be Slaves.

British Seamen!

At this important crisis you have arduous duties to perform: you must submit to many privations, and encounter many hardships and dangers. If you display the same valour and perseverance you have ever shewn, it is scarcely possible that *Bonaparte* and *his Myrmidons* should ever be able to land in Britain; and it would be more to the honour and interest of your country, that he and his soldiers should be *sunk in the Ocean*, than that a single Frenchman should effect a hostile landing in our happy country. Every Tar who has a *sweetheart* on shore, or a *wife*, or a *daughter*, or a *sister* that is dear to him, must feel how much it is his interest and duty to make every exertion in his power, to defeat the infamous designs of the enemy, and to hold all danger trifling, and all labour cheap, which may conduce to place these tender and valued connections in a state of security.

British Seamen!

By the love you bear your country, and the honour in which you hold your *mild* and *parental Sovereign*; by the affection you bear your families, your friends, and your homes; by the hereditary and unconquerable attachment to liberty, for which the men of your nation have always been distinguished, and for which they have conquered and bled; by the hatred of tyranny, bloodshed, and oppression which animated your Ancestors; and by the spirit of indignation which at this moment fires every British bosom on shore, and arms every hand to retort on the Corsican Tyrant his own atrocious threats—Let not your Country call in vain for you at this moment to display your wonted

energies, and the valour so well known and so justly dreaded by our foes. Then will *Britain* triumphantly surmount every danger, and shew to the *Corsican Despot and his affrighted Slaves, that* BRITAIN STILL IS MISTRESS OF THE SEAS, and that her *Wooden Walls* are her *impregnable bulwarks.*

AN ENGLISHMAN.

Naval Chronicle.

PEOPLE OF THE BRITISH ISLES!

LET none affect to despise the idea that WE SHALL SHORTLY BE INVADED. Our foe has pledged himself to it. He is at this moment disengaged from every Continental enemy---he is supported, he exists only by warfare and plunder. Our Naval Victories have sufficiently taught him to despair of ever withstanding us on the Watery Element, and consequently the only possibility of any success rests in conveying his Land Forces on our Shores; and that that is by no means impracticable, is the opinion of the first Military Characters.

Let us therefore make known to Frenchmen that whatever difference in Political Opinions may arise among ourselves, that when *our beloved Country is menaced by Invasion,* WE WILL AND HAVE RESOLVED ONE AND ALL, to defend with bravery and vigor its honour, freedom, and independence.

"Death is the worst, a fate which all must try,
But for our Country 'tis a bliss to die.
The gallant man, tho' slain in fight he be,
Yet leaves his Children safe, his Country free,
Entails a debt on all the grateful state,
His own brave friends shall glory in his fate;
His wife live honor'd, all his race succeed,
And late posterity enjoy the deed."

But let us pause, and contemplate for a moment what we have to defend.

We have to defend from brutal violation the British Fair, whose unrivalled beauty so far from protecting them, will add proportionably to their misery. We have to defend, (and transmit unimpaired to our children) those Rights and Liberties for which our Ancestors have so often bled, from time to time, and even sacrificed their lives to preserve.

We have to defend and to maintain, such glorious privileges as collectively no other nation on the earth can boast of possessing. We have a MAGNA CHARTA and a FREE PRESS; but above all, our glorious and invaluable Constitution, the admiration and the wonder of the world.

What ardour will not the first consideration alone inspire in the breasts of our British Youths? What hitherto unheard of prodigies of valour, what feats of Courage may we not expect, in A CAUSE, SO TRULY GRAND---SO TRULY JUST.

"Rely on fate, whose out-stretch'd hand
Shall still preserve thee from the hostile steel,
For scenes of future bliss.—Think on the day
When with a victor's emulation swoln,
Thine arms shall clasp a mistress' throbbing breast,
When tears of joy shall grace thy mother's eye,
And rapt'rous smiles, to view a conquering son,
Play on her aged brow! O think—
And let the contemplation chear thy heart."

It is hoped and trusted therefore, that every individual, in proportion to his means, will imitate the glorious example of the Merchants and others of the City of London:

"Those generous traders who alike sustain
Their nation's glory on th' obedient main,
And bounteous raise Affliction's drooping pain."

A VOLUNTEER.

DE-

DECLARATION

OF THE

Merchants, Bankers, Traders,

AND OTHER

INHABITANTS OF LONDON

AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

AT a very numerous meeting of Merchants, Bankers, Traders, and other Inhabitants of London and its neighbourhood, held on the *Royal Exchange* this day, July the 26th, 1803, in consequence of public advertisement,

The following Declaration was proposed, and UNANIMOUSLY resolved upon:

"WE the Merchants, Bankers, Traders, and other inhabitants of London and its neighbourhood, deem it our bounden duty, at the present momentuous period, to make public our *unanimous* determination to *stand* or *fall* with our *King and Country*.

"The independence and existence of the British Empire---the safety, the liberty, the life of every man in the Kingdom are at stake. The events perhaps of a few months, *certainly* of a few years, are to determine whether we and our children are to continue *freemen* and *members* of the most flourishing community in the world, or whether we are to be the *slaves* of our most implacable enemies---*themselves* the *slaves* of a foreign Usurper?

"We look on this great crisis without dismay. We have the most firm reliance on the spirit and virtue of the people of this country. We believe that there exists a firmer as well as nobler courage than any which rapine can inspire; and we cannot entertain such gloomy and unworthy apprehensions of the moral order of the world, as to think that so admirable a quality can be the *exclusive* attribute of freebooters or slaves. We fight for our *laws* and *liberties*---to defend the *dearest* hopes of our *children*---to maintain the unspotted glory which we have inherited from our ancestors---to guard from outrage and shame those whom nature has entrusted to our protection---to preserve the honour and existence of the country that gave us birth.

"We fight for that constitution and system of society, which is at once the noblest monument and the firmest bulwark of civilization!---We fight to preserve the *whole earth* from the barbarous yoke of military despotism!---We fight for the independence of all nations, even of those who are the most indifferent to our fate, or the most blindly jealous of our prosperity!

"In so *glorious* a cause---in the defence of these dear and sacred objects, we trust the God of our Fathers will inspire us with a *valour* which will be more than equal to the daring ferocity of those who are lured, by the hope of plunder, to fight the battles of ambition.

"His Majesty is about to call upon his people to arm in their own defence. We *trust*, and we *believe* that he will *not* call on them in *vain*---that the freemen of this land, going forth in the righteous cause of their country, under the blessing of Almighty God, will inflict the most signal chastisement on those who have dared to threaten our destruction---a chastisement, of which the memory will long guard the shores of this Island, and which may not only vindicate the honour, and establish the safety of the British empire, but may also, to the latest posterity, serve as an example to strike terror into tyrants, and to give courage and hope to insulted and oppressed nations.

"For the attainment of these *great* ends, it is necessary that we should not only be an *unanimous*, but a *zealous*, an *ardent*, an *unconquerable* people---that we

we should consider the public safety as the chief interest of every individual---that every man should deem the sacrifice of his fortune and his life to his country as nothing more than his duty ---that no man should murmur at any exertions or privations which this *awful* crisis may impose upon him---that we should regard faintness or langour in the *common* cause as the basest treachery---that we should go into the field with an unshaken resolution to *conquer* or to *die*---and that we should look upon nothing as a calamity compared with the subjugation of our country.

"We have most sacred duties to perform---we have most invaluable blessings to preserve---we have to *gain* glory and safety, or to incur indelible disgrace, and to fall into irretrievable ruin. Upon *our* efforts will depend the triumph of liberty over despotism---of national independence over projects of universal empire---and, finally, of civilization itself over barbarism.

"At *such* a moment we deem it our duty solemnly to bind ourselves to each other, and to our countrymen, in the most sacred manner, that we will employ all our exertions to *rouse* the *spirit*, and to assist the ressources of the kingdom---that we will be ready with our services of *every* sort, and on *every* occasion, in its defence---and that we will rather perish together, than live to see the Honour of the British Name tarnished, or that *noble* inheritance of greatness, glory, and liberty destroyed, which has descended to us from our forefathers, and which we are determined to transmit to our posterity."

JACOB BOSANQUET,
Chairman.

The ASSEMBLY that voted the above patriotic Declaration, consisted of between four and five thousand of the most opulent and respectable of the mercantile interest, who filled the area of the Royal-Exchange, while those more immediately instrumental in forwarding the Meeting, occupied a temporary booth, erected within the walk upon the East side.

The reading of the declaration was preceded by the following manly and energetic address, delivered by *Mr. Bosanquet*, who had been called to the chair amidst the loudest peals of approbation:

"Gentlemen, when I look round, and behold these walls, which have so often witnessed the honour and good faith of the mercantile interest of the British empire; when I look round, and see this representation of persons under whom the country has been made almost the emporium of the world; Gentlemen, when I look round, and see myself surrounded by those among whom I have lived, and with whom I was born, I flatter myself, that what I shall have the honour of proposing to you this day, will meet your unanimous approbation, because I know the honour, the independence, and, above all, the spirit of those among whom I have lived; and that their honour, independence, spirit, and integrity, have carried the British name from pole to pole. Gentlemen, it is almost needless for me, on the present occasion, to state what I believe you all know, that an enemy, a proud and imperious enemy, are at your doors; an enemy who thinks that nothing stands between them and universal dominion, except this country; an enemy who pant to act over in this country those scenes you have seen realized in every country to which their arms and power have reached. They are now burning with impatience to extend their ravages to this happy land; and, should they succeed, you would see those scenes again

again transacted which have spread desolation wherever their force has prevailed; you would see your wives and daughters violated, and put to shame before your eyes; you would see your dearest friends assassinated in the public streets, your altars profaned, and the land polluted with rapine, violence, slaughter, and blood. *(An instantaneous burst of applause.)* Many exclaimed---"Never will we live to see that day!"

"Gentlemen, when Rome and Constantinople, the two greatest cities the world ever saw, were sacked, the one by the Saracens, and the other by the Barbarians from the North, it is reported, that, though every thing abroad bore the appearance of war, every thing within retained the semblance of peace, tranquillity, and quiet. It is said, the Merchants were seen as usual in their public walks, attending to their affairs, and that the money-changers were calculating their speculations with the indifference of perfect security. What was the consequence? They lost the whole of that wealth, in the accumulation of which their hearts and souls were concentrated; whereas, had they but sacrificed a part of what they possessed, and had they gone out themselves to meet the enemy, instead of trusting to others whom they had hired to defend them, Rome and Constantinople might have remained to this day what England is---the protectors of themselves and other countries from unjust violence and oppression. For want of their own exertions they fell; two of the greatest cities the world ever saw flourish, perished. God send their fate may never be our's! *(Five thousand Britons repeated the words.)* But God send, if it is to be so, that I and my children may perish in the first ranks, and not live to witness the ruin and desolation that will ensue! *("Bravo! bravo!" exclaimed the whole assembly.)* Gentlemen, it would be wrong, at a time like this, to deceive you. You have a numerous, bold, hardy, and determined enemy at your doors; and, if ever they should reach this country, there remains nothing for you but to conquer or die! *(Bursts of British enthusiasm.)* What! can I believe it of Britons, that you would be content to be the slaves of those who are themselves the vilest slaves? *("Never! never!" resounded from all parts.)* Countrymen, it is in your power to be safe; you have only to exert yourselves, and it is impossible you should fall; for the history of the world does not produce an example of a free and determined nation ever having been conquered. You would ask me, what should be done? I say, let us join in an unanimous determination, if necessary, to conquer or to die; and, when that has been done, let each man go to his proper place, and endeavour, with hand, head, and heart, to support the public cause. What! shall a proud, lawless banditti---men who are fighting for plunder and for gain---shall they be prodigal of their lives and fortunes, and shall Britons, who have every thing to save and defend, shew cowardice, where they ought to shew the most determined resolution? But, Gentlemen, if our enemies were to reach this country, though they might fill the land with ruin and desolation, great would be their disappointment. They would expect to find the riches of the country in the pockets of the individuals, and in the coffers of the State; but it is not there our riches reside: they reside in the heads, the hearts, the commerce, and the industry of the people, and in the protection afforded them by the Laws, Constitution, and Government, of this happy Land. *(Loyal and patriotic acclamations.)*

Gentlemen,

Gentlemen, I am unwilling to trespass too long on the present occasion, *(Hear! hear!)* and particularly as I am unused to speaking before so numerous an assembly; but I hope and trust that before we part, we shall all unite in an unanimous declaration to stand or fall with our Country and our King. *(Every voice gave assent to the proposition.)* I hope when that has been done, we shall determine to throw off all other cares except those for the defence of our country; that we shall also determine to consider as public enemies, those who would divide and turn our attention to other objects; in short, that we shall consider ourselves as having done nothing till we have placed our country out of the reach of danger. All I can urge upon this momentous occasion, I dare say you will feel from the bottom of your hearts. I am persuaded you have even anticipated what I have stated; I have only to add, that I shall be ready to appear the foremost of the ranks, resolved to stand or fall in the glorious cause of my country. I will not intrude further upon your time; I presume that such a declaration will be read to you, as will be consonant to your feelings, and meet with your warmest approbation." *Incessant applause for some minutes succeeded this patriotic speech.*

Substance of the animated SPEECH *delivered by* Mr. J. M'INTOSH, *who presided at a Meeting of* LOYAL NORTH BRITONS, *held for the purpose of addressing his Majesty, and forming a* CORPS OF VOLUNTEERS, *at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, on the 8th of August.*

IN addressing the Meeting, Mr. M'Intosh, explained the object which induced the call to which so numerous and respectable an assemblage had been pleased to attend. He assured them, that though no man more highly esteemed than he did the country in which he resided, the country in which he drew his first breath naturally claimed his first regard: and in the present dangers of the empire he could feel nothing more honourable than to fight its battles among a regiment of Scotchmen *(applauses)*. The avowed object of the meeting, he observed to be an Address to his Majesty; but as doubts existed in the minds of many respectable men, as to the propriety of an armed body deliberating upon measures of this nature, it was thought adviseable to abandon that purpose. That abandonment, however, could not have the effect of rendering the loyalty of the assembly less known---nor their resolution less strenuous. It was yet for them to decide whether the address should be altogether given up. As to his own opinion, he confessed that it was not favourable to the idea of an address—Passing from this point, the learned Gentleman proceeded to enforce the necessity of union at this awful crisis, the circumstances of which naturally led all good men to decry any tendency to discord---and to encourage every disposition to unanimity. This was the cause which common reason would prescribe, and which he felt it his strongest duty to recommend, particularly at this period. When about to leave this kingdom, to repair to a distant part of the empire, in the service of his country, the call upon his feelings was particularly urgent to make a serious appeal to his countrymen, and with all the solemnity of a death-bed declaration, to exhort them to activity and union, and while about to quit the theatre of action, to seek the consolatory assurance that his countrymen were actuated

actuated by a proper spirit, and that his country was perfectly secure.

He disclaimed the use of any delusion: It was an art too contemptible to resort to. He would not, therefore, dissemble to them his sense of the amount of the danger they had to encounter. It could not be denied that we were now exposed to means of destruction the greatest the world had ever witnessed---animated by a spirit of the fiercest malignity, and guided by the most consummate skill. We had to do with an enemy, who combined all the craft of policy with the most exalted military talent---an enemy, whose inveteracy against us is inflamed by the consideration that this is the only country which stands between him and the establishment of universal tyranny. *(applauses)*. He would not suffer it to be told, that men, such as he then had the honour to address, could be intimidated by a full description of the dangers which menaced the country. They who could be frightened by a mere view of the difficulties they were called upon to surmount, were unworthy to come forward in defence of their country. They were cowards, and fit to be slaves. They were in fact already half conquered, and he would add, that they deserved to be conquered. They were pusillanimous and mean, and prepared to bend to a foreign yoke. *(applause)*. In calling their attention to the public danger, it could not be supposed that it was his wish to damp their ardour, or to lower their fortitude; on the contrary, it was his desire and his hope that it should operate to rouse their indignation and their courage; that it would make them contemplate the security of their native land with increased solicitude, and cling to its interests with increased affection. It was perfectly true, that from the variety of the human character there might be, even at present, in this country, as indeed were to be found in all countries, men incapable of seeing danger in its true light, men actuated by a thoughtless fearlessness; but this was not the description of feeling which he wished to encourage, or upon which the country could safely rely. To make the danger known to its fullest extent was the most effectual way to produce and to ascertain the real courage upon which it would be prudent to calculate. He cautioned the company against attending to those who were forward to recommend so much confidence in the protection of our navy, or those who were so sanguine in their hopes from the mediation of any foreign Court. He deprecated such insinuations, as calculated to furnish apologies for inactivity, to produce a line of conduct unworthy of men who valued liberty. To propagate such expectations of security would be to give a pretext to the timid, and palliation to the treacherous. It would be, in fact, to form a compromise with that cowardice which would be fatal to a great nation; for it would be as absurd to suppose that heavy bodies would not sink, or that light bodies would not swim, as that a nation could be safe without being brave. *(Loud applauses.)* Should it be said, he asked, that 500,000 armed men would be capable of a dastardly calculation upon any fleet, or any foreign power for their safety; or would not such gallant men be rather anxious to share the danger and the glory of our countrymen on the ocean; and that if the armies of the enemy should not venture to come to our shores to contend with us, we should pursue them to their own, and make them feel the effects of our just revenge *(applauses)*? He contended that it was ridiculous to suppose

suppose we should not be able to annoy the enemy on his own coast, if the spirit of the country were equal to its means, and of the advancement of that spirit he entertained no doubt whatever. The view that was then before him encouraged the most confident expectation. He recurred to the hopes that were held out, as to the interference of foreign powers in our favour, and commented on the motive and tendency of such insinuations. He condemned them strongly as a gross insult to the pride and consequence of the country, independently of the other effects which he had already described. What, was it to be endured, that a nation which had so often fought the battles of Europe, which had so often signalized itself in the contest for human liberty, should now be led to look for its safety in the caprice of any foreign Cabinet, or to seek its escape from hostility in the interposition of Courts, which are so often swayed by the insinuations of a valet de chambre, or the influence of a prostitute? *(Applause.)* God forbid it! We shall prevent it. That we should indulge such dependent ideas would be degrading to our character, would be inconsistent with our nature. Let us not look abroad for our safety, least it should diminish our exertions at home to secure it. Let us rely on none but ourselves for security, and then we could not be disappointed. It was not fit to conceal the nature of our situation---it was dangerous, but it was pregnant with the highest honour. We were placed as the guardians, the only remaining guardians of human liberty. The sacred trust was committed to our care, and Englishmen seemed chosen by Providence as the persons best qualified to defend this inestimable right. In order to discharge the duty which belonged to them, however, he pointed out the necessity of practising the highest virtues. Their present situation particularly required it. Every man should go to the battle with a dignified elevation of feeling suited to the occasion, with a resolution to return victorious, or to return no more. *(Applauses).* It was with pride and pleasure he observed the appearance of this resolution among his countrymen. Indeed the spectacle of unanimity which the whole nation exhibited was matter of consolation not only to Englishmen, but to all the friends of mankind, for he had the satisfaction of recently hearing the sentiments of foreigners upon this subject. They spoke of our public spirit with an enthusiasm much beyond any thing felt among ourselves, as objects which are familiar to the imagination are not apt to excite so much surprise. This unanimity was not new nor wonderful to us, considering the peculiar circumstances in which we are placed. It was impossible, indeed, that discord could be encouraged, not only from any honest motive, but from any honest pretext, for if therewere any persons in this country who disapproved of our Government, because it was not sufficiently democratic, and wished, therefore, for a change favourable to their principles, they could not surely suppose that Bonaparte was a patron of democracy. The Government of this country was in reality the only Government in Europe which tolerated democratic principles, which fostered the sentiments of freedom, or was subject to the influence of popular opinion. If, therefore, this Government should be destroyed, which God forbid, and which we will forbid, *(applauses)* the the hope of human happiness would be extinguished, every vestige of liberty would

would be gone, and a military tyranny would overwhelm Europe. To guard and preserve liberty then, England was now most forcibly called upon. If any man could be so stupid as to suppose, that Bonaparte would tolerate a liberal system of goverment in this country---one by any means comparable to that which now prevails, he would advise such a man to reflect but a moment on the conduct which the First Consul had pursued towards all the countries which have submitted to his authority, or confided in his assurances.

From this review, a conviction must arise in the mind, that no one could second the views of the enemy---could shrink from the most active endeavours to oppose him, but a coward, a robber, a mercenary or a parasite; a coward who would decline to fight through fear of danger---a robber, who looks for the spoils of his neighbour, or is actuated by an unnatural, impious hatred of his own country---a mercenary, who has basely accepted the bribe of the enemy ---or a parasite, who wishes to conciliate his favour; no other motive could be well conceived for such a conduct, unless indeed that perversion of understanding which borders on insanity. Such characters, he trusted, were not numerous in this country. The unanimity which prevailed throughout the whole empire rendered it imposible to think so. To this unanimity there was indeed, an exception, but one not very honourable to the enemy. The murderers of Lord Kilwarden were the only allies that he could boast among us. Those sanguinary wretches, who had fully betrayed the atrocity of their characters, by selecting a defenceless and pacific Magistrate as the first victim of their designs, and as it were for no other purpose than that of forewarning their country of what it had to expect from their barbarous ferocity---such assasins were, he hoped, the only friends which the enemy had in the British Empire. It was remarkable that Great Britain had, at two of the most critical and glorious periods of its existence, to contend with a faction in Ireland favourable to the views of the enemy: when attacked by Philip the IId. and at the memorable Revolution of 1688. At each time Britain was victorious, and Ireland was saved; its tranquillity was re-established. Twice, then, was Ireland rescued from the agents of a foreign enemy by the efforts of this country. Twice was it brought back to the community with England, and now again, he trusted, that Great Britain would restore Ireland to peace and security, and would preserve it from the horrible yoke to which a faction was struggling to reduce it. In order to aid in this important object, in conjunction with the others he had already alluded to, respecting their own liberty and safety, he conjured his countrymen to come forward, and hoped that none would take up arms, who did not seriously look to the event of their services in the field being actually called for, and who were not prepared to meet the contest with vigour and resolution; that they would not offer themselves merely from a love of bustle and parade, from a wish for the display of holiday soldiers---but that they would determine to encounter all the difficulties of war, if necessary---to expose their lives to all its dangers. *(yes we will,* resounded from every part of the room). Consider, added the learned Gentleman, the high objects you have in view, and the important duties you have to perform. The rights of mankind are committed to your care; the dignity and existence of your country are at stake, and men who in such a cause could be lukewarm, or faint-hearted, would be unworthy to per-

perform the sacred duties of the religion of patriotism---to aspire to the honour of martyrdom---to offer up their lives at the altar of their country. If any such appear, let them be told that they are not deserving of a place in your ranks. He that does not look for a glorious death, or even desire it; who does not feel his mind equal to the occasion, should pause before he enrols his name among you. I am confident that none such can be found among my countrymen. This confidence arises from the recollection that I am addressing Scotchmen, the descendants of a Bruce and a Wallace, the natives of a country which was never subdued, but who entered voluntarily into a union with this great nation, which I trust will last for ever. As indissoluble may that be which has lately taken place with Ireland! I believe that this is a sentiment in which every honest man, whether Englishman, Irishman, or Scotchman, will heartily concur; that they will wish permanence and stability to that noble union which was consummated on the plains of Egypt and Syria, where each nation was represented by her hero; when Sir Ralph Abercrombie was seconded by Lord Hutchinson and aided by Sir Sidney Smith; an union which, we are all, I trust, ready to ratify by our valour and seal with our blood. Countrymen, I feel that I am authorised by your hearts to make this solemn pledge. I swear by the immortal spirit of Bruce and of Wallace: I swear by the glorious memory of all the heroes who have fallen for the cause and honour of Britain: I swear by the God of Justice and Liberty himself, whose holy name I cannot be thought to prophane by employing it on so sacred an occasion, that you, my countrymen, would rather seek liberty in the grave, than endure a wretched existence with the hideous spectacle of foreign tyranny erected in a country which Liberty has so long chosen as her favourite abode. *(This sentiment was followed by peals of applause.)* *Globe.*

SPEECH *of the Rev.* GERRARD ANDREWS, *Rector of St. James's, Westminster, at a meeting of the Inhabitants of that parish, held at Willis's Rooms, on the 11th of August, for the purpose of forming a Volunteer Corps under the Defence Acts.*

"PLACED, as I am, in one of the most important of all stations, that of your Parish Minister, I think I should appear luke-warm in the cause which it is my indispensible duty to serve, did not I exhort you to a most cheerful discharge of your duty at this singular crisis; I enter not into political discussions, for I do not understand them---and if I did, they would ill become me; I say nothing of the enemy with whom you will probably have to engage, for it is needless---we meet with none like him in the annals of universal history; but I most earnestly recommend to you, upon *all occasions*, energy, activity, prompt obedience, steady perseverance, and *that cool intrepidity* which best distinguishes a Christian Soldier, and which particularly belongs to men who are conscious that they are discharging their duty to God, by a strict adherence to that heavenly law which commands us to do unto others as we wish them to do unto us: a *law*, which I conceive to be most evidently violated by every man who refuses to give *that* aid and support to his King, his country, his wife, his children, his friends, and fellow-subjects, which in the hour of his *own* necessity, he would expect to receive from *them*. Believe me, *every man* is concerned in this contest; the *lowest* indi-

individual is interested, for *that* share of the prosperity of this country to which the poor are by *law entitled*, would, if once we were a conquered nation, vanish in an instant; not an hospital, not an infirmary, not a charity school would remain; the aged and the sick would be left to perish as they might, and the young left untaught, or rather be trained in every kind of evil (arising from a want of religious principles) to become the future scourges of the world. With an humble confidence, therefore, in that Almighty Being who has never deserted the people of this happy land in the time of their distress, let us go forth, not *rashly*, but *chearfully* and *resolutely*, against our boasting foe. Even in the hour of extreme distress (should it arrive) let us Never DESPAIR!---It is a word unknown to Britons------it is a conduct which, to a Christian, is *expressly forbidden*, and we (thanks be to God) are *both*. As *such* let nothing deter us from the faithful discharge of our duty, but on every occasion, and in every situation in life, and in death (if death should be our lot) let us remain true to our Country, true to our King *(than whom a better never existed)* and faithful to our God."

Morning Advertiser.

Substance of the SPEECH *of* LORD MOIRA, *on the 8th of March, 1803, in the Debates for addressing his Majesty on the Message concerning military preparations in the ports of France and Holland.*

HIS Lordship commenced by observing that he could not simply give a silent acquiescence to a motion like the present. The more he considered the inordinate ambition which the First Consul of the French Republic had uniformly displayed, the more was he convinced that nothing was to be effected by a pusillanimous forbearance on the part of this country. Whatever some noble Lords may think of the respect that ought to be shewn to the Chief Magistrate of a neighbouring nation, with which we were at peace, he did not consider this at least to be a time for the language of complaisance and courtesy. We had too long seen the insolence and aggression with which this country had been uniformly treated. We saw hostile preparations on all that extent of coast with which we were in a great measure surrounded. Our enemy, for we would not now hesitate to bestow that apellation on the First Consul, had presumed to threaten Great Britain with an army of 500,000 men. He had further the vanity and audacity to boast, that this country was no longer able to contend single-handed against France. He, on the other hand, trusted that the answer to this insolent representation would be a proof that this united realm was able, in a just cause, to contend against the world in arms. What, he asked, must be the feelings of their Lordships, as well as of all the inhabitants of this country, if insults of that kind were to be received without resentment? France had already experienced, at the hands of some of our naval and military leaders, some of whom he had the pleasure of seeing then in their places, (Lords Nelson and Hutchinson, who were present, were supposed to be here alluded to) that England was never so much to be dreaded, as when single-handed, and left to its own native and valorous exertions. It was still able to shew itself equal to every emergency, and, perhaps, inexhaustible in all its resources. We had still the same gallant Officers and troops, whose services had already atchieved so many laurels for their own-

country. The spirit of the country was still unbroken, and, notwithstanding any recent circumstances, he was satisfied there remained very little, if any dissatisfaction in the nation. It was idle to disguise our situation, at a time when we were likely to contend, not for the honour only, but for the existence of the country. Those were mistaken who supposed that this country was secured against that invasion which our enemy was evidently meditating; secure, indeed, we were in some respects on that head, with any view of subjugation, the very contemplation of which would be too humiliating; but let no man deceive himself with the idea that an invasion of this country was not to be effected. He made little doubt that we should have to fight the enemy upon the soil of England, and we should, therefore, be ready to meet any such event. The first object of the invaders would, unquestionably, be to push for the capital. In that case, the General opposed to them ought, in his opinion, to forfeit his head if he suffered the enemy to advance from the coast without giving him battle. The government and the nation had a right to consider any troops so stationed as a fortification, or an out-work between the metropolis and its invaders. Such a project would, no doubt, be a desperate one on the part of the French Republic, but that, in all probability, would be no great object to Bonaparte. Not a man of the invading army, would, probably, ever return to his native country. But the First Consul, careless of that, calculated between the destruction of a number of Frenchmen and the confusion which an event of that kind might be capable of producing in Great Britain. It was, however, long since manifested to France, and to all Europe, that England had, by reiterated aggressions, been forced into this struggle, which it could not decline without dishonour. He wished the language of his Majesty's Ministers to have been more energetic, in order that it may appear as somewhat in the light of an appeal to the French people, whether they would consent to be again involved in all the horrors of war, and suffer the world to be again deluged with blood, merely to gratify the restless and turbulent spirit of an inordinately ambitious and implacable individual. With respect to Bonaparte himself, his views could not be mistaken; all the opposite shores resounded with the din of preparation. His hatred to England was implacable and persevering. He has afforded too many proofs of his daring and enterprising spirit to admit a doubt of his attempting to execute any thing, however arduous or desperate, which he was resolved upon, and by that enterprising genius had more than once succeeded in accomplishing objects and atchievements which to ordinary men might seem impracticable. Against a man of that description, who had so frequently and felicitously for his views left every thing to fortune, with dominions vastly extended, and at the head of one of the most powerful nations that ever existed in the world, England had to rely on its own resources, its intrepidity, and the tried valour of its warriors. It should now, to use the language of Shakespeare,

"Be stirring as the time; be fired with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror; so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviour from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of Resolution."

Such

Such should now be the conduct of this country, The proud pretensions of the enemy had left---had removed the veil, and let us see what we have to expect from a demeanor of forbearance. Fortunately these encroachments and aggressions were not long in revealing themselves, and were now felt and every where displayed. He knew not what might be the nature of the negociations alluded to in his Majesty's Message, but that was of the less consequence when he could conceive no symptoms of a pacific disposition on the part of the French Government. It was time to arouse the nation to its proper bent, and to an exertion of all its resources. We should say to France in the terms which one manly Englishman would say to another; "It is my wish to remain with you on terms of friendship and tranquillity; but here are the limits upon which that amity depends. Beyond this spot you are not to set your foot; if you attempt it, the alternative is war." That alternative, though we might wish to avoid it, he saw no reason to dread, and though the terms of the Address might not include all that he could wish for, he was happy to be one of the foremost in giving his most cordial support to the present Motion.

RESOLUTIONS

Of the Inhabitants of the Parish of St. Mary, Lambeth, *held at the* Royal Oak, Vauxhall, *July 26th*, 1803.

Resolved,

"THAT it appears to this Meeting, that the *First Consul of France*, having enslaved the people whom he undertook to set free, and plundered and subjugated all orders of the inhabitants, rich and poor, of *Holland*, *Switzerland*, and *Italy*, under the most solemn assurances of fraternity and friendship, is now determined on the Invasion of this United Kingdom, and is making the most formidable preparations for that purpose.

"That although this Meeting agree with *Bonaparte* himself, that the success of such an undertaking is highly improbable, and that he must sacrifice army after army, if he persevere in the attempt, yet the threat having been denounced, nothing can sustain the honour of our country, but the most energetic and universal exertion. It is not enough for our reputation, that his success should be improbable, it ought by the numbers and gallantry of our Volunteers, under the blessings of Divine Providence, to be rendered impossible. By such a conduct only can this nation continue to enjoy tranquillity, and have a disposable force in the hands of Government for offensive operations, and share the glory of avenging the wrongs of Europe, against the destroyer of its liberty, its happiness, and its honour.

"That this Meeting, in thus calling upon its fellow-citizens to arm, hope they shall be excused for reminding them, they are invited to come forward in defence of the happiest and wisest Constitution known to the world; in defence of a Sovereign, who, for a period of more than forty years, has shewn himself to be the father of all those who have the happiness to live under the British Government. In defending objects thus sacred and dear, we deplore that our country is called upon to encounter a people with whom England wishes to live in amity, but who, unhappily for themselves and the civilized world, have submitted to the degradation of being made subservient to the aggrandisement and ambition of one man, an obscure *Corsican*, who began his murderous career with turning

ing his artillery upon the citizens of Paris; who boasted, in his public letter from *Pavia*, of having shot the whole municipality; who put the helpless, innocent, and unoffending inhabitants of Alexandria, man, woman, and child, to the sword, till slaughter was tired of its work; who, against all the laws of war, put near 4000 Turks to death, in cold blood, after their surrender; who destroyed his own comrades by poison, when lying sick and wounded, in hospitals, because they were unable to further the plan of pillage which carried him to St. Jean D'Acre; who having thus stained the profession of arms, and solemnly and publicly renounced the religious faith of Christendom, and embraced Mahometanism, again pretended to embrace the Christian religion; who, on his return to France, destroyed the representative system; who, after seducing the Polish legion into the service of his pretended Republic, treacherously transferred it to St. Domingo, where it has perished to a man, either by disease or the sword; and who, finally, as it were, to fill the measure of his arrogance, has dared to attack what is most dear and useful to civilized society, the freedom of the press, and the freedom of speech, by proposing to restrict the British press, and the deliberations of the British Senate. Such is the Tyrant we are called upon to oppose; and such is the fate which awaits England, should we suffer him and his degraded slaves to pollute our soil.

"With these sentiments, this Meeting Resolve unanimously, that they will use their utmost endeavours to carry into its fullest effect, the Bill now depending in Parliament, for the better Defence of the Country.

Resolved,

"That it is the duty of every inhabitant of this parish, capable of bearing arms, to come forward at this important crisis, and voluntarily enrol himself for the purpose of being trained to the use of them;---that a Committee be appointed to carry the above Resolutions into immediate effect;---and that every able-bodied inhabitant be earnestly exhorted immediately to enrol his name for the defence of his country, in the book now prepared for that purpose."

ROBERT SLADE,
Chairman.

SHAKESPEARE's GHOST!

OUR immortal Bard, who was as good an *Englishman* as a *Poet*; whose breast glowed as much with Enthusiastic LOVE OF HIS COUNTRY, as his Fancy with Poetic Fire, addresses his COUNTRYMEN in the following animated Strain:

BRITONS!

BE *stirring as the time*; *be fire with fire*,
Threaten the Threatener, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror; so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviour from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
THE DAUNTLESS SPIRIT OF RESOLUTION.
Away; and glister like the God of War
When he intendeth to become the field:
Shew boldness, and aspiring confidence.

What!

What! SHALL THEY SEEK THE LION IN HIS DEN?
AND FRIGHT HIM THERE; AND MAKE HIM TREMBLE THERE?
OH, LET IT NOT BE SAID!—Forage, and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors;
AND GRAPPLE WITH HIM, ERE HE COME SO NIGH.—
——Shall we, upon the footing of our Land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce
To Arms Invasive? Shall a recreant Knave,
With MURDER in his van, approach our fields,
And flash his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check?—LET US TO ARMS!
————Now on, you NOBLEST ENGLISH,
Whose blood is fetch'd from Fathers of war-proof;
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have on French soil from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.—
Dishonour not your Mothers; now attest,
That those, whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. AND YOU GOOD YEOMEN,
Whose limbs were made in ENGLAND, shew us now
The metal of your Pasture: Let us know
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not:
For there is none of you so mean and low
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes;
I see you stand like Greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. THE GAME'S A-FOOT;
FOLLOW YOUR SPIRIT; and, upon this Charge,
Cry GOD FOR US! For ENGLAND! and KING GEORGE.
BRITONS!
THIS ENGLAND NEVER DID (NOR NEVER SHALL)
LIE AT THE PROUD FOOT OF A CONQUEROR,
But when it first doth help to wound itself.—
——Let come three corners of the world in Arms,
And we shall shock them: NOUGHT SHALL MAKE US RUE,
IF ENGLAND TO ITSELF DO REST BUT TRUE.

SHAKESPEARE often delights us on the Stage in the Hour of Amusement,—let him now in the HOUR OF PERIL inspire us with that PATRIOTISM and COURAGE which animated our forefathers to those DEEDS OF GLORY which he describes.—SHAKESPEARE now speaks in the character of A TRUE ENGLISHMAN and A STURDY JOHN BULL, indignant that a FRENCH ARMY should WAGE WAR IN OUR ISLE: And in the character of the heroic Harry the Fifth, who led our forefathers to DEEDS OF GLORY in the HEART OF FRANCE—Deeds which no achievements have yet excelled, and which will ever honour our National Character, unless O'ER CLOUDED BY

OUR WANT OF SPIRIT. Shall France, who acknowledged this Prince their Lord, now impose her yoke upon Us? Need it be told that, led by this Royal Hero, an intrepid Band of Twelve Thousand Men, encountered and vanquished a Mighty Host of SIXTY THOUSAND?—These courageous men were BRITONS —We too are BRITONS;—Let, then, all who claim that title, and whose veins flow with BRITISH BLOOD, emulate the ARDOUR, the COURAGE, the GLORY of their ANCESTORS, and strive to preserve that Renown for their POSTERITY, which the Heroes of AGINCOURT and CRESSY have transmitted to us.—AND MAY WE EQUALLY DESERVE THE ADMIRATION OF AFTER AGES! *H.*

BONAPARTE'S CONFESSION OF THE MASSACRE OF JAFFA.

EUROPE might, with great reason, rely on the assertions of Mr. *Morier**, Sir *Robert Wilson* and Dr. *Wittman*, respecting the *Massacre* of *Jaffa*. The minute particulars, the undaunted frankness, and the solemn challenge of contradiction, which Sir *Robert* has given to the world, claim the highest respect, not for his veracity, for that is not to be doubted, but for the responsibility he evidently feels himself liable to in bringing forward the Charge; the extreme temperateness of Dr. Wittman's language, and the tenor of his expressions manifest his veneration for truth, and repugnance to hasty reports; but after all, is it not of the highest importance to consult Bonaparte himself, who so well knows whether, and in what degree, the story be true?

Certainly it is; and yet Bonaparte's evidence has never been called for! Is it totally forgotten that he himself, with that cold indifference so visible in every thing he writes, and so characteristic of *cruelty*, in its most emphatic sense; he himself, distinctly and unreservedly, was the first to publish the fact? Bonaparte did first publish it; he published it in all its essential features; our countrymen have only collected the minute circumstances. We refer to his official letter, dated *Head Quarters, Jaffa, 23 Ventose, 7th Year (14th March, 1799)*.

Bonaparte's account helps us to correct, in some less essential points, the accounts of the English writers; while the latter help us to expand and illustrate his.

We regret that the length of his letter will not allow us to insert it entire; but we shall extract all that relates to *Jaffa*, and refer for its authenticity to the *Moniteur* and other publications of the day, and to *Pieces Officielles de l'Armee d'Egypte, printed at Paris, in the year 8, premier partie*, p. 146.

SIEGE OF JAFFA (YAFFA).

"Kleber's division at first invested Jaffa, and afterwards threw itself on the river Hhayha, to cover the siege. Bonn's division invested the right front of the town, and Lasne's division the left.

"The enemy opened forty pieces of cannon from all points of the walls, from which he poured upon us a vigorous and continued fire.

"On the 16th *Ventose* (*7th March*)

* Mr. Morier was secretary to Lord Elgin, whom Bonaparte, for that reason, with peculiar malignity, detains in France, notwithstanding the unfortunate state of his health.

two

two batteries of approach, a battery in breach, and one of the mortars were made ready to play. The garrison, a multitude of men, variously clothed, and of all colours (Maugrabins, Albanians, Curds, Natolians, Caramanians, Damascenes, Allepins, and blacks of Tekrur), made a *sortie*, and attacked the battery in breach. They were strongly repulsed, and sent back more quickly than they wished. My Aid-de-Camp, Durock, an officer in whom I have the greatest confidence, particularly distinguished himself.

"At day-break on the 17th, I caused the commandant to be summoned. He cut off my messenger's head, and gave me no reply. At seven, the fire began. At one, I conceived the breach practicable. General Lasne prepared for the assault. Netherwood, adjunct of the Adjutant Generals, with ten carbiniers, mounted the first, and was followed by three companies of grenadiers of the 18th, and of the 69th demi-brigade, commanded by adjutant-general Rambaud, for whom I request the rank of Brigadier General. At five o'clock, we were masters of the town, which, during *twenty-four hours*, was was given up to all the *horrors of war*, which never appeared to me so hideous. *Four thousand of Djezzar's troops*, among whom were eight hundred cannoneers, *were put to the sword*; part of the inhabitants were massacred.

"In the course of the following days, several vessels came from Saint-Jean-d'Acre, with food and ammunition. They were taken in the port. They were greatly astonished at seeing the town in our power. The opinion had been that it would have detained us six months.

"A'bd-ullah, Djezzar's General, had the address to conceal himself among the Egyptians, from among whom he came and threw himself at my feet.—I have sent home more than five hundred persons of Damascus and Aleppo, as well as from four to five hundred Egyptians. I have pardoned the Mamelukes and Cashefs whom I took at El-rish; I have pardoned O'mar Makram, Sheik of Cairo; I have been merciful with the Egyptians, as well as as with the people of Jaffa, *but severe with the garrison*, which was *taken with arms in its hands*.

"We have taken at Jaffa fifty pieces of cannon, of which thirty are field pieces, after the European model; ammunition; more than four hundred thousand rations of biscuit, two thousand quintals of rice, and some magazines of soap."

BONAPARTE, then, did, beyond a doubt, put *four thousand* of Djezzar's troops, composing the garrison, to death.

The only questions are, WHEN and HOW were they put to death?

As to the manner HOW, Mr. Morier, Sir Robert Wilson, and Dr. Wittman, have described it.

As to the time WHEN, Berthier describes the garrison as fighting to the last, and falling in the assault; but is this consistent with Bonaparte's own words *(severe envers la garnison, qui s'est laisse prendre les armes a la main)*, as above translated? Does the term *severe*, and its opposition to *merciful*, apply to the killed in battle? Do not Bonaparte's words shew a total absence of inclination to conceal that he put them to death *after* he had them in his power; and that he did this by way of punishment for their not having laid down their arms!

Punish soldiers for not having laid down their arms!!! When did a civilized warrior do this? When was ever a general, among those whom we

call (and God grant we always may call) illustrious, backward to applaud the honourable resistance of his enemy?

Punish soldiers for not laying down their arms!!! Bonaparte is a stranger to all that has rendered soldiership honourable, to all that has placed it among the most dignified of human pursuits! His enemy's soldiers he regards as malefactors!!!

BRITONS! This is a consideration that comes home to you. Were Bonaparte as covered with virtues as he is with vices, were he as glorious as he is infamous, were he the best, were he better than the best of men, his subjugation of your country must be a calamity which you would resist as long as you had an arm to lift against it. His situation forces him to be despotic; liberty grows out of an old and secure government; a new government must support itself with the bayonet; if your government were shaken, your liberty would be gone: all this is in the nature of things. Whether or not Bonaparte, therefore, is to subjugate your country, is out of the question. You do not think of it for a moment. You swear that while you live he shall not. But the consideration is, with what a Barbarian you have to fight!!! His word is nothing. He has no emotions. He is not a man, but a monster. Read over again the above letter---see with what indifference he tells of bloodshed! nothing moves him.

With what a Barbarian you have to fight! You cannot accept quarter; he will hang you for having attempted to oppose him! You cannot surrender at his approach; he will hang you for having threatened to oppose him; he will hang you because he has not prisons in which to keep you, or poison you, because he wants the bread you would eat! You cannot listen to his promises, you cannot trust in his word. Enquire concerning him in every way, and you will find, at every step, that contempt for truth, an utter disregard of what he says, a deception upon principle, are the resources to which he uniformly flies.

With what a Barbarian you have to fight! You must remember this. You must break yourself of the habit of trusting in the word of a soldier: his uniform, indeed, is the uniform of a soldier, but his weapons are the weapons of an assassin. You must believe him, only when you have deprived him of the power to lie. You must lay down your arms, only when you can no longer hold them.

ADDRESS

TO THE

PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

ENGLISHMEN! you have been unjustly charged with supineness and despondency. The enemies of Government, and the admirers of the CORSICAN TYRANT, have interpreted your silent confidence, into despair and dismay. They alledge against you, that, although the union, courage, and patriotic spirit, which you displayed in the late contest, deterred the enemy from the design of INVADING YOU, your present inactivity bespeaks your disapprobation of the war, and raises in the mind of your INSOLENT AGGRESSOR the hope of success. Let not, however, a well-founded confidence in your strength, bravery, and resources, be misconstrued into distrust by an artful enemy, with whom bravado and clamour are held as the only indications of courage, and who observes silence only under the influence of terror and oppression.

EXAMPLE

EXAMPLE is but wanting to embattle the nation---SYSTEM only is required to call forth HALF A MILLION OF BRITONS to avenge the insults they have too long endured from a love of PEACE, and to shew themselves the avengers of their own RIGHTS, and of HUMANITY herself, so grievously outraged in every other corner of the civilized world!

Your Counties and Shires are now assembling for the purpose of LOCAL DEFENCE, under a system, which will be found as formidable to the enemy as efficacious towards your security and internal peace. Hasten then to demonstrate to your DARING INVADER, how high your national spirit rises at the insult, and that although his DISCOMFITURE and RUIN be certain in the attempt, let your strenuous and unceasing efforts in GENERAL ARMAMENT manifest to the foe, a firm appearance of the same manly vigour in defence of every thing dear to ENGLISHMEN, which purchased with so much blood, your envied LIBERTY and glorious CONSTITUTION, and which can emanate only from the spirit of BRITONS!

The final overthrow of FRANCE will be the reward of your courage, and the certain consequence of her temerity and madness. Hear the prophetic words of General DUMOURIEZ, the natural enemy of England, and the most sanguine officer who ever commanded the armies of France:

"Should this expedition, however, be unsuccessful, which is very possible; should the *Invincible British Fleet* gain a decisive victory over the French, Spanish, and Dutch, Fleets, whether combined or separate; should the English nation, proud and energetic as the French, equally animated by patriotism and national dislike, repulse the French army soon after it has landed; should they destroy it, force it to re-embark with loss, or cut off its communication with the sea; should they weaken, harrass, or reduce it to famine, and render this great expedition abortive, which, on a *large scale* can only be attempted, and may partially or altogether fail in the execution, then FRANCE IS TOTALLY RUINED; all her LAURELS ARE WITHERED; her Allies WILL ABANDON HER AND TURN AGAINST HER; the other Powers of Europe will attack her on every side; she will have lost the flower of her warriors and the reputation of her arms; she will be without money, and internal Discord will COMPLEAT HER DESTRUCTION.

"It is at PARIS HER DISAPPOINTED and INDIGNANT SOLDIERY, will seek the *Rewards* and PLUNDER PROMISED THEM IN LONDON. The Generals themselves will either be the first Victims of the *excusable fury of the Troops*, or will partake of their Indignation, and their Revolt!"

Such, ENGLISHMEN, will be the fruits of your Activity, your Steadiness, your UNION, and Valour. *Lose not therefore a Moment* in preparing the means of atchieving so much Glory for your COUNTRY, of gaining so much Honour for YOURSELVES, and your proud POSTERITY!!!

TIMOLEON.

EPIGRAM.

SAYS Boney to Johnny, I'll soon be at Dover;
Says Johnny to Boney, That's doubted by some:
Says Boney, But what if I *really* come over?
Says Johnny, Then *really* you'll be over-come!

Morning Post.

BRITONS! TO ARMS!!!

Written by W. T. FITZGERALD, Esq; *and recited by him, at the Meeting of the Literary Fund, July* 14, 1803.

BRITONS, to ARMS! of apathy beware,
And let your COUNTRY be your dearest care:
Protect your ALTARS! guard your monarch's Throne,
The Cause of GEORGE and Freedom is your own!
What! shall that ENGLAND want her SONS' support,
Whose HEROES fought at CRESSY*—AGINCOURT†?
And when Great MARLBOROUGH‡ led the English van,
In FRANCE, o'er FRENCHMEN, triumph'd to a man!
By ALFRED's great and ever honour'd name!
By EDWARD's prowess, and by HENRY's fame!
By all the gen'rous blood for freedom shed,
And by the Ashes of the patriot dead!
By the bright glory BRITONS lately won
On EGYPT's plains, beneath the burning Sun,
BRITONS, to ARMS! defend your country's cause;
Fight for your KING, your LIBERTIES, and LAWS!
Be France defied, her slavish YOKE abhorr'd,
And place your safety only on your sword.
The Gallic DESPOT, sworn your mortal FOE,
Now aims his last, but his most deadly blow;
With ENGLAND's PLUNDER tempts his hungry Slaves,
And dares to brave you on your native waves!
If Britain's rights be worth a Briton's care,
To shield them from the sons of rapine—*swear!*
Then to INVASION be defiance given,
Your cause is just, approv'd by earth and heaven!
Should adverse winds our gallant fleet restrain,
To sweep his "bawbling§" vessels from the main;
And fate permit him on our shores t'advance
The TYRANT never shall return to FRANCE;
Fortune herself shall be no more his Friend,
And *here* the history of his crimes shall end—
His slaughter'd legions shall manure our Shore,
And ENGLAND never know Invasion more!!

* In the Year 1346, EDWARD, Prince of Wales, (commonly called the Black Prince), son of our King EDWARD III, gained the famous battle of CRESSY, in which thirty thousand of the French were killed upon the field.

† In the year 1415, HENRY V. King of England invaded France, and gained the memorable battle of AGINCOURT, when ten thousand of the French were slain, and fourteen thousand were taken prisoners. The prisoners were more in number than the victorious English army!

‡ In Queen ANNE's reign, A. D. 1706, the great Duke of MARLBOROUGH gained the renowned battle of BLENHEIM. Twelve thousand French were slain, and thirteen thousand taken prisoners, together with the French general, Marshal TALLARD.

§ "A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
"For shallow draught, and bulk unprizable." SHAKESPEARE.

THOUGHTS
ON THE
FRENCH INVASION,

Originally addressed to the Clergy of his Diocese,

By R. WATSON, D.D. F.R.S.
Bishop of Llandaff.

AT no period since I have been your diocesan, have I interfered with your political opinions, or shewn the least anxiety to direct them to the support of any particular party in the state. Had I followed a contrary conduct, I should have acted in a manner unbecoming the nature of my office; ill suited to the character I wish to maintain, and disrespectful to yourselves. I have unquestionably my political principles, as well as other men have theirs: and, how unfashionable soever they may have become, I have never scrupled, and never shall scruple, to confess that those on which the Revolution was founded, and the present reigning family seated on the throne of these kingdoms, are, in my judgment, principles best calculated to protect the liberty and property of the subject, and to secure the honour and happiness of the sovereign.

You will not, I think, be guilty of a breach of Christian charity in the use of even harsh language, when you explain to your congregations the cruelties which the French have used in every country they have invaded; for no language can reach the atrocity of the fact. They every where promise protection to the poorer sort, and they every where strip the poorest of every thing they possess; they plunder their cottages, and they set them on fire when the plunder is exhausted; they torture the owners to discover their wealth, and they put them to death when they have none to discover; they violate females of all ages; they insult the hoary head, and trample on all the decencies of life. This is no exaggerated picture: whoever has read the account of the proceedings of the French in Swabia, in Holland, in Italy, in Switzerland, knows that it is not. And, can there be men in Great Britain, of so base a temper, so maddened by malignity, so cankered by envy, so besotted by folly, so stupified as to their own safety, as to abet the designs of such an enemy? It is said there are such men; but I have too firm a confidence in the general good sense of the people of Great Britain to believe, that such men are either many in number, or respectable for character, or formidable for connexion. The men of this principality, at least, have nobly shewn, in a late instance, that they inherit the spirit of their ancestors, and have too ardent a love of their country to submit to a foreign yoke, under whatever specious promises of supporting "the rights of men," of introducing "liberty and equality," the invaders may attempt to deceive them.

What are these rights of men, this liberty, this equality, of which every man hath heard so much, and of which few have any proper conception?—Let us see what they are in France itself.—There no man has any right in his person, or in his property; both are absolutely at the disposal of the few persons who have usurped the government.—There no man has any liberty, except the liberty of submitting to the worst of slavery; for what slavery can be worse than that of being subject to laws which are perpetually changed, according to the caprice of the ruling faction?—*Ubi jus incertum, ibi jus nullum.*

Are the French coming hither to enrich the nation? Will they pay attention to the poor of this country, when they have so many thousands of infinitely

nitely poorer persons in their own?—Will they reward their seditious adherents amongst us?—Yes, they will reward them as all history informs us such traitors ever have been rewarded—they will reward them with contempt, pillage, beggary, slavery and death. The nation will be ruined by exorbitant impositions—our naval power will be destroyed—our commerce transferred to France—our lands will be divided (not amongst those who wickedly covet their neighbours' goods), but amongst French soldiers, who will be every where stationed, as the Roman soldiers were of old, to awe the people and collect the taxes—the flower of our youth will be compelled to serve in foreign countries, to promote the wicked projects of French ambition—Great Britain will be made an appendage to continental despotism.

I would say to the most violent Democrat in the kingdom—Suppose the business done: after seas of blood have been shed, millions of lives lost, towns plundered, villages burned, the Royal Family exterminated, and unutterable calamity has been endured by persons of all ranks:—after all this has been done, what advantages will you have obtained beyond what you now possess? Will your property be better protected? Will your personal liberty be more respected? Will our code of jurisprudence be improved? Will our laws be more impartially administered?—Quite the contrary of all this now takes place in France. I do not say that when things are settled there, the present wretched condition of its inhabitants will be continued, and I hope it will not; but I am sincerely of opinion, that few of us will live to see such a system established in France as will procure to its inhabitants half the blessings which our ancestors have enjoyed, which we do enjoy, and which it is our interest to take care that our posterity shall enjoy, under the constitution of Great Britain.

FRENCH TREACHERY *IN SWITZERLAND.*

THE wanton and unprovoked barbarity, with which Switzerland was attacked by the French in 1798, is too well known, and the English nation has too deeply commiserated the situation to which the brave Helvetii have been reduced, to make it necessary again to bring those scenes of horror to public view; yet, in the present situation of this country, when threatened with an invasion from the same unprincipled and inveterate enemy; a few circumstances, perhaps not generally known, cannot have too much publicity.

The French, for a long time before they entered Switzerland, sent emissaries over all that country to sow discord, dissention and mistrust, and to disseminate their invidious principles among the people; they succeeded but too effectually with some, but the greatest part of the inhabitants remaining firmly attached to their liberties and to their laws, were determined not to survive the loss of either. The French pretended, at first, to aim only at changing the Constitution of the Canton of Berne, and to wage war against what they termed the aristocracy of that Canton, professing the greatest friendship to the others, and to the people at large, offering them protection, and what they were pleased to term *true Liberty!* Some of the Cantons were thus lulled into security, and did not afford that assistance which they ought to have done; so that the whole force of the Swiss army did not exceed 30,000

30,000 men. These men, however, though composed only of the militia of the country, were full of zeal, and eager to encounter the enemy. The most judicious dispositions were made by their venerable leader, General d'Erlach, then upwards of seventy years of age. At the same time, the French General, Brune, was advancing with his army, still pretending to negociate, still offering peace, protection and friendship. At last, it was agreed by the senate of Berne, that the General should attack the French line; every preparation was made for that purpose; the day, the hour, was fixed, and the attack had actually been made by the right wing and attended with success, when the treacherous and unprincipled Frenchman sent to the Senate to request an armistice for three days, under pretence that he had offers to make which could not be rejected. This armistice was unfortunately agreed upon much against General d'Erlach's wish, and to the discontent of the army, who began to suspect that they were betrayed by their leaders. Lulled into security, many of the soldiers had even returned to their homes; and the very next morning, before day-break, the infamous Le Brune attacked the Swiss in all directions. Taking them unawares, they were obliged to retreat; they rallied again and again, and it was but on the third day of an almost uninterrupted battle, that they were dispersed and defeated. Enraged at their defeat, these brave men, prompted by the insinuations of the French themselves, that they had been betrayed by their officers, massacred several of them, amongst whom was the brave and veteran d'Erlach, whose innocence was afterwards fully proved, as well as that of every other officer of the army.

The conflict was terrible, and the loss on both sides very great. Three hundred Swiss, all young men, who had sworn to conquer or die together, having taken possession of a pass which they had orders to defend, overpowered by numbers, were all, to a man, either killed or drowned in an adjacent lake. Six hundred brave women were found killed on the field of battle, after having fought by the side of their husbands or their brothers. A father, two sons, and a daughter were found dead upon a cannon they had bravely defended.

The loss of the French must have been immense, if we may judge from the state of one of their regiments of cavalry, who, on passing through Lausanne, was 850 men strong, and on their return through the same town, only amounted to 156.

The first Swiss General that bled in his country's cause was named Le Gros. In honour of his heroism, a young lady in London wrote the following verses, which, I trust, will not be unacceptable to your readers.

ANTI-GALLICUS.

* LE GROS' GHOST.

PENSIVE by the glimmering taper,
While the March winds loudly blow,
And the storm, with blasting vapour,
Drives along the fleecy snow;

Sat I, musing on the dangers
Which environ us around,
From receiving Gallic strangers,
And some English faithless found.

A form majestic rose before me,
Hack'd with the sabre's cruel stroke;
Sudden chills at once fell o'er me?
Faint, yet vauntingly I spoke:—

* Le Gros, the Swiss general, eighty years old, was killed at the head of the army.

What art thou who thus appals me,
Wherefore dost thou thus appear?
Wretched spectre, vanish from me!
Know, I was not born to fear.—

"I come not, mortal, to affright you,
Hearken to a tale of woe;
Alas! my story can't delight you,
I'm the ghost of dead Le Gros.

Old Le Gros now stands before ye,
Listen or my powers may fail;
Mark, oh mark! the piteous story,
And to thy country tell the tale.

Insulted was my peaceful nation
By the French, that barbarous crew!
Torn by grief, and sad vexation,
To their arms my country flew.

On that † plain, where once so gallant,
"We fought and conquer'd Charles the bold;
On that plain we still were valiant;
There three thousand men lie cold.

Did ‡ ambition ever fire us?
Returning inj'ries we were slow,
Till our country's wrongs inspir'd us,
Then bravely fighting, died
Le Gros.

No riches had we for their plunder,
Our lives supported by our hands;
Our country's peace they tear asunder,
And ravage all our fertile lands.

Our brave § youth, with hearts high beating,
Swore to keep the dangerous pass;
Not a man but scorn'd retreating,
There they lie, a mingled mass.

Revenge, revenge the wrong'd || Helvetia!
Prove your blood and courage high;
Britons, when they sail to meet you,
Seize the caitiffs, let them die.

My wan shade shall hover o'er you,
Mighty masters of the sea;
Sailors, when they fly before you,
Point your guns, and think on me.

Glorious English take no quarter
When you meet th' insulting foe;
Better steep your swords in slaughter,
Better fall, like Old Le Gros.

Valiant soldiers, on their landing,
Rush upon th' insidious foe;
English soldiers, firmly standing,
Point your musket for Le Gros.

Gallant horsemen, scorn their number,
Like light'ning give each nervous blow,
For my spirit cannot slumber
Till you've avenged old Le Gros.

Generous Britons, haste to meet them,
Your noble hearts with honour glow;
Your strong arms are *doom'd* to BEAT them
And revenge the dead Le Gros"!

† On the same plain was fought a battle, 22d June, 1476, between Charles the Bold, duke of Burgundy, and the Swiss, in which the latter were victorious.

‡ The Swiss did all they could to preserve their neutrality, yet Mr. Neckar advised them to the contrary.

§ A band of young men were resolved to keep the pass or die. They were all killed.

|| The ancient name of Switzerland.

VOTE OF THANKS
TO THE
VOLUNTEERS.

THE spirit and promptitude displayed by the multitudes of BRITONS, who have voluntarily associated in defence of the threatened Rights of their Country, have been made the subject of Parliamentary Commendation; and after an interesting debate in the HOUSE OF COMMONS, on Wednesday the 10th of August, it was RESOLVED *unanimously*, on the motion of Mr. Sheridan;

" That the THANKS of this HOUSE be given to the several VOLUNTEER CORPS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM, for the promptitude with which, at a crisis the most momentous to their country, they have associated for its defence."

It was RESOLVED also, in order that the patriotic example of such voluntary exertions may be committed to posterity; " That a return be made to this HOUSE of all VOLUNTEER CORPS, properly distinguishing those whose services shall have been accepted by his Majesty previous to the next meeting of Parliament, in order that the same may be entered on the JOURNALS OF THIS HOUSE."

The following animated Review of Foreign and Domestic POLITICS, *appeared in the Mirror of the Times (Sunday August the 14th) two days after the Prorogation of Parliament.*

PARLIAMENT has at length retired from its labours, and we have to congratulate both Houses, and the country at large, on the wisdom, the promptitude, and the efficiency of the measures, particularly those calculated for the national defence, which have been canvassed in their debates and sanctioned by their votes. They have confined themselves to a line of conduct admirably suited to the crisis in which we are placed, and no less adapted to strike the *Corsican* with terror and dismay, than to diffuse through every part of the British Empire, whether near or remote, increased confidence and spirit. The Vote of Thanks passed by the Commons to the Volunteer and Yeomanry Corps is, notwithstanding the frivolous objections started by some captious individuals, a tribute of gratitude and encouragement to which the gallant defenders of their country possess every claim that can emanate from true patriotism. It is in fact a dignified memorial of the ardour and readiness of the people to meet and triumph over a cruel and perfidious enemy; it must impart to the coldest bosoms a zeal in the common cause which they might not otherwise have felt, and it will be transmitted to distant times as a glorious record for our posterity to admire and imitate, should they be threatened with similar dangers.

We can say with pride and confidence that never has there occurred an instance of so much zeal, fervour, and devotion for the public good, as that which distinguishes and ennobles the present moment. The LOVE of our COUNTRY, that pure source of every great and virtuous action, pervades and animates all classes and descriptions of the community. We witness its effects in every part. It invigorates the wisdom of our Coun-

Councils; it inspires with a just sense of exertion and activity our County, City, and Parochial Meetings; it gives new force to the eloquence of religion; the venerable oracles of the Law propagate it in every corner of the kingdom where their duty calls them to administer justice; it blends with all our public amusements; it cheers domestic society; and beauty is heightened, when decorated with its symbols. In short, it has given the country the very tone which fits it for superior enterprize, which makes BONAPARTE tremble while he threatens, and qualifies Englishmen to tell him and his hosts to come and be conquered.

Prepared then as we are, to confront every danger which may threaten our constitution and our dearest interests, we should never dismiss from our minds the important consideration, that it is to ourselves alone we must be indebted for the re-establishment of tranquillity, and the attainment of an honourable and permanent peace. The absurdity of placing any reliance on the mediation of Russia, Austria, or Prussia, is too obvious to require illustration. After the shameful apathy with which these powers have witnessed the fresh insults and aggressions of France, can there be any man so besotted as not to know that nothing just or honourable can be expected from their interference? Our best, and indeed our only friends, are our resolution and our strength. We must owe our salvation to the vigour of our own protection. In the prosecution of this plan we have, no doubt, many sacrifices to make, many privations to undergo; but is it not better to incur, for a short period, a great inconvenience, than to be exposed, for a long space of time, to what in the onset would be comparatively lighter, but which, by continually increasing in weight, would ultimately become a burthen too heavy for us to bear? The actual conjuncture of affairs forms an æra which must perpetuate our glory, and consolidate our happiness, or blot us for ever from the map of nations.

In the contest which we now wage, single-handed, with France, and which is, in reality, a defensive, colonial, and naval war, we want no allies, we wish for no allies, and the means it might be necessary to afford them, must now be all concentered in our government, and give a proportionate increase of energy to our own exertions. If, however, the despotism and boundless ambition of BONAPARTE should, and it does not appear altogether improbable, excite a firm and decided confederacy against France, which may promise the emancipation of the Continent, our assistance would not be misapplied in giving vigour to an alliance, which might, with more promptitude, lead to a permanent period of peace.

From the state of war, evils of the first magnitude are inseparable, and the struggle in which we are engaged, does not promise to be marked by forbearance, or the want of daring enterprize on the part of the enemy; but we have the consolation of seeing the noblest and most cheering display of public spirit. All ranks evince an unshaken disposition to resist the encroachments of a foreign tyrant on the rights, the liberties, and the property of the nation, unmingled with those effusions of violence which are sometimes the result of exaggerated hope, or the fore-runners of deep despair. This disposition can only be maintained by a conduct that must secure to it the uniform flow of public opinion. All persons must continue convinced, that the conflict in which they are involved, is just, honourable, inevitable; that the government,

ment, however eager to re-establish the blessings of peace, has not feared to seek redress and security in war, and that the public honour and public interest were both duly appreciated before both were committed to the issue of the contest. Animated by temperate reflection and firm conviction to meet such a crisis, we have nothing to fear from the efforts of a state greater, and, if possible, more rancorous and inveterate in its hatred than France. For her honour, her freedom, her security, Great Britain, armed and on her guard, has no reason to dread any foe, however powerful and daring. She can, appeal with confidence, to that test, and claim that superintendance which the French Government has the blasphemy to invoke, the JUSTICE OF HER CAUSE, and the GOD OF ARMIES.

ENORMITIES

Committed by the French Troops in the Electorate of Hanover, during the year 1759.

THAT Cruelty and Depredation are not new in the French National Character, will be evident from the following particulars; which are inserted from the London Chronicle, vol. vi. p. 415.

Translation of a Letter from a Gentleman at Hanover to his friend at London, dated Hanover, Oct. 12, 1759.

"If ever the French troops, in contempt of the laws of war, gave the lie to their nation's boast of surpassing all Europe in humanity, it was on occasion of the retreat or flight which they were forced to make after the memorable battle of Minden or Tonhausen.

"The greatest part of the principalities of Calenberg, Gottingen and Grubenhagen, will bear for many years the melancholy marks of violence committed by the French troops; which shew too plainly what the King's other dominions would have suffered, had not Providence employed the unparalleled valour and mighty arm of the worthy Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, and the troops under his command, to hinder the execution of instructions given by a Minister respectable for his rank and for his years; but highly to be blamed for his sentiments of inhumanity; proofs of which have fallen into the hands of those whose country, according to him, *was to be made a desart*.—But let us come to the fact, or rather to the facts, the recital of which makes my hair stand an end; I should be inclined to question the truth of them, if I had not made the strictest enquiry into the facts.

"To constrain the inhabitants on this rout to furnish all the provisions they had in their houses, without leaving any for the subsistence of themselves and their cattle, would have been in some measure excusable in an army; which after losing a battle, and a great part of its baggage, was retiring precipitately, having at its heels the brave Hereditary Prince of Brunswick, the guardian angel of the poor people whose lives and effects were heavily threatened.

"To burn what was not used, and to search for that end, the vaults, granaries and fields, is but little in comparison of the cruelty of those runaways, in forcing the inhabitants without regard to age, by beating them with sticks, by blows with swords, bayonets and muskets, and even by such tortures as are employed only to condemned malefactors put to the question, to declare whether they had any money, and where it was laid.—This was done at Esperode in Grohnde Bailiwick.

"To

" To pillage and take away all they could carry; to destroy the rest; to set fire to the towns of Eimbeck, Nordheim, Saltzderhelden, &c. as well as the villages of Laffute, in the bailiwick of Grohnde; at Luethorst in the bailiwick of Ehrichsbury, and many others; to drive away, wound, and even kill those who came to extinguish the flames; to ravish women and maids who were unfortunate enough to be in their way, and to drive away, with blows of swords or muskets, fathers, mothers, husbands or relations, who ran to save them by tears and entreaties, from the brutalities of a fugitive enemy without discipline.

" These, Sir, are exploits of which I could give you a melancholy detail, mentioning the places and persons who have been threatened: But the length of my letter would fatigue you, and the subject be too much for your humanity. We must do the justice to some officers, in whose presence the like violences were attempted, to acknowledge that they were at great pains to curb the licentiousness of the men under their command; but these gentlemen were very few in number: many others discovered great indifference at the sight of those abominable scenes, or shewed by their looks and behaviour that they did not disapprove them.

" Don't imagine, Sir, that this maltreatment was confined to the common people: no, persons of distinction were not spared.

" At Hastenbeck, a Lady of quality received many blows with a stick after she had opened herself all her bureaus, which they pillaged, as well as her whole house; and she would certainly have been left dead on the spot, with all her family, had not an officer interposed. At this place the fugitives carried their rage to the greatest height, saying, ' Prince Ferdinand, who had just beat and belaboured them, and had taken their baggage, warlike stores, provisions and artillery, forced them to cross the field of Hastenbeck, (where two years before D'Estrees triumphed over the Duke of Cumberland,) looking as silly as fools and as bare as beggars.'

" The Magistrates of some towns being unable to procure the enormous quantity of provisions and forage which was demanded, were bound with ropes, and carried to the market place, then thrown down on straw and beat so unmercifully, that some of them will be lame as long as they live.

" In Gottingen, an advocate, a burgher and a woman with child, without having given any offence, were through mere wantonness killed in the public street; and the first Magistrates were insulted even on the seat of judgment.

" But what they made Colonel Landsberg and Major-General Hugo suffer, would put even the most brutal troops to the blush: Both are veterans, who have lived many years retired in the country, with a pension from the King. But this did not hinder the first from being treated in a most shocking manner: to personal insult they added the barbarities of robbing him of all his money, furniture, linen and clothes; insomuch that had it not been for a peasants old coat, which he had the good luck to procure, he would have been for some days without enough to cover his nakedness.

" Major-General Hugo met with no better treatment at Wickershaugen, the place of his retirement, when notwithstanding the pitiable situation he was in by a painful illness, they took every thing from him, *not excepting the shirt on his back and the bed on which he lay.*—They even carried their brutalities

so

so far *as to want to cut off one of his fingers that had a ring on it*; which they would actually have done, had he not had the good fortune, by the extraordinary efforts he made, to get the finger from them which they wanted to cut off.

"Could you imagine, Sir, that, with all this, the troops who had rendered themselves so odious by so many acts of cruelty, should carry their gallantry so far, as to employ the *protection of the fair sex!* What happened at Hachmuler in the bailiwick of Springe, will prove and explain what I mean. A body of the King's hunters having come up with a body of the French troops near that village, and being on the point of charging them, the latter carried off from the village *a reinforcement of women and maids*, whom they placed in their first rank, whether it was to excite the humanity or complaisance of the hunters, or to give a turn to the action of which they feared the issue.

"The ready money extorted by the runaways, and the value of the other things which they carried off and destroyed, amount to immense sums. But I will not enlarge on this head, but shall end this faithful narrative, supported by incontestible proofs, without adding any of those reflexions which your good sense and probity will easily suggest.

"Amidst the unfeigned grief with which I am overwhelmed for the sufferings of a multitude of my Countrymen,

I ever remain,

Yours, &c.

Such is the boasted HUMANITY OF THE GREAT NATION—*and such is the treatment that Britons may* EXPECT SHOULD WE EVER BE CURSED BY A VISIT FROM THE BONAPARTIAN FRATERNITY.

BRITONS! TO ARMS!
TO YOU THE AVENGER DELEGATES HIS POWER.

THE *Dogs of War*, again in blood,
Their iron fangs prepare to dye;
And MARS impending o'er the flood,
His crimson banner waves on high.
BRITONS, ARISE: TO ARMS! To you in charge is given,
To dart the lightnings of *avenging* HEAVEN.

Through the blue vault the cannons roar,
Spreads wide the dreadful note of death;
The peal resounds from Gallia's shore,
Issued by mad Ambition's breath.
BRITONS, ARISE: TO ARMS! To you in charge is given,
To show'r destruction on the *curs'd* of HEAVEN.

The blood-stain'd legions of the foe,
Advance their standards high in air;
And steel'd to pity human woe,
Fervent, the work of Hell prepare.
BRITONS, ARISE: TO ARMS! To you in charge is given,
To blast the projects of the *curs'd* of HEAVEN.

High tow'ring o'er their marshall'd host,
The Cormorant marks his destin'd prey;
The Vulture hovers round the coast,
Wheeling impatient for the fray.
BRITONS, ARISE: TO ARMS! To you the charge is given,
To hurl the avenging thunderbolt of HEAVEN.

The storm comes on!—the battle roars!
BRITANNIA'S SONS will never yield:
And see! the wide destruction pours
On *every foe who dared the field!*
THE FIGHT IS O'ER! The charge to Britain given,
Ascends, *accomplish'd*, to the GOD OF HEAVEN.

E. W. B.

THE WAR WHOOP OF VICTORY.

A PATRIOTIC SONG
ON THE THREATENED INVASION.

O Never shall a foreign foe,
Isle of the Brave! thy Rights destroy;
Tho' men should meditate the blow,
And fiends their damned arts employ.

For, guardians of thy spotless fame
To thee the King of Kings has given
The rapid lightnings vengeful flame,
The awful thunderbolt of heaven.

Should Gallic legions e'er invade,
And recreant-like thy sons retire,
Then shall the graves give up their dead,
To form for thee a wall of fire!

Fear, Albion! fear no Tyrant's pow'r,
On thee the God of Hosts shall smile;
Thy martial spirit rouse once more,
And guard thy highly-favour'd Isle.

For never shall a foreign foe,
Land of the Brave, thy Rights destroy;
Tho' men should meditate the blow,
And fiends their damned arts employ.

C.

LINGO

LINGO DRAWN FOR THE MILITIA.

NUNQUAM audivi such terrible news,
As at this present *tempus* my senses confuse;
I'm drawn for a *miles*—I must go *cum marte*,
And, *comminus ense*, engage BONAPARTE.

Such *tempore nunquam videbant majores*,
For then their opponents had different *mores*:
But we will soon prove to the Corsican vaunter,
Tho' times may be chang'd—BRITONS never *mutantur*.

Me Hercle! this Consul *non potest* be quiet,
His word must be *lex*—and when he says *fiat*;
Quasi Deus, he thinks we must run at his word:
What! runaway Britons!!!—the thought is absurd.

Per mare, I rather am led to *opine*,
To meet British *naves* he would not incline;
Lest he should *in mare profundum* be drown'd,
Et cum Alga, non Lauro, his *caput* be crown'd.

But allow that this Boaster in Britain could land,
Multis cum aliis at his command:
Here's lads who will meet, aye and properly work 'em,
And a hundred to one but they sink them *in orcum*.

Nunc, let us, *amici*, join *manus et cordes*,
And use well the *vires Di Boni* afford us;
Then let nations combine, Britain never can fall;
She's *multum in parvo*—a match for them all.

A. Z.

THE CORSICAN PIRATE,

As written by Mr. CROSS, *and sung by Jack Junk, in the Military Spectacle of that Name.*

DID you never hear of the CORSICAN PIRATE?
A self-set-up-scarecrow to frighten mankind?
A braggodocio bully, and such a nation liar that
Half he *assarts* is but falsehood you'll find!
He says, "as how he's valiant," but that's all my eye!
A brave man ne'er yielded to cruelty's sway:
And because for his own wants he'd not a supply,
By *poison he doom'd his poor wounded to die!*
And then like a lubber the swab sneak'd away.
As for me, I'm a BRITON, and only desire that
I yard arm and yard arm may grapple this Pirate,
With tol de rol, &c.

Black Barnaby says, (d'ye see he's our chaplain)
The wickedest sometimes may prosper o'er worth;
But conscience so oft with his black heart's a grappling,
The Devil himself would not be in his birth!
He offers protection to the vassels he subdues,
A Murderer's protection, he has practis'd it oft;
Then boasts his religion, why dash my old shoes,
The Atheist is any one's, Turks, Christians, or Jews!
How dares the blasphemer 'ere look up aloft!
As to me, I'm a BRITON, the upstart to fire at;
I'll die but I'll sink this damn'd Corsican Pirate.
With tol de rol, &c.

A stop must be put to his murders and robbing,
His blood-hounds no longer prowl o'er land or main;
A brave British Tar gave the thief once a drubbing!
And a brave British Tar soon will drub him again!
He thinks himself invincible, but let the swab alone,
Zounds! only give him rope enough!—the flag of fate's unfurl'd,
Our army and our navy have invincibles o'erthrown,
And we've a few invincibles, my hearties, of our own,
Who will gladly overthrow this disturber of the world,
Invincible Britons! who only desire, that
They *die may*, or *sink this damn'd* Corsican Pirate!
With tol de rol, &c.

FRENCH INVASION.

Tune—"*To Anacreon in Heaven.*"

TO teach JOHNNY BULL *a la mode de Paris*,
Some half-starv'd Republicans made declaration,
That they would instruct him like them to be free,
When this answer was made from our loyal old nation:
"Ye ragged banditti, your freedom we pity,
And mean to live happy, while frantic you sing
Your fam'd Ca Ira, and Hymn Marseillois,
For the true Briton's song shall be, 'GOD SAVE THE KING!'

"Our forefathers bled on the scaffold and plain,
To establish a government wise, just, and pure;
We 'll defend it till death, and reject with disdain
A Corsican quack, who our laws can't endure.
Shall your dire guillotine in Old England be seen?
No! we mean to live happy, while frantic you sing
Your fam'd Ca Ira, and Hymn Marseillois,
For the true Briton's song shall be, 'GOD SAVE THE KING!'

This

This answer of England to Gaul swiftly flew,
When BONY pretended to give himself airs:
" Soon, soon," he exclaim'd, " shall that proud Island rue,
And *New Carthage* be humbled, defend it who dares:
They freedom abuse and my kindness refuse;
I 'll *enlighten* their noddles; with us they shall sing
Our fam'd Ca Ira, whilst our Hymn Marseillois
Shall re-echo instead of their ' GOD SAVE THE KING!'

But shall resolute Britons by threats be dismay'd!
No! we 're ready to meet them, though twenty to one.
From our scabbards leap forth every sword! Who's afraid,
Though they 're joined by the Dutchman and blustering Don?
In *Battle* we 'll shew to our *sans culotte* foe,
That in spite of their efforts we never will sing
Their fam'd Ca Ira, or Hymn Marseillois;
For the true Briton's song shall be, ' GOD SAVE THE KING!'

If we fall in the conflict, how noble the cause!
The stone shall record it that stands on our grave;
Here lies one who defended his country and laws,
And died his religion and monarch to save,
This and more might be said, but, we are not yet dead,
And can all of us yet, with one heart and voice, sing,
Not the French Ca Ira, nor Hymn Marseillois,
But the true Britons loyal song, ' GOD SAVE THE KING!'

SONG.

WHEN Britons of old were unpolish'd and poor,
Surrounded by labour and strife;
Yet Liberty guarded the latch of their door,
And they lov'd her as dear as their life;
She season'd the cup which Industry bestow'd,
She smil'd on the manly repast,
And the Peasant, who tasted her benefits, vow'd
Her honours for ever should last.

To his King, and his Country, his children and wife,
His fondest affections were given,
And the blessings he held as the comforts of life,
He deem'd the best favours of Heaven;
He fought, and he suffer'd, he toil'd, and he bled,
Till Peace was the fruit of his pains,
Till the laurel of Victory shaded his head,
And Plenty beam'd over his plains.

Now grac'd with the blessings our forefathers won,
Of Europe and Asia the pride,
Oh ne'er be it said a degenerate son,
The place of his sire has supply'd.
As Britons be hardy,—as Britons be bold,
Maintain your old Empire, "the waves,"
"The Snug little Island" be Liberty's hold,
There laugh at a nation of Slaves!

NAPOLEON'S CONFERENCE.

Quid immerentes hospites vexas, Canis?
HOR.

NAPOLEON, tho' a pigmy-sprite
Was freakish as a mule;
Th' ambassador was twice as stout,
And more than twice as cool.

With this great little man to talk,
He came from fair Whitehall;
But word he put to none, for why?
The little man talk'd all.

"The wind is west,"—The Consul cried,
And fierce as flame he grew;
"That cursed wind ne'er blew me good,
And now it blows me you.

Tell your friend Addington, from me,
If he's a man of Peace,
To clap a muzzle on the Press,
And stop his cackling geese.

Kick out my rascal renegades;
Then let them starve and rot;
For your John Bull, if he must roar,
Let him; I heed him not.

And where is Malta? By my soul,
I hold that place so dear,
Where I to choose 'twixt this and that,
I'd sooner see you here.

Turn to your Treaty!—Here it is—
To section, number ten:—
If rightly you have conn'd it not,
Here, con it o'er again!

Hell and damnation! am I fobb'd
Of this, and Egypt too?
What says your Minister to that?
Let's hear it;—What say you?"

Now reason good there is to think
His Lordship here had spoke,
If this loud little man his thread
Of reason had not broke.

"Egypt!" he cried, "I could have seiz'd,
That curst ill-omen'd shore;
With five and twenty thousand men,
Though you were there with four.

But Egypt soon or late is mine;
So take a Prophet's word,
And Nile thro' all his sev'n wide mouths,
Shall hail me for his Lord.

Sebastiani scour'd the coast,
And well I chose my man;
For sure, if any can ride post,
Sebastiani can.

If soon the Turkish Empire falls
My portion shall be this;
If still it totters, I'll arrange
With Sultan as with Swiss.

What, tho' a Mussulman I was,
While interest was in view;
When I have made the bargain sure,
I'll let him call me Jew.

And now you know my plan, submit!
Secrets of State I scorn;
Strike, or expect me on your shores,
As sure as you were born.

One Hundred though it be, to one,
The odds alarm not me;
What were the odds that little I,
Great Lord of France should be!

Tho' army after army sink,
Yet sink or swim I'll do't,
Of their pil'd bodies make a bridge,
And then march o'er on foot.

They're not my countrymen, but slaves,
Whose blood I freely spill;
They're used to slaughter—and if you
Won't kill them off, I will."

This said, his little fist he clench'd,
And smote the board full sore—
"Hum!" cried my Lord, then strode away,
And word spake never more!

JOANNES GILPINUS LONDINENSIS.

British Neptune.

HARLEQUIN's INVASION.

LADIES and Gentlemen, to-day
With scenes adapted to th' occasion,
A grand new Pantomime we play,
Entitled—*Harlequin's Invasion.*

No comic Pantomime before
Could ever boast such tricks surprising;
The Hero capers Europe o'er,—
But hush! behold the curtain rising.

And first, that little Isle survey,
Where sleeps a peasant boy so hearty;
That little Isle is Corsica,
That peasant boy is BONAPARTE.

Now lightnings flash, and thunders roar,
Dæmons of witchcraft hover o'er him:
And rising thro' the stage trap-door,
An evil Genius stands before him.

His arms in solemn state are cross'd,
His voice appals th' amaz'd beholders,
His head in circling clouds is lost,
And crimson pinions shade his shoulders.

"Mortal, awake," the phantom cries,
"And burst the bands of fear asunder!
My name is *Anarchy*:—arise!
Thy future fortunes teem with wonder.

To spread my reign the earth around,
Here take this sword, whose magic pow'r
Shall sense, and right, and wrong, confound,
And work new wonders ev'ry hour.

Throw off that peasant garb, begin
T' assume the party-colour'd rover,
And, as a sprightly Harlequin,
Trip, lightly trip, all Europe over."

He spoke, and instant to the view
Begins the curious transformation—
His mask assumes a sable hue,
His dress a pantomimic fashion.

Now round the stage in gaudy pride,
Capers the renovated varlet,
Shakes the lath weapon at his side,
And shines in blue, and white, and scarlet,

High on a rock, his cunning eye
Surveys half Europe at a glance,
Fat Holland, fertile Italy,
Old Spain, and *gay*, regen'rate France.

He strikes with wooden sword the earth,
Which heaves with motion necromantic;
The nations own a second birth,
And trace his steps with gestures antic.

The *Pope* prepares for war, but soon
All pow'rful Harlequin disarms him,
And changing into *Pantaloon*,
Each motion frets, each noise alarms him.

With trembling haste he seeks to join
His daughter *Gallia*, lovely rover!
But she transform'd to *Columbine*,
Her father scorns, and seeks her lover.

The *Dutchman* next his magic feels,
Chang'd to the *Clown*, he hobbles after;
Blund'ring persues the light of heels,
Convulsing friends and foes with laughter.

But all their various deeds of sin,
What mortal man has ever reckon'd
The mischief plann'd by Harlequin,
Fair Columbine is sure to second.

They quickly kill poor Pantaloon,—
And now our drama's plot grows riper,
Whene'er they frisk it to *some tune*,
The clown is forc'd to *pay the piper*.

Each foreign land he dances through,
In some new garb behold the hero;
Pagan and Christian, Turk, and Jew,
CROMWELL, CALIGULA, and NERO.

A Butcher, Harlequin appears,
The rapid scene to Egypt flying,
O'er captive Turks his steel up rears,
The stage is strew'd with dead and dying.

Next by the crafty genius taught,
Sportive he tries Sangrado's trick;
Presents a bowl with poison fraught,
And kills his own unconscious sick;

Hey, pass! he's back to Europe flown,
His hostile foll'wers disappointed:
Kicks five old women from the throne,
And dubs himself the Lord's Anointed

In close embrace with Columbine,
Pass, gaily pass, the flying hours;
While prostrate at their blood-stained shrine,
Low bow the European pow'rs.

Touch'd by his sword, the morals fly,
The virtues, into vices dwindling:
Courage is turn'd to cruelty,
And public faith, to private swindling.

With Atheist Bishops, Jockey Peers,
His hurly-burly Court is graced;
Contractors, Brewers, Charioteers,
Mad Lords, and *Duchesses disgraced*.

And now th' Invasion scene comes on;
The patch'd and pyeball'd renegado,
Hurls at Britannia's lofty throne,
Full many an insolent bravado.

The trembling Clown dissuades in vain,
And finds too late there's no retreating;
Whatever Harlequin may gain,
The Clown is sure to get a beating.

They tempt the main, the canvas raise,
A storm destroys his valiant legions;
And lo! our closing scene displays
A grand view of th' infernal regions.

Thus have we, gentlefolks to day,
With pains proportion'd to th' occasion,
Our piece perform'd; then further say,
How like you Harlequin's Invasion?

Morning Post.

THE

GHOST OF ABERCROMBIE.

"*E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.*" GRAY.

BRITAIN! exert thy lion might,
Thy wonted bravery recall;
Hark! honour calls thee to the fight!
Arise, and crush the coward Gaul.
March on—for Abercrombie's Ghost
To Vict'ry shall lead thy martial host.

His guardian spirit hovers round,
Still mindful of his country's weal:
Behold his brows with laurel bound!
And, hark! he bids thee grasp the steel.
March on—&c.

Commission'd from the gracious skies
To be the saviour of this land;
Downward the angel-hero flies,
The wreath of Conquest in his hand.
March on—&c.

Britain, arouse thy dreadful ire,
And strike the all-tremendous blow;
Grasp the red bolts of vengeance dire,
Wave high thine arm, and blast the foe.
March on—&c.

Loud

Loud let thy deadly anger roar,
As when it shook th' Egyptian shore!
As when, with high impurpled flood,
The Nile ran red with Gallic blood.
March on—&c.

Know, thou art heaven's peculiar love!
Success shall all thy actions guide,
Triumphant shall thine armies move—
Triumphant shall thy navies ride!
March on—&c.

WAR SONG;

FOR THE

EDINBURGH CAVALRY ASSOCIATION.

BY MR. WALTER SCOTT.

TO horse! to horse! the standard flies,
The bugles sound the call;
The Gallic Navy stem the seas,
The voice of battle's on the breeze,—
Arouse ye one and all!

From high Dunedin's towers we come,
A band of brothers true;
Our casques the leopard's spoils surround,
With Scotland's hardy thistle crown'd,
We boast the red and blue.

Though tamely crouch to Gallia's frown,
Dull HOLLAND's hardy train,
Their ravish'd toys, though ROMANS mourn,
Though gallant SWITZERS vainly spurn,
And foaming gnaw the chain:

Oh! had they mark'd the avenging call,
Their Brethren's murder gave,
Dis-union ne'er their ranks had mown,
Nor Patriot Valour, desperate grown,
Sought Freedom in the grave.

Shall we too bend the stubborn head,
In Freedom's Temple born;
Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,
To hail a Master in our Isle,
Or brook a Victor's scorn?

No, tho' destruction o'er the land
Come pouring as a flood—
The Sun that sees our falling day,
Shall mark our sabre's deadly sway,
And set that night in blood.
For gold let Gallia's legions fight,
Or plunder's bloody gain;
Unbrib'd, unbought, our swords we draw,
To guard our KING, to fence our LAW;
Nor shall their edge be vain.

If ever breath of British gale
Shall fan the tri-colour;
Or footsteps of Invaders rude,
With rapine foul, and red with blood,
Pollute our happy shore—

Then, farewell Home, and farewell Friends!
Adieu each tender tie;
Resolved we mingle in the tide,
Where charging squadrons furious ride,
To conquer or to die!

To horse! to horse! the sabres gleam,
High sounds our bugle's call;
Combin'd by honour's sacred tie,
Our word is "*Laws and Liberty!*"—
March forward, one and all!

MARK on the brink of Gallia's coast,
Rapine on tip-toe stand;
And eager hordes with ev'ry gale,
In fancy hear the matron's wail,
From Britain's fated land.

But know, ye fierce rapacious crew!
A bloody spoil ye gain;
The British youth must low be laid!
Before ye grasp one shrieking maid,
Each lover must be slain.

The

The road to yonder cottage house
Lies o'er a father's breast;
And see impatient by his side,
Stands a brave son in armed pride,
The Thistle on his crest.

This emblem of his country dear,
Fixt by a sister's hand;
Shall fire his soul to deeds of might,
And drive him furious in the fight,
Through many a hostile band.

But if, with glorious wounds all gash'd,
Fainting he yield his breath,
This sacred pledge shall meet his eyes;
On the green sod as pale he lies,
And cheer the bed of death.

Liverpool Chronicle.

INVOCATION
TO
BRITISH VALOUR.

ARDENT spirit of the brave!
Scorning danger, spurning fear,
Up the rock, or o'er the wave,
Keenly urging their career.

Thou, that erst on *Cressy's* field,
Thou, who late by *Nilus'* tide,
Flaming from Britannia's shield,
Scath'dst the flow'r of Gallic pride!

On thy pow'rful aid, once more,
Freedom's favoured Champion calls:
Rouse her sons from shore to shore—
Thunder from her wooden walls!

Blast again the Tyrant's boast,
Her dominions to enslave—
Whelm Invasion's haughty host
Deep beneath the bellowing wave.

Or, triumphant, into port
All the crowd of captives bring;
Whilst our Tars enjoy the sport,
And our wives and daughters sing—

"Rule, Britannia! rule the waves!
"Britons never will be Slaves!"

HAFIZ.

As a proof that the love of Liberty is indigenous to our soil, we present our Readers with the following Lines, written by a Boy of this town, now only 13 years of age. Imperfections, we trust, will be readily overlooked.

LIBERTY.

O LIBERTY! thou sacred flame,
To every Briton truly dear;
Noble and ever honour'd name!
Without thee we have ALL to fear.

'Tis thy celestial glow bestows
Encouragement to Britons brave;
'Tis thou that conquerest Albion's foes,
And ne'er a Briton mak'st a slave.

Though hostile forests fill the waves,
Still shall Britain rule the sea;
While Gallia's navies, mann'd by slaves,
Can only *boast* that they are free.

In vain of liberty they boast,
The cruel slaves of despot sway;
From Gallia's ever ruin'd coast
They've scar'd her sacred form away!

Ne'er shall their sly insidious arts,
Tainted with false and base alarms,
Subdue our brave unvanquish'd hearts,
The dauntless breasts they dread in arms.

Manchester Telegraph.

THE ANTI-GALLICAN.

NUMBER III.

BRITANNIA TO HER SONS.

AWAKE! awake! my warlike sons,
Prepare to meet your subtle foe:
Gird on your arms; bestride your steeds,
And forward to the battle go.
Beware of sleep, my sons, beware,
And not on conscious strength rely;
The lordly Monarch of the plains
By a weak child, surpris'd, may die.
Arise! my sons, arise!
To battle go, and crush the foe:
Rush forward, and he dies.

Stern Bonaparte, dark fiend of hell,
His gloomy thoughts foll well I know:
On equal terms, he will not dare
Encounter with a British foe.
He fondly hopes, some traitor fools
Will take him, viper, to their breast;
Or, lull'd in false security,
To stab you in the bed of rest.
But, Britons, know, death waits
On those who vipers nurse, or sleep,
While France is at their gates.

Hail, glorious sight! What visions bright
Upon my soul, prophetic, pour!
A Gallic Host by stealth is come,
And foes in thousands line my shore:
When lo! a gallant wakeful band
Th' alarm has sounded far and wide:
My warlike sons, throughout the land,
Rush forth array'd in martial pride.
Th' Invaders, pale with fear,
See death assail their battle's front,
And ruin in their rear.

E'en hoary age, and beardless youth,
Inspir'd with martial ardour burn:
On ev'ry side the foe is press'd—
In vain he wishes to return.
In awful pomp, behind him plac'd,
My sea-borne thunder rends the skies;
Down sink his ships beneath the waves,
Or hurl'd on high, in fragments rise.
Then shouts of victory,
From ev'ry hill and dale resound,
Great Britain, GEORGE, and Victory.

Full on the foe, with headlong rage,
The British Heroes boldly pour;
The Gauls advance like hungry wolves,
My children furious lions are:
The thunders roar—the lightnings flash—
The earth is bath'd in floods of gore:
The haughty foe are laid full low,
And, dying, curse the British shore.
Then shouts of victory
From ev'ry hill and dale resound,
Great GEORGE, and Victory!

Morning Post.

CONSIDERATIONS
FOR AND AGAINST
THE PROBABILITY OF INVASION.

AT a time when the minds of men are generally agitated by the expectation of the hostile attempts of the enemy, it may not be improper to examine the probabilities on both sides, so as to enable our Readers to draw their own conclusions.

FOR THE INVASION.

It has always been the grand object with France to atchieve the conquest of Great Britain. It was such under the old Monarchy. Encouragement and emoluments were held forth by Louis XIV. and even by his predecessors, to those politicians who could propose the most efficacious means for this object; and plans are now to be found in the archives of France for its accomplishment. To BONAPARTE (whose views obviously tend to universal domination) the object is increased in a tenfold proportion, since this Country

AGAINST THE INVASION.

THE Invasion of England is a most difficult and hazardous undertaking; it was so at all times, even when our naval force was much less than it is; and of the numerous plans presented to Louis XIV. by the Jacobites and others, not one was found practicable. What was difficult at that period is infinitely more so at present, when the nation is completely united, when no faction is to be found ready to assist the plans of the First Consul, when our naval force is ten times greater than it formerly was, when vessels of war

of

Country is the only one among the European Powers, which presents an obstacle to the full accomplishment of his wishes.

Bonaparte has at present an immense army (not less than half a million of men) on foot; and he has an unlimited power of increasing it by arbitrary conscriptions. Bonaparte has no regard to the lives of men. He shewed this at the battle of Lodi, and when he poisoned his sick soldiers in Syria. Every *true Frenchman* that is killed, rids him of an enemy. He can spare men, and he will not consider the danger to which he exposes them. The present Military Establishment of France is more than the country can bear. He cannot support his army, and therefore he must endeavour to employ it.

Bonaparte can hurt this Country in no other way than by invading it. His army is at present totally useless; and therefore there is the utmost probability that he will employ it in the only way in which he can injure that enemy whom he mortally detests, and who is the sole check upon his vast ambition.

He has pledged himself to the invasion; and he will incur ridicule and contempt (which his spirit cannot brook) if he does not attempt to put his threats in execution.

of every size and burthen are dispersed over the Channel, and the French and the Dutch harbours virtually in a state of blockade.

It must be an immense army indeed that could effect any thing at present in England. An invading enemy has every disadvantage to encounter; they have the difficulty of the voyage, and of keeping together; they have the difficulty of landing, which may be always successfully opposed with a smaller force. Great Britain has at this time nearly two millions of men in arms, or ready to take arms. At least half a million of these may be accounted good soldiers, and the mass of the people would contribute perhaps not less than the men in arms to impede the motions of the enemy. With less than 200,000 men, therefore, it would be madness to make the attempt.

Considering that on the smallest computation, and supposing them to embark even in open boats, the armment to convey them would cover a surface of water of upwards of 60 square miles. It would be difficult to procure vessels; and still more difficult to prevent them being burnt and destroyed in their very ports by our daring seamen; and when at sea, how is such an immense number of vessels to escape the vigilance of our cruizers?

Bonaparte has a difficult card to play. He has pledged himself to come in person; and indeed what General can he trust with such an immense army; or would the soldiers be content to come without him? If then he does not come himself, he will have unnumbered evils to encounter; and if he does, let him look to what remains behind; let him look to plots there, and insurrections against his tyrannical government, which is detested in France.

Though the conscripts and new levies may be adverse to the attempt, the old soldiers, who are really starving and in rags, will not be against any plan that promises to relieve them from their present distress; and such we find by the most authentic evidence, to be the sentiments of the French soldiery at present.

The Liberty of the Press being entirely destroyed in France, the People and the Army are kept completely in the dark; they see neither the difficulty nor the danger, and therefore he has it in his power to persuade them to any thing, however desperate.

Though the other European Powers may at present stand in awe of his immense force, yet if that force was lessened by such an expedition as we have been describing, is it probable they would remain quie? Is it probable the EMPEROR can forget the injuries and insults he has received? Of the Northern Powers it would be premature at present to say any thing.

The Liberty of the Press (which in France is annihilated) has effected wonders in exciting the spirit of *this Country*, and has made us an *armed Nation*. Satisfied with their good and venerable Sovereign, and with an honest Constitutional Ministry, there is no sacrifice which the People of England are not prepared to make; and if the enemy *could possibly* effect the landing even of the immese force we have mentioned, (200,000) they would still be unable *to effect the* CONQUEST.

Times.

OBSERVATIONS ON *MILITARY SPIRIT.*

MUCH at present is said about creating a military spirit in the people of this country. Not satisfied with taking measures for our present security, we carry our views to a distance, and propose to place the nation beyond the reach of all future danger, by creating for it an impregnable defence in the disposition of its inhabitants. A country is indeed poorly secured which wants this defence; and we should have little confidence in the measures pursued to preserve us, if we thought that the spirit of courage and of manhood remained to be created among us. It is undoubtedly true, that in no country, and at no time, ought effectual means be omitted to cherish and direct that spirit, not merely against foreign aggression, but as one important part of the moral culture, which it is one of the first duties of the government to provide for the people. The man who is a coward, who wants the spirit to defend himself, and the country which feeds him, and which contains all those who have benefited or who love him, is deficient in as essential a quality of a good man, as he who wants the essense of justice or of gratitude. And we may lay it down as a position, that in whatever country any considerable proportion of the inhabitants is thus depraved, a bad government, and a bad education, have produced their last and most fatal effects, the corruption of the moral sentiments of the people.

As is usual on all occasions, we find crude ideas, notions taken up with scarce any considerations of the subject, by

by far the most frequent, even among those presented to the public in the present case. The necessity of the military spirit is a fine popular topic, and people advance any thing under protection of its fascinating influence, without having ever put the question to themselves what the military spirit means. They of course propose many things for raising the military spirit which have nothing to do with that spirit. According to some speculators, a great part of the military spirit consists in the contempt of riches; and we have lost our military spirit, they say, from the love of stocks, and of manufactures. It would seem from these representations, that the first step toward obtaining that desired spirit would be to strip ourselves of our riches and manufactures. In that case we should think a French invasion by no means to be resisted; since we are fully persuaded that of all possible means to that end, this would be the most expeditious, and the most effectual. We should afterwards be nobly secure against any future invasion; since we would be sure to have all the heroism and all the spirit which poverty could bestow upon us. We are of opinion, on the other hand, that the more a man has to defend, the more eager will he be to defend it, and the greater number of resources will he be able to find to assist him in the defence. We should be sorry to think, that, twenty years hence, our country should not be richer than it is at present; and we have no apprehension that courage will not, as it has hitherto done, keep pace with the knowledge and morality which shall be disseminated amongst the people.

Most of those who talk about the military spirit confound two things, which are very distinct, the spirit of manhood, of independence, of heroic defence, with the spirit of restless or needy adventure. The greater part of the military bands, who make a figure in history, are of the latter description. Of course their spirit and their habits come very naturally to be regarded by superficial observers, as exclusively the military spirit and habits. The object of these bands has much more frequently been to harrass and molest their neighbours from the desire of plunder, or from what they call the love of glory, than to defend themselves from unjust aggression. Undoubtedly men rich and happy at home, are not the fittest for this occupation. And the story of Lucullus's soldier, who fought like a madman when he had lost his purse, but wished to be quiet when he had filled his pocket with rewards, applies to them accurately. But though Lucullus's soldier did not care for fighting to gain a purse when he had got one already, no doubt he would have fought as desperately as ever to preserve what he had.

The spirit of manhood and independence is much more naturally and much more necessarily the result of the habits of social life in a state of freedom, than of the habits of military discipline, or military enterprize; and no people, associating together under equal and generous laws, ever yet wanted the noblest spirit of courage and magnanimity. Undoubtedly the feelings and ideas habitually suggested from the first to the last period of a man's life, by the nature of the society in which he is placed, are the most deeply rooted in his mind, and have the most decisive influence on his conduct. But in a state of society, where the laws give no one any advantage over

over another, where men struggle together on equal terms against aggression, and for pre-eminence in wealth, power, or fame, the spirit of self-defence, the spirit of emulation, the spirit of independence, and of enterprize, is the natural temper of the people. The superiority of this force of mind to any spirit artificially created by military exercises may be proved by a very decisive instance. We send our sons to public schools, and are deeply impressed with a sense of the advantages derived from the manly character generated by the contention of boys with their equals. Let a boy from his infancy be habituated, as much as you please, in the softness of his father's house, to military exercises, you will not pretend to say that this will compensate for the spirit created at school. The same generous discipline which creates the manly character of the boy at school, operates upon the man who lives in a free and well-governed nation, through the whole course of his life; through the whole course of his life he is engaged in animating contention with his equals. Let us suppose that the boy who is to be habituated to military exercises in his father's house has, at the same time, instead of equals with whom to contend, a number of unfortunate boys, who are compelled to look up to him as their superior, to be subject to his caprices, and over whom he is permitted to tyrannize; would not this association corrupt and ruin the manhood of both parties? And would any dexterity in military exercises give them the worth of boys educated as equals at a public school? The truth is, that military exercises are not necessary to freemen to give them the military spirit, but to teach them the use of their arms, and to act together with unity and order. Though disciplined slaves may sometimes, by this knowledge, obtain advantages over undisciplined freemen, they have not so much of the military spirit. An underling clerk at a merchant's desk might cast up figures more rapid than Sir Isaac Newton, but would he have more of the arithmetical spirit than Sir Isaac Newton?

The Romans were never a commercial, but a military people, and their education was as completely military under the Emperors as in the age of Scipio; yet the military spirit of Rome disappeared; and disappeared with the freedom of Rome. The military spirit of Sparta itself was lost, while the military education remained unaltered. The Dutch, we are told, grew dastardly, who were once so brave. The Dutch grew dastardly, however, when their government grew corrupt, and they had not been habituated to military exercises, when they shewed such prodigies of courage. The Carthaginians, it is said, were subdued by the Romans.

We know too little of the history or state of Carthage to be entitled to draw any conclusions from that history. One thing we know, that its government when it fell was extremely corrupt; and this was sufficient to subject it to the Romans, whether it possessed or wanted commerce.

Of all the nations which have yet appeared upon the face of the earth, the most commercial and the most rich is the British nation. Scarcely ever was any nation so destitute of military habits, for from the time of Oliver Cromwell, they have hardly been known among the people; and yet we have no hesitation to affirm that by no people was real courage and intrepidity ever possessed in a more perfect degree than by the collective body of the British people at this moment. To

what

what is this owing? To the same cause to which our unexampled riches are owing; to the free and equal laws, which, giving full scope to the exercise of a man's faculties among his fellow creatures, allow none of the virtue belonging to his nature to lie dormant. We affirm that this intrepidity is on the increase. The happy situation of our country, which removes the fear of violent death from every set of people but the worst, obliges us reluctantly to appeal to the behaviour of them. It will be allowed, however, that no remarkable change could take place in the character of them, without something correspondent in the rest of the people. Now it is known that formerly a very great proportion of criminals came to the place of execution under extreme dejection, and shedding tears. It is now equally well known that nothing is so rare. It is always found that British troops in point of daring boldness, as well as firm courage, take the lead of the troops of every nation with whom they are mixed.

We have thought it of importance to state these truths at this time, in opposition to some contradictory ideas which are disseminated; that both the people themselves, and they who are to marshal them, may know what they are worth, and what is necessary to prepare them to meet a danger ten-fold greater than all that can be offered them by light and changeable, though daring and presumptuous Frenchmen. Let us be a little practised in *the use of our weapons*, and let us be *conducted by intelligent men*, and we are safe against the WORLD IN ARMS.

British Press.

At a meeting of the Inhabitants of the Ward of ALDGATE, *on Monday, the 18th of July, at Ironmonger's Hall in Fenchurch-Street; convened for the purpose of taking into consideration the then recent resolutions of the Court of Aldermen, recommending the renewal of* VOLUNTARY ASSOCIATIONS, *the following* SPEECH *was spoken by Mr.* R. S. SHARPE, *immediately after the purport of the meeting had been declared by Mr. Alderman Combe.*

GENTLEMEN,

IN rising thus early to deliver my sentiments on this occasion, in the presence of so many older and of abler judgment, I entreat to be considered as offering my humble services merely towards gathering materials for those more skilful than myself to work with. The occasion of this meeting having been so distinctly stated from the chair, it might perhaps become me to add but little on the subject, yet this is a matter so seriously important, the ceremony of silent compliance is not sufficient; it becomes every man who thinks that by the blessing of Providence he may be enabled to propose any measure likely to be of service to the cause, to come forward and state the suggestions of his mind, trusting that he may be an humble instrument of benefit to his Country. Actuated by a sense of duty I therefore rise, convinced that too much cannot be offered on a subject that so affects our dearest interests.

I hope and trust that my principles are so well known to all who hear me, that should I proceed to advance any thing that might seem to carry with it discouragement, they will not for a moment impute to me so unworthy a design; but agree with me, that in proportion as our danger increases, so should be the energy of our exertions.

That an invasion of this land is intended by that Son of Rapine, the Tyrant

Tyrant of France—(this happy land! the blessed object of his envy) is, I believe, undoubted by far the greater part of our countrymen. I have heard from good authority, that a plan has been seen of the methods to be adopted by the enemy as most likely to ensure success; and the consequences that would attend such success are openly avowed.—Consequences most dreadful, but not more so than we can easily conceive that man to be capable of, who has given recent proofs that the guide of his conduct is a heart from which were early driven every soft feeling with which our merciful Creator enriches the human mind; a heart now become the vile abode of treachery, cruelty and impiety.—We are threatened with the total annihilation of our glorious Constitution!—a Constitution under which we enjoy blessings unequalled by any nation in the known world!—We are threatened with the loss of our liberty and our independence!—our dearest and most valuable privileges; our pride as Britons.—We are threatened with the overthrow of our blessed religion!—a religion, our firmest support as a nation, the rock on which, as Christians, we build our best hopes of everlasting happiness. Shall we not then, one and all, advance, and unite our utmost efforts in a steady perseverance towards the attainment of our great object, *the permanent security of the country?* Shall we not immediately acquiesce in a cordial support of that Government, under which we are protected, and under which we have attained, and can alone preserve our present enviable dignity as a people? A people known to the world, to be ever true to their Country, ever loyal to their King, and ever resting their hopes of success on that all-powerful arm which has hitherto so signally preserved them.

There are various situations, the duties of which may seem to preclude those engaged in them from the possibility of attaining that knowledge requisite to enable them to decide on subjects like that we now contemplate; but it is most sure that every breast inheriting a spark of that patriotic fire that characterizes our nation will now proudly evince it. Let us then be extremely cautious against indulging a prejudice not unfrequent, nor think that the sudden and unexpected glow of loyalty is assumed; but when the urgency of the times is considered, let us generously pronounce it *real*, and hail the honest impulse of a noble and loyal nature!—as the opposite act is illiberal, so may the effect be fatal; an over-exerted loyalty will soon find it's beneficial level, but it is cruel to depress it; and, when depressed, most difficult to revive it. I hope the time is now arrived when every such prejudice as that to which I have just alluded shall cease, never to be revived; and that as the present cause calls for the united efforts of our arms, so one sentiment of Patriotism, Loyalty and Unanimity may pervade our hearts; in which case, under the blessing of Divine Providence, we need not doubt the complete discomfiture of our restless and implacable enemy, and the preservation of our rights, our laws and our religion.

I cannot better conclude than in the words of a most emphatic modern writer; who, speaking of our foe observes:

Fortune herself shall be no more his friend,
But *here* the hist'ry of his crimes shall end;
His slaughter'd legions shall manure our shore,
And ENGLAND never know invasion more.

IMPORTANT CONSIDERATIONS FOR THE *PEOPLE* OF *ENGLAND*.

Drawn up and published by order of GOVERNMENT.

AT a moment, when we are entering a scene deeply interesting, not only to this nation, but to the whole civilized world; at a moment, when we all, without distinction of rank or degree, are called upon to rally round, and to range ourselves beneath the banners of that Sovereign, under whose long, mild, and fostering reign, the far greater part of us, capable of bearing arms, have been born and reared up to manhood; at a moment, when we are, by his truly royal and paternal example, incited to make every sacrifice and every exertion in a war, the event of which is to decide, whether we are still to enjoy, and to bequeath to our children, the possessions, the comforts, the liberties, and the national honours, handed down to us from generation to generation, by our gallant forefathers; or whether we are, at once, to fall from this favoured and honourable station, and to become the miserable crouching slaves, "the hewers of wood, and the drawers of water," of those very Frenchmen, whom the valour of our fleets and armies has hitherto taught us to despise; at such a moment, it behoves us calmly and without dismay, to examine our situation, to consider what are the grounds of the awful contest in which we are engaged; what are the wishes, the designs, and the pretensions of our enemies; what would be the consequences, if those enemies were to triumph over us; what are our means, and what ought to be our motives, not only for frustrating their malicious intentions, but for inflicting just and memorable chastisement on their insolent and guilty heads.

The grounds of the war are, by no means, as our enemies pretend, to be sought for in a desire entertained by his Majesty to keep the Island of Malta, contrary to the Treaty of Peace, or to leave unfulfilled any other part of his sacred engagements; they are to be sought for in the ambition of the First Consul of France, and in his implacable hatred of Britain, because, in the power and valour of Britain alone, he finds a check to that ambition, which aims at nothing short of the conquest of the world. His Majesty, ever anxious to procure for his people prosperity and ease, eagerly seized the first opportunity that offered itself for the restoration of Peace; but not without remembering, at the same time, that their safety, for which it was his peculiar duty to provide, was not to be sacrificed to any other consideration. This peace he concluded with the most sincere desire, that it might be durable, and the conduct of France would be such as to authorise him to execute, with scrupulous punctuallity, every one of the stipulations of the Treaty. But scarcely was that compact concluded, when the First Consul, at the very time that his Majesty was surrendering to France and Holland, the great and numerous conquests he had made from them during the war, began a new sort of hostility upon the weak and defenceless states on the Continent of Europe: Piedmont, a country equal to all Scotland, was added to France; Holland, which had at the making of the Peace, been recognized as an independent nation, became, more than ever, the object of French rapacity and despotism; was compelled to furnish ships and stores for French expeditions, and to feed and clothe French armies: the only use of which was to keep her in a state of slavish subjection, and to render her shores an object of serious

serious alarm and real danger to Great Britain; Switzerland was invaded by a French army, which compelled the people of that once free and happy country, to submit to a government framed at Paris, the members of which government were chiefly composed of men, who had betrayed the liberties of their country, and who were nominated by the Consul himself. Notwithstanding, however, all these and several other acts of aggression and tyranny, some of which were highly injurious to Great Britain, and were shameful violations of the Treaty of Peace, still his Majesty earnestly endeavoured to avoid a recurrence to arms; but the Consul, emboldened by our forbearance, and imputing to a dread of his power, that which he ought to have imputed solely to our desire to live at peace, manifested his perfidious intentions, again to take possession of Egypt, whence we had driven him in disgrace; again to open a road to our possessions in India, there to destroy one of the principal sources of our wealth and our greatness.

Not contented with thus preparing for our destruction from without, endeavouring to cut off our intercourse with the rest of the world, shutting, as far as he was able, all the ports of other countries against us; gradually destroying our navigation, commerce, and trade; hemming us up in our own Island, and exposing our manufacturers, artizans, and labourers, to the danger of starving for want of employment; not contented with these malignant endeavours, and seeming to regard us as already within his grasp, he audaciously interfered in the management of our domestic concerns; required us to violate our laws by banishing those subjects of the French Monarch, who had fled hither for shelter from his unjust and tyrannical government; demanded of us the suppression of the Liberty of Speech and of the Press; and, in a word, clearly demonstrated his resolution not to leave us a moment's tranquillity, till we had surrendered our Constitution, till we had laid all our liberties at his feet, and till, like the Dutch, the Italians, and the Swiss, we had submitted to be governed by Decrees sent us from France.

Besides the motives of ambition, the desire to domineer over, and to trample upon all the rest of mankind, the First Consul has a reason, peculiar to himself, for wishing to reduce us to a state of poverty, weakness, submission and silence: which reason will at once be evident when we consider the origin of his authority, and the nature of his government. Having succeeded, through a long course of perfidious and bloody deeds, in usurping the throne of his lawful Sovereign; having, under the name of *Equality*, established in his own person and family, a government the most pompous and expensive, while the people are pining with hunger, and in rags; having with the word *Liberty* continually on his lips, erected a despotism the most oppressive, the most capricious and the most cruel that the Almighty, in his wrath, ever suffered to exist; having, by such means, obtained such an end, he feared, that while there remained upon the earth, and especially within a few leagues of France, a people enjoying, under a mild and legitimate Sovereign, all the blessings of freedom; while there remained such a people, so situated, he dreaded, and not without reason, that their sentiments and their example would, by degrees, penetrate through his forest of bayonets, his myriads of spies, and would, first or last, shake the foundation of his ill-gotten power. He could not, indeed, impute either to our Sove-

reign,

reign, or to his subjects, any design, much less any attempt, to disturb him in the exercise of his usurped authority. We never have interfered, nor have we ever shown any desire to interfere in concerns of the Consul or his Republic; and his Majesty, even after all the acts of provocation, all the injuries and insults committed against himself and his people, has now solemnly renewed his declaration, that his object is not to destroy or change any thing in the internal state of other countries, but solely to preserve, in his own dominions, every thing dear to himself and to his subjects.

This, however, is not sufficient to satisfy the Consul of France; it is not sufficient that we abstain, both by actions and by words, from exciting discontent amongst those who have the misfortune to be subjected to his sway; we must not afford them an example, we must not remain free, lest they should learn lessons of freedom; we must destroy our ancient and venerable monarchy, lest they should sigh for a lawful and merciful king; we must not be happy, lest they should covet happiness; we must not speak, lest our voice should disturb the peace of Bonaparte; we must not breathe, we must cease to exist, because our existence gives umbrage to a man, who from the walls of Acre, fled, in shame and disgrace, before a handful of Britons.

Such being the grounds of the war, such the wishes and designs, such the preposterous and insolent pretensions of the enemy, it next behoves us to consider, what will be the consequence to ourselves, what will be our wretched lot, if that enemy should succeed in the invasion and subjugation of our country. Of what the French would, in such case do here, we may form some judgment, from what they have done in all those countries, where the remissness of the government, together with the pusillanimity of the people, have given them the predominance. There is no country, into which they have been able to enter, where their footsteps have not been marked with blood; where they have spared either high or low, rich or poor, sex or age; where terror has not been the forerunner, and where desolation and misery have not marched in their rear. In the long and black catalogue of French cruelties towards the people of other countries, those of the First Consul, and of the generals and soldiers immediately under his command, first present themselves to our attention. In 1796, Bonaparte at the head of a numerous French army, invaded Italy, declaring to the people, that he came as their friend and their brother, to deliver them from taxes and slavery, and promising them safety for their persons, security for their property, respect for their laws, and reverence for their religion. They listened, they believed; they threw open their gates, they laid down their arms, they received the Gallic Serpent to their bosom, and fatal indeed were the effects of their credulity! His reverence for their religion he displayed by giving up their places of worship to indiscriminate plunder, and by defiling them with every species of sacrilege; his respect for the laws was evinced, not only by the abrogation of those laws, but by the arbitrary enforcement of an unconditional submission to the mandates of himself and his generals; the security which he promised to their property was exhibited in enormous contributions, in the seizure of all the public funds, as well as those of every charitable foundation, not excepting schools, hospitals, or any other resource for the

support of the poor, the aged, and the helpless; and, as to the persons of the unfortunate people, he provided for their safety by laying the whole country under the severest military execution, by giving up the towns and villages to fire and sword, and by exposing the inhabitants to be pillaged and murdered by his rapacious and inhuman soldiers, whom he authorised and even ordered to shoot every man that attempted to resist them, whatever might be the crimes in which they were engaged.

On his return from Italy, which he left in a state of beggary and irretrievable ruin, he prepared for the invasion of Egypt, a country which was at peace with France, and against the people, or the government of which, France had no cause of complaint; but the conquest of this country was necessary in order to open a road to the Indian possessions of Great Britain. In pursuit of this object, Bonaparte invaded Egypt, where he repeated his promises to respect religion, property, and persons, and where, the more effectually to disguise his purposes, he issued a proclamation, declaring himself and his army to be true Mahometans; and boasting of having made war upon the Christians, and destroyed their religion. One of his first deeds after this act of apostacy, was to massacre almost all the inhabitants of the populous city of Alexandria. "The people," says one of his generals, "betake themselves to their *Prophet*, and fill their mosques; but the men and women, old and young, and even babes at the breast, ALL, are massacred!" Some time after this sanguinary transaction, Bonaparte, having made prisoners of 3,800 Turks, in the fortress of Jaffa, and wishing to relieve himself from the trouble and expence of guarding and supporting them, ordered them to be marched to an open place, where part of his army fired on them with musquetry and grape shot, stabbing and cutting to death the few who escaped the fire, while he himself looked on, and rejoiced at the horrid scene. Nor were his cruelties, while in Egypt, confined to those whom he called his enemies; for finding his hospitals at Jaffa crowded with sick soldiers, and desiring to disencumber himself of them, he ordered one of his physicians to destroy them by poison. The physician refused to obey; but an apothecary was found willing to perpetrate the deed; opium was mixed with their food; 580 Frenchmen perished by the order of the General, under whose flag they had fought; by order of that very man, to whose despotic sway, the whole French nation now patiently submits. Let them so submit, but let us not think of such shameful, such degrading submission. Let us recollect, that this impious and ferocious invader was stopped in his career of rapine and blood, by a mere handful of Britons; and was finally induced to desert his troops, and to flee from the land he had invaded, at the approach of that gallant British army, by which Egypt was delivered from the most odious and most destructive of all its plagues. This it is for us to recollect; and so recollecting, shame and disgrace upon our heads, if we do not resist, if we do not overcome, if we do not chastise this rapacious, this bloody minded tyrant, who has now marked out our country for subjugation, our fields for devastation, our houses for pillage; and who, in the insolence of his ambition, has held us forth to the world, as a meek, a feeble, and cowardly race, destined to grace his triumphal car, and to augment the number of his slaves.

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Not, however, to the deeds of Bonaparte alone must our recollection be confined. Not only Italy and Egypt, but Holland, Switzerland, and Germany, and, indeed, almost every country in Europe have been the scenes of French rapine, insult, and cruelty. Holland, formerly the seat of freedom, commerce, industry, and affluence, present at this moment, the sad spectacle of a country divided against itself, torn to pieces by factions, contending, not for the suffrages of the people, but for the favour of France; a country governed by the haughty mandates of a foreign power; awed by foreign arms; holding the remains of its wealth, together with the residue of its military and naval means, in constant readinesss to be disposed of in the service of another nation, and that nation its antient and implacable enemy, and now its inexorable oppressor.

When the French armies entered the territories of Holland, the motto was, "*War to the Palace, but peace to the Cottage.*" They came to deliver the people from their rulers, and from the burthens which those rulers imposed. The Dutch, like the Italians, lent an ear to these artful and perfidious declarations, believing that their cottages would be spared, and careless of the fate of the palace. But, alas! they soon found, that French rapacity, like the hail and the thunder, fell alike on the thatched roof, and the gilded dome. The palaces once seized on, the cottages soon followed; while all those who were found in the intermediate space, the merchant and the manufacturer, the farmer and the tradesman, were sunk in one common ruin; happy, if, by the loss of their property, they had the good fortune to preserve their lives. Bonaparte is, indeed, now, not only the sovereign of the country, not only does he exercise the powers of dominion, but he is, as to every practical effect, the master and the owner of all the property and of all the people in Holland. These miserable beings possess nothing of their own; they can acquire nothing with the hope of enjoying, or bequeathing it; they can make no provision for the weakness of disease, the feebleness of old age, or the helplessness of infancy; they are, the mere political drudges of a hard hearted tyrant, who suffers them to live only while their labours administer to his projects of ambition, and who, when his purposes demand it, puts an end at once to their toils and their existence.

In Switzerland, where high rank and great riches were unknown, where men were nearer upon an equality than in any other country in the world; in a country having no commerce, scarcely any manufacturers, and possessing few of the sources of wealth and distinction; a country of shepherds and labourers; a country which might be truly said to contain a nation of poor men; in such a country to cry "*war to Palaces,*" seemed useless and absurd. Yet did the French find a pretext for war with this poor and harmless race, and for invading and laying waste their territory. The Swiss, from their anxiety to preserve peace, consented to every sacrifice demanded of them by France: they exposed themselves to the hostility of other nations, by sending away the ambassadors of those nations; they broke off their connexion with some of their most powerful allies; they banished the loyal subjects of their ancient protector the King of France, men whom the ties of gratitude and the laws of hospitality bound them to cherish; and when they had thus exhausted the source of concession, when they could grant no more, because

France

France could find nothing more to demand; when they had humbled themselves in the dust, and degraded the character of their country in the eyes of all Europe; when they had thus done and thus suffered, rather than see their country the scene of war, then did the French invade their territory; then did these restless disturbers of the world march an army into the heart of Switzerland, in order to compel the people to change the nature and the form of their Government, and to commit it to the hands of traitors, who had been chosen by France, and by the assistance of whose treachery the French invasion had been effected.

After having, by means of an armistice, joined to the most solemn promise of respect for persons and property, lulled the people into a state of imaginary security, the armistice was broken, and the French pushed on their forces, when those of the Swiss were dispersed. Resistance on the part of the latter, whose numbers did not amount to a tenth of those of their flagitious enemy, now became hopeless: and though the little army was brave, though the people were faithful and active, though the last battle was long, obstinate, and bloody; though the Swiss achieved wonders, and though the women fought by the sides of their husbands, inciting them to victory or death, all was in vain; hundreds and thousands perished by the sabres of the French, and while the earth was strewed with their dead bodies, and while the flames ascended from the once happy dwellings of this valiant and innocent people, the hard-earned and long-preserved liberties of Switzerland, expired.

Germany, which closes this awful lesson, was invaded by the French in 1796 and 1798. These invasions were attended with crimes too atrocious to be credited, were they not proved by indisputable evidence, and did they not accord with the general practice of the inhuman wretches by whom they were committed. In adverting to these detestable acts of oppression and cruelty, we must recollect, that they were perpetrated upon a people, who had made no resistance of any sort against the invaders, and who in every instance had entered into an agreement with the French Generals, to pay them great sums of money, in order to preserve their country from plunder. In consequence of the ransom thus wrung from the people, the invaders declared, by public proclamation, that the persons and property of the inhabitants should be strictly respected; and that their rights, usages, laws, and religion should remain inviolate and undisturbed. On these assurances, thus solemnly made, the credulous people all implicitly relied, while some of the poorer classes regarded the French, not as enemies, but as their deliverers from taxes and labour. No sooner, however, had the invasion taken place, no sooner had the French become masters of the country, than they spread themselves over it like beasts of prey, devouring and destroying every thing before them. They spared neither cities nor towns, neither villages nor hamlets, nor solitary houses; from the church to the cell, from the castle to the cottage; no state of life, however lofty or however humble, escaped their rapacious assaults; no sanctity excited their veneration; no grandeur their respect; no misery their forbearance or their pity. After having plundered the houses of the gentry, the clergy, and the tradesmen; after having pillaged the shops, warehouses, and manufactories, they proceeded to the farm houses, and cottages, they rifled the pockets and chests of the inhabi-

tants,

tants, cut open their beds, tore up the floors of their rooms, dug up their cellars, searched the newly made graves, and broke open the coffins in hopes of finding secreted treasure. They sometimes threatened people with immediate death, sometimes put them to the torture, sometimes lacerated and crippled them, in order to wring from them a discovery of their little pittance of ready money. The deepest and most apparent poverty was no protection against their rapacity; grey hairs and lisping infancy; the sick, the dying, women in child-bed, were alike exposed to the most barbarous treatment; dragged from their beds, kicked, wounded, and frequently killed, under pretence that they were the keepers of concealed wealth. The teams and flocks, cattle of every kind, the marauders drew off, cut to pieces on the spot, or left in a state of mutilation; corn, hay, and straw, they wasted or burnt; they demolished the household furniture, destroyed the utensils of the dairies, the barns, and the stables; tore down the gates, levelled the fences. In many places they stript the clothes from the backs of the people, set their liquor flowing in the cellar, burnt their provisions to ashes. The churches whether Romish or Protestant, they rendered a scene of indiscriminate robbery, of sacrilege and blasphemy, too shocking to describe. Towards women of all ages and all conditions, they were guilty of brutality never before heard of: neither extreme youth nor extreme age; neither weakness nor deformity; nor the most loathsome disease; neither the pangs of labour nor the agonies of death could restrain them; cries, tears, supplications were of no avail; and where fathers, husbands, or brothers interfered, murder seldom failed to close the horrible scene. To spread nakedness and hunger, to introduce misery and disease amongst all ranks, seems to have been their uniform desire; but the lower orders of the people, the artizans and the labourers, were the objects of their direst malignity; against them was directed the sharpest bayonets; for their bodies the choicest torment, for their minds the keenest anguish was reserved; from one end of the country to the other, we trace the merciless ruffians through a scene of conflagration and blood; frequently we see them butchering whole families, and retiring by the light of their blazing habitations; but amongst the poor alone, do we find them deferring the murder of the parents for the purpose of compelling them to hear their children shriek amidst the flames!

Such are the barbarities which have been inflicted on other nations. The recollection of them will never be effaced; the melancholy story will be handed down from generation to generation, to the everlasting infamy of the republicans of France, and as an awful warning to all those nations whom they may hereafter attempt to invade. We are one of those nations; we are the people whom they are now preparing to invade: awful, indeed, is the warning, and, if we despise it, tremendous will be the judgment. The same generals, the same commissaries, the same officers, the same soldiers, the very same rapacious and sanguinary host, that now hold Holland and Switzerland in chains, that desolated Egypt, Italy, and Germany, are at this moment, preparing to make England, Ireland, and Scotland, the scenes of their atrocities. For some time past, they have had little opportunity to plunder: peace, for a while suspended their devastations, and now, like gaunt and hungry wolves, they are looking towards the rich

pastures of Britain: already we hear their threatening howl; and if, like sheep, we stand bleating for mercy, neither our innocence nor our timidity will save us from being torn in pieces and devoured. The robberies, the barbarities, the brutalities they have committed in other countries, though, at the thought of them the heart sinks and the blood runs cold, will be mere trifles to what they will commit here, if we suffer them to triumph over us. The Swiss and the Suabians were never objects of their envy; they were never the rivals of Frenchmen, either on the land or on the sea; they had never disconcerted or checked their ambitious projects, never humbled their pride, never defeated either their armies or their fleets. We have been, and we have done all this: they have long entertained against us a hatred engendered by the mixture of envy and of fear; and they are now about to make a great and desperate effort to gratify this furious, this unquenchable, this deadly hatred. What, then, can we expect at their hands? What but torments, even surpassing those which they have inflicted on other nations.—They remained but three months in Germany; here they would remain for ever; there, their extortions and their atrocities were, for want of time, confined to a part of the people; here they would be universal: no sort, no part, no particle of property would remain unseized; no man, woman or child would escape violence of some kind or other. Such of our manufactories as are moveable, they would transport to France, together with the most ingenious of the manufacturers, whose wives and children would be left to starve.

Our ships would follow the same course, with all the commerce and commercial means of the kingdom. Having stripped us of every thing, even to the stoutest of our sons, and the most beautiful of our daughters, over all that remained they would establish and exercise a tyranny, such as the world never before witnessed. All the estates, all the farms, all the mines, all the land and the houses, all the shops and magazines, all the remaining manufactories, and all work-shops of every kind and description, from the greatest to the smallest; all these they would bring over Frenchmen to possess; making us their servants and their labourers.

To prevent us from uniting and rising against them, they would crowd every town and village with their brutal soldiers, who would devour all the best part of the produce of the earth, leaving us not half a sufficiency of bread. They would, besides, introduce their own laws, with additional severities: they would divide us into separate classes; hem us up in districts; and cut off all communication between friends and relations, parents and children, which latter they would breed up in their own blasphemous principles. And, shall we submit to misery and degradation like this, rather than encounter the expences of war; rather than meet the honourable dangers of military combat; rather than make a generous use of the means which Providence has so bounteously placed in our hands? The sun in his whole course round the globe shines not on a spot so blessed as this great and now united kingdom; gay and productive fields and gardens, lofty and extensive woods, innumerable flocks and herds, rich and inexhaustible mines, a mild and wholesome climate, giving health, vigour, and activity, to fourteen millions of people; and shall we, who are thus favoured and endowed; shall we

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who are abundantly supplied with iron and steel, powder and lead; shall we, who have a fleet superior to the maritime force of all the world, and who are able to bring two millions of fighting men into the field; shall we yield up this dear and happy land, together with all the liberties and honours, to preserve which our fathers so often dyed the land and sea with their blood; shall we, thus, at once dishonour their graves, and stamp disgrace and infamy on the brows of our children? and shall we, too, make this base and dastardly surrender to an enemy, whom, within these twelve years our countrymen have defeated in every quarter of the world? No; we are not so miserably fallen; we cannot in so short a space of time have become so detestably degenerate; we have the strength and the will to repel the hostility, to chastise the insolence of the foe. Mighty, indeed, must be our efforts, but mighty also is the need. Singly engaged against the Tyrant of the earth, Britain now attracts the eyes and hearts of mankind: groaning nations look to her for deliverance; justice, liberty, and religion are inscribed on her banners; her success will be hailed with the shouts of the universe, while tears of admiration and gratitude will bedew the heads of her sons who fall in the glorious contest.

JOHNSON,
THE SMUGGLER.

The example of English Heroism displayed by the subject of the following Anecdote, is worthy of the highest praise. It furnishes proof of the truly patriotic spirit which resides in the heart of every Briton; and may convince the enemy of the firm and determined resistance he will meet with in this island; since even a violater of the laws, and a smuggler, refuses the offer of Liberty and Fortune, when proffered him on terms destructive to the interests of his country.

A MAN of notorious celebrity in the annals of smuggling, and whose name is Johnson, had by some extraordinary exertions escaped from a prison in London about eight or ten months ago. He fled to the Continent, and principally resided at Flushing. On the commencement of hostilities this man was arrested by order of the French government, and conveyed to a prison at Boulogne. He was accused of having piloted the English fleet to the Helder during the late war, when our army invaded Holland under the command of the ever to be lamented Abercrombie. In a few days after Johnson was lodged in confinement, a marine officer (who for some time past has been sedulously employed in obtaining English pilots) called upon him, and after some preliminary observations, entered upon the chief object of his mission. "I am told," said the officer, "you are well acquainted with the opposite coast."—"I know every sounding and creek," replied Johnson, "and what then?"—"Why my *good friend*," continued the visitor, "if you will engage to pilot a certain division of the French fleet to the English coast, and conduct yourself on that occasion with *fidelity*, I am directed to say, a general pardon will not only be granted you, but an ample provision settled upon you during the remainder of your life." The answer of this *virtuous delinquent*, should never be forgotten. "Sir," replied Johnson, "I have not been kindly treated by my country, but not-

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withstanding that, *I cannot be a traitor!* I consider your proposal, Sir, as an insult, and treat it with the disdain it merits."—The officer admiring his principles and resolution, endeavoured to soothe him into compliance, which Johnson observing, very calmly said to him—"Do not endeavour, Sir, to render me a villain in my own estimation; indeed, were I to undertake the treason you propose, I am confident, that in the hour of trial my heart would guide me to my duty, and *I should betray you.*"—This roused the Frenchman, who exclaimed, "Then, Villain, you shall die."—"*With all my heart,* said Johnson, and in a tone of voice highly expressive of his determination, "the sooner the better—I am prepared—I have no favour to ask but one—over my grave let it be written in legible characters—*Here lies an honourable English Smuggler, who scorned to betray his country!*"—Thus ended the conversation; and the hero now remains in prison at Boulogne, with no other chance for life than his acquiescing in the above proposal.

Liverpool Chronicle.

*BARLOW'S GHOST.

COUNTRYMEN:

AFTER my spirit had rested in peace more than two hundred years, I was in a manner, called from my grave by a report in circulation, that the French intended to invade the *now* United Kingdoms of England and Ireland. Presumptuous as they always were, they would not have dared to have thought of such an exploit in my time!

Why? you may probably ask. The answer is easy: Because, from our active exertions, we were always in a state of preparation to receive them.

However, hearing this report, I revisited earth, and soon found that there was more truth in it than attends reports in general. The French about to invade this kingdom! I said to myself; then the inhabitants of every district, particularly that which I *still* call my own, are ready to meet them. But, how great was my surprise to find, that the exercise of arms had been long laid aside, except upon particular emergencies; and that it was no longer considered as a sport and pastime, as we used to make it, in the district where I formerly resided! I remember that in my time, every one capable of using them, was provided with a bow and arrows, the weapons then most in request. All the tradesmen, and manufacturing hands, used to parade in Finsbury Fields, on Thursday and Saturday Afternoons. *Butts* to shoot at were erected: the inhabitants of the adjacent parishes flocked to behold our military sports; the place was like a fair. We soon became so expert at our exercise, that the fame of the *Finsbury Archers* reached the ears of his Majesty, King Henry the Eight. The English Archers in general had long been celebrated all over Europe, as France had frequently found to her cost. Well; we were summoned to Windsor, and had the honour to be reviewed by the King, who was so pleased with our performance of the exercise, that he gave great praise and rewards to the whole company. And when he came to me, he said, "My good fellow, you have handled your arms like a Duke: you shall be the Captain of this warlike band, and be called the Duke of Shoreditch." Which was the title that the Captain of the Finsbury Archers ever after assumed, until, upon the introduction of fire-arms, the company was dissolved.

* Barlow was a Shopkeeper in Shoreditch.

I do not, countrymen, remind you of these things out of vanity; for vanity cannot exist beyond the grave; but merely to stimulate you to the same endeavours, for which you have still greater occasion. I understand that our ancient enemy, the French, are now more formidable than ever; that a faction among them barbarously murdered their good King, Queen, and part of their family, with numbers of the nobility; that they have ransacked Europe from one end to the other; and not only plundered the estates, and destroyed the lives, of the great, but, which must naturally follow, cut up by the roots, and totally annihilated, the comforts and happiness of the middle and lower orders of the people: Moreover, that they are now governed by the iron rod of a Tyrant and Usurper, who truly an enemy to the human race, has spread destruction from Egypt to Switzerland.

He has, I am informed, stepped so far into blood, that he cannot retreat, either with safety to his person, or ease to his conscience. The first will be sacrificed to the fury of a licentious soldiery, hardened in scenes of devastation and carnage, if he refuses to lead them on to future depredation: and with regard to the latter, if his body remains inactive, it will present such horrors, such real *blue devils* to his mind, as will lead him to destroy himself. He therefore means to send, perhaps to conduct, these savages of Europe, these modern barbarians across the channel, which I hope and trust, will prove the Red Sea to them; and so, under providence, it certainly will, brave Englishmen, if you do what my valiant companions and self used to do; namely, make yourselves masters of the manual exercise, by which we acquired such fame and honour, not only, as I told you, from the King and Court, but from the ladies of London; who used, as we marched along, to wave their handkerchiefs, and call us their heroes, their brave defenders. Nay, many a fair hand, which has so waved in approbation of our exploits, has been the reward of different youths who had borne away prizes in the field. I remember it was then the saying, that "the Archers of Finsbury took good aim, for they conquered both in Love and War."

I hope and believe, my valiant compatriots, for so, though our alliance is distant, you certainly are, that neither your *gallantry* nor your *courage* is less than they were in my time. The inhabitants of Shoreditch, Spitalfields, Finsbury, Clerkenwell, and other contiguous places, that used to compose our companies, were tradesmen and manufacturing hands, the most useful hands in the kingdom; as it was from those it derived its commercial opulence; and to those it looked for the support of its honor, and independence, as a nation, in which support their own independence, their glorious Constitution, every thing dear to Britons, as men, as legal subjects, as valuable members of society, as husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers, was involved.

If such, my friends, was our situation, and such our exertions to preserve our Monarch and Constitution, how much dearer must your present beloved Monarch and glorious Constitution be to you, who, under their benign influence, enjoy all the blessings I have enumerated; all those blessings of which the rest of Europe, through the operation of French principles, is at this moment deprived, in a still greater degree. How anxious, therefore, must you be to defend your country against the danger of subjugation with which it is threatened by an enemy more wicked, unprincipled, ferocious, and,

and, let me add, powerful, than any that ever before threatened or assailed it!

To do this, to be enabled to defend your country with effect, let me advise you to repair to the places which will be soon appointed in each of your respective parishes; there enroll your names in the honourable lists of heroes. Sacrifice all frivolous amusements, take up your arms: the time will be but trifling, if you make proper arrangements, that need be taken from your different pursuits: Yet, if you engage with zeal and ardour, of which I have no doubt, (for I do not believe that the character of *Englishmen* has degenerated since my time,) you will soon be perfect. This kingdom may then bid defiance to "the World in Arms." You will deserve, and receive, the approbation of your Sovereign, of your country, of your own hearts: And, if I shall have had the good fortune, in the smallest degree, to have stimulated your endeavours, I shall rejoice that, upon this arduous occasion, the perfidy of the *Corsican Usurper* BONAPARTE has raised THE GHOST OF BARLOW.

My Friends and Countrymen,

AN Old WHIG begs to address you at this crisis, a crisis unexampled in the history of these kingdoms—not as a partizan—not to stimulate you to party prejudices—but to awaken that bold, that intrepid, that stirring spirit, which in earlier times led on to daring deeds—to victory and to fame.

No man surely can hesitate. His country calls upon him to cast aside every prejudice, every party pique; and gladly, joyfully to co-operate hand and heart, with every sinew strained, to maintain her dignity and independence; it cannot be possible for him to remain indolently supine when these are assailed.

Shall we, with whom the sacred flame of liberty, of real rational liberty, has remained for ages unextinguished; shall we crouch to a foreign yoke; shall we bow the neck to a despot, submit ourselves to a Corsican Usurper?—Forbid it, Honour! Forbid it, Freedom! Forbid it, Valour!

The determination of the French to invade this Island, is no longer problematical; and though our fleets are numerous, our seamen brave, our army large and well disciplined, there still remains a great space for the exertions of individuals. Every man possessing property, ought freely to supply a part to protect the remainder. It behoves us to be liberal: Let us shew to the world that we can give our fortunes to preserve our rights.—Let the young men—let us all arm; let us live a nation—or die: And let us exhibit to the admiring world, the grand spectacle of an armed, unanimous nation, at once eager to protect our coast or annoy our foes; then we can safely bid defiance to the proud and haughty Gaul, and teach him his expectation of assistance here, will serve but to render his defeat more certain, more perfect.

Let us look up, my friends, to the higher walks of life. They beckon us by their example to unanimity. Let us not tarry for compulsion.

Press on, my friends, to the first rank. Be ready with your bayonet for the first hostile foot upon your shore. The Romans decreed a civic crown for the man who saved his comrade's life. Arise, my countrymen. *We* have a glorious crown before us—a crown of honour. We shall save our wives, our sisters, and our daughters from shame: our liberties, our religion from violation; and ourselves from slaughter.

AN OLD-WHIG.

ADDRESS

ADDRESS
TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

YE gen'rous Youths who boast a Briton's name,
Alive to honour, and the blush of shame;
Shall GALLIA's slaves, who tremblingly obey
The haughty Corsican's relentless sway—
Who meanly cringe before his upstart throne,
Nor life, nor liberty, can call their own—
Dare to invade your smiling, happy Isle,
While LUST and RAPINE at their victims smile?
Dare to insult you with their vengeful ire,
Menace your harvests and your towns with fire?
To wrest from you the sceptre of the main,
Who basely kiss their Despot's iron chain?
Recall those heroes fam'd in days of old,
Your great Forefathers, hardy, free, and bold;
Recall those Chiefs, who nobly dar'd withstand
The base Oppressors of their Native Land;
Recall CARACTACUS's scythed car,
Who brav'd the terrors of a CÆSAR's war;
Recall great ALFRED's wise and awful ghost;
Recall great WALLACE, in himself a host;
Recall the Barons from fair Runnimede,
Resolv'd to conquer, or resign'd to bleed;
Recall the triumphs of ELIZA's reign,
The scourge of Philip and of haughty Spain!
Let not those Chieftains in oblivion lie,
Who oft have made the Gallic squadrons fly—
Who oft have made their trembling standards yield,
And dy'd with gore the long-remember'd field.
View your brave Prince, with sable shield and lance,
Whose feats surpass the pages of romance;
When Poictiers rivall'd Cressy's far-fam'd plains,
And hapless John almost forgot his chains;
Let the fifth HENRY, drawn by FANCY's hand,
Lead on his martial and heroic band;
Let Agincourt each British heart inspire,
And embryo Patriots catch the Warrior's fire.
See your lov'd daughters, beauteous as the morn,
A prey to infamy, to lust, and scorn;
See curst Bastiles o'er ev'ry hamlet, tower—
See vengeful harpies glut their love of power;
See the poor peasant plunder'd of his all,
And if he murmurs—meet the hostile ball;

See your fair towns in desolation laid,
And the fierce soldier to fresh carnage wade;
" Inur'd to blood, and nurs'd in scenes of woe,"
Your crafty, cruel, and vindictive foe,
Steel'd 'gainst the pleasures of the social bowl,
Or LOVE's soft fires, that melt the raptur'd soul:
His callous heart no gen'rous passions swell;
Within his breast REMORSE, nor PITY, dwell.
Go view at Jaffa (if you trust his word)
The pris'ners murder'd by his faithless sword;
Go view, where SMITH his daring feats display'd,
His soldiers poison'd, and his sick betray'd;
Go view, when Alexandria found her grave,
His troops forbade e'en helpless age to save:
View brave TOUSSAINT, transported cross the main,
Torn like a felon from Domingo's plain;
Torn from his home, his children, and his wife,
To close in fetters his eventful life.
View the Apostate steal from Egypt's sands,
The base deserter of his vet'ran bands:
His murd'rous dagger Pavia long shall weep;
He mocks her woes with—"DEATH's eternal sleep."
His broken faith let plunder'd Venice tell—
View how Batavia, how Helvetia fell;
Once bless'd like you, with all that life endears,
Abandon'd now to rapine, scorn, and tears!
Then, O my Country! must you feel the blow,
And be like, others, in your turn brought low?
Must you no more with gen'rous feeling beat,
Nor give MISFORTUNE a secure retreat?
Must all your social charities expire,
And your proud commerce feed the funeral fire?
Must you, renown'd for Probity and Laws,
Fam'd for your love of FREEDOM's glorious cause—
Must you relapse to what you were before,
A conquer'd province, and a barb'rous shore?—
No!—by those heroes, once your boast and pride,
Who oft for you have suffer'd, bled and dy'd—
By great NASSAU, by HAMPDEN's spotless shade;
By BRUCE, whose laurels Time can never fade;
By Egypt's shores, and by Aboukir's wave;
By ABERCROMBY's much-lamented grave;
By HOWE, by DUNCAN, by ST. VINCENT, name;
By WOLFE's great spirit, and by MINDEN's fame;
By that high Honour, which you must bequeath,
By SYDNEY's scaffold, and by RUSSELL's wreath;

By

By the still pang indignant VIRTUE feels;
By the firm spirit which the Patriot steels:—
Come when he will—elate in frantic pride,
With vassal kingdoms crouching by his side—
Deck'd with the pageantry of Eastern State,
Tortur'd with restless and malignant hate—
Drunk with success, array'd in hostile form,
OLD ENGLAND'S Genius fearless meet the storm.
Tho' prostate Senates their anath'ma's pour—
Tho' abject Priests their impious flatt'ries show'r—
Tho' dastard Courts the gen'rous strife forbear,
The plunder'd dole of guiltless neighbours share—
She spreads her Ægis o'r a sinking world,
Firm and erect, while all in ruin's hurl'd;
Calls her brave sons to grasp the shining spear,
Arrest the tyrant in his wild career—
Calls her bold Youth to train the martial steed,
Nod the plum'd helmet, and the phalanx lead;
To grace the Poet and Historian's page,
Renown'd and honour'd to the latest age;
Again to rival Blenheim's glorious plain
While future MARLBRO's equal tropies gain;
Again immortalize in Hist'ry's fight,
Boyn's rapid stream, or Calpe's tow'ring height.
Still shall your NELSONS guide the Hardy Tar,
Teach him to wield the thunders of your war;
Extend the triumphs of your sea-girt Isle,
From frozen Denmark to the saltry Nile.
Still shall your shores a safe retreat afford,
From the wide havock of the Gallic sword;
Grant an asylum to Distress and Woe,
And shield each suff'rer from his ruthless foe;
Still shall your Merchants distant seas explore,
And at your feet the wealth of India pour;
Still shall your Press, that bulwark of your Laws,
Protect, as ever, injur'd Virtue's cause;
Admir'd, while envied, by surrounding Slaves,
The dread of Despots, and the scourge of Knaves.
But if decreed by HEAV'N that fall we must,
And what she wills, is ever right and just;
If doom'd to swell (ordain'd by angry FATE),
This modern ATTILA'S revengeful hate;
Then Europe's sun is set, in endless night—
Then FAITH, then HONOUR, wing their hasty flight—
Then all the Ties of social life are o'er,
From Moscow's snows, to fair AUSONIA'S shore—

Then Gothic DARKNESS spreads its baleful shade—
Then ART, then LEARNING, Laws, and FREEDOM, fade!
For happier climes they hoist 'th indignant sail,
While savage FORCE and ANARCHY prevail—
While all the SCIENCE polish'd GREECE bestow'd
Of every Muse the once admir'd abode—
With all that GENIUS, all that TASTE inspire,
Sink in the flames to please a Despot's ire.
Long ere that moment let me meet my doom;
Grant me GREAT GOD, *the refuge of the tomb!*

W. J. DENISON Esq.

A WORD OF ADVICE
TO THE
SELF-CREATED CONSUL.

AS a plain man, permit me to give you a word of advise, if your arrogance and presumption have not put you above it. I was one of the number, who, but a few years back, was deceived by your alluring and specious pretensions, and then thought you a friend to mankind. I wish I could have found your conduct such as would have made me continue so; but your cruelties, your insatiable thirst for *extensive dominion, and arbitrary and overbearing power*, has raised up against you *enemies in every friend to Virtue, Truth, Religion, Morality, Order, Freedom and Independence.*

You set forward promising freedom to the world—Look at Holland, Switzerland, Helvetia. You caused the Tree of Liberty to be planted; but wherever it has taken root, it has produced the most baneful and deadly fruit. You *promised*, wherever you went, to treat the people with *humanity* and *mercy*—Look at the *Massacre of your Prisoners*, and the *Poisoning of many of your own Troops*; the remainder of whom you, in the most *cowardly* and *dastardly* manner, abandoned, in an ungenial and unhealthy clime. Your *Treachery*, in this instance, will be an eternal stigma upon you; and while your own minions may fawningly applaud your conduct, the Patriot Soldier will ever view it with infamy and disgrace.

You threaten to invade our country—you promise your soldiers the pillage of our property—to load them with the spoils of Englishmen—to abrogate our laws—to give us French fraternity—and to gratify their lustful passions with the violation of the chastity of our wives and daughters.—But here, THOU DESPOILER OF THE REPOSE OF THE WORLD, hast thou raised the dagger against thyself; the bloody weapon which thou wouldst carry to other nations, must (DREADFUL TO HUMANITY) recoil upon yours; and would to God upon YOU ONLY might be the fatal stroke.

The tameness, the tardy negligence of other nations, will not be found among *Englishmen:* they will ever be found at the post at the hour of danger; they will present to your front a MILLION OF FREE PEOPLE, armed in the cause of VIRTUE, ORDER, and MORALITY; acting as ONE MAN, and guided by ONE HEART, in defence of that KING, that CONSTITUTION which gives

with the TYRANNIC HAND *of* ARBITRARY *and* DESPOTIC POWER; a people who have nothing left to fight for, and who are kept in order by the *Coercive Mandates* of an Usurper—the point of a bayonet, or the fear of being immured in loathsome dungeons. Look at a *mild* and *beneficent Sovereign*, reigning in the *hearts* of a *free people*, who are *rallying round his Standard for his defence*—and then see the *horrid reverse* of your own Case—*a Foreign Usurper*, flying like the *Leader of a Banditti of Plunderers* at unstated Periods, anticipating the deserts of his oppressive conduct.——Think of this, and know, what *must be the fact*, of your *deceived army* seeking in *France that Plunder* which was *not to be obtained from a free people*.

Wishing you an early enjoyment of all the happiness you may deserve in another world, I remain

ONE OF THE OLD MINORITY;
But now one of the largest Majority ever leagued under the Banners of any Sovereign.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

DEFIANCE TO BONAPARTE.

A NEW MARTIAL SONG.

Tune "And a hunting we will go."

OUR COUNTRY calls, in arms we rise
To guard fair Britain's isle;
While Freedom is the bliss we prize,
Each heart will mock at toil.
And a soldiering we will go, &c.

No haughty despot, e'er shall bend
Our free-born spirits low;
Our King and Country we'll defend,
And dare th' insulting foe.

In vain shall Gallia's slavish hosts
Attempt to make us fear;
We'll laugh at all their empty boasts,
Should madness drive them here.

We swear to conquer or to die:
No Briton can do less,
Who fondly turns affection's eye
On all that's form'd to bless.

Each social tie new warmth imparts—
Each object makes us brave,
Our Homes, our Loves, possess our Hearts,
Our Swords their Peace shall save.

Yes! from Invasion's deep disgrace
Our Land shall still be free:
The ancient maxim of our race,
Was—DEATH OR LIBERTY.

Our HARRYS, EDWARDS, call each son
To gallant feats of arms;
We'll eye the trophies they have won,
And give France fresh alarms.

By all those mighty chiefs, long dead,
By those our fathers knew;
By valiant MARLBRO's laurel'd head,
We swear our foes shall rue.

By him*, who fell on Egypt's shore,
By him†, with vict'ry crown'd,
We swear to tread the path once more
Where martial fame is found.

Still in the British bosom burn
The noblest, warmest fires;
Our youths inglorious ease we'll spurn,
And emulate our sires.

Then let us drink "*God save the King,*
And bless the land we love,"
And may each voice their honours sing,
Each arm their buckler prove.

MORVA.

* Sir Ralph Abercrombie. † Lord Nelson.

PARODY.

Adapted to the times, by Mr. BALFOUR.

WHA wad at Bonaparte's nod,
Gi'e Malta up, an' a' that;
His conscript slaves we laugh to scorn,
An' dare be free for a' that.
For a' that, an a' that,
Republic law, an a'that,
In Britain's vales her bairns find
Mair freedom far than a' that.

What

What tho' the Swiss ha'e hunker'd down,
An' kiss'd their loovés an' a' that,
Let Dutch an' Don faint at his frown,
A Scot's a Scot for a' that.
For a' that, an a' that,
His Hamburg Squibs an' a' that,
John Bull has breath to bla' a blast
Will answer him an a' that.

Yon little man, First Consul ca'd,
Frets, fumes, an' raves, an' a' that;
Tho' Frenchmen tremble at his word,
He's Corsican for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Reviews, Levees, an' a' that,
The free-born brave o' Britain's isle,
Can look an' laugh at a' that.

Tho' he can mak' Etrurian kings,
Popes, Cardinals, an a' that,
To rule the sea 's aboon his might,
Gude faith he maunna fa' that.
For a' that an a' that,
Flat bottom'd boats an a' that,
Our wooden wa's an' British Tars,
Are nobler far than a' that.

Yet let us pray to see the day,
When Commerce smiles an a' that;
When War shall cease, an' gentle Peace
Shall beas the gree an a' that.
For a' that, an a' that,
'Tis comin' yet for a' that,
When bluidy blades an' broken heads,
Shall banish'd be an a' that.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE CALENDAR OF VICTORY.

By Mr. T. Dibdin.

YE Son's of Old Albion, though humble my Muse,
To her *theme* your attention 'twere wrong to refuse;
Scarce a day in the month, nor a month in the year,
But your victories proudly recorded appear.

Derry down, &c.

They

The first in the Year is a month rather cold,
When LANGARA was warm'd by our RODNEY so bold;
And the next month to that may be proud that its name
Stands with VINCENT and BLAKE in the Temple of Fame.

In March ABERCROMBY's great deeds we review,
With those of brave HOTHAM, and valiant PELLEW;
And Sir SID, who from Egypt made BONAPARTE run,
And clear'd a whole *Acre* of ten plagues in one!

In April all London was pleas'd at the News,
That the foe were well beaten by Admiral HUGHES;
While the very same day RODNEY open'd a school,
To prove ev'ry Frenchman an April fool.

BOSCAWEN, CORNWALLIS, and BRIDPORT, in June,
Taught our cap'ring neighbours to frisk to some tune;
And though well they got thrash'd, yet that wasn't the worst,
For by HOWE they were lather'd at last on the first.

With fervour to equal July may I sing,
How indebted for drubbing they stood to GEORGE BYNG;
This, too, was the month the Armada's fond brag,
Shar'd the fate of poor BONY's invincible flag.

Of laurels, in August, the crop is so vast,
And heroes and victories follow so fast;
To match Cressy and Blenheim in vain might we strive,
Were not MITCHELL, and NELSON, and PARKER alive.

It well may behove British hearts to remember,
The battle of Poictiers was fought in September;
And then, if for joy they can keep themselves sober,
Let Agincourt season each heart in October.

October, besides, the great valour proclaims,
Of BEMBOW, HAWKE, KEPPLE, most glorious names:
You may think I miss WARREN, indeed but I don't;
And if we forget DUNCAN, I'm sure the Dutch won't.

In November Earl WARWICK, a mettlesome fellow,
Beat the foe, just like VERNON, at fam'd Porto Bello;
And YORK's Duke in December, to keep up the sport,
Brought one hundred and thirty French sail into port.

As I've sung a full twelvemonth you'll think it too long,
If your names I should add, or more verse to my song;
Than only to say, that since glory has crown'd
Ev'ry month, may we still beat 'em all the year round.

THE

THE SONS OLD ENGLAND.

Tune—"To Anacreon in Heaven."

YE Sons of Old England, who bravely have fought
For those rights, which, unstained, from your Sires had descended,
May you long taste the blessings your valour has bought,
And your sons reap the soil which their fathers defended!
Though robb'd of mild peace,
May our nation increase
With the glory of Rome and the wisdom of Greece.

CHORUS.

For no Son of Old England shall e'er be a slave,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls a wave.

Whilst France her huge limbs bathes recumbent in blood,
And Society's base threats with wide dissolution;
May Peace, like the dove that return'd from the flood,
Find an ark of abode in our mild Constitution.
For though peace is our aim,
Yet the boon we disclaim,
If bought by our Sov'reignty, Justice, or Fame:
For no Son, &c.

The fame of our arms, of our laws the mild sway,
Has justly ennobled our nation in story;
But a proud haughty foe would obscure our bright day,
And blot out the sun of Britannia's glory.
Let invaders be told,
Tho' the Tyrant has sold
Our country to murder, and rob of its gold,
That no Son, &c.

Should the tempest of warfare continue to blow,
Its blasts can ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;
Cornwallis and Nelson, like our late gallant Howe,
With our Tars will repulse all assaults of its thunder.
Foes assail us in vain,
Our fleets rule the main,
And our altars and laws with our lives we'll maintain.
For no Son, &c.

Our plains they are crown'd with imperial oak,
Whose roots, like our liberties, ages have nourish'd;
And long ere our nation submits to the yoke,
Not a tree shall be left on the land where it flourish'd.
Should invasion impend,
Britain's Sons would descend
From the plains and the mountains, their shores to defend.
For no Son, &c.

Let Fame to the world sound Britannia's voice,
No intrigue can her Sons from their liberties sever;
A King is their pride, and the laws are their choice,
Which will flourish till Liberty slumbers for ever.
Then unite heart and hand,
Like Leonidas' band,
And swear to the God of all ocean and land,
That no Son of Old England will e'er be a slave,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls a wave.

ODE
ON THE PROSPECT OF WAR.

HARK! the battle's mingled hum
Echoes from the Gallic shore;
Sounds the "Spirit-stirring drum,"
Neighing steed, and cannon's roar.

Lo! what tempests gather round,
Black, and big with England's fate!
England, rouse thee at the sound;
Lo! the Gaul is at the gate;

Ere the shaft of War be sped,
Meet it, and prevent the blow:
Pow'rs of Europe, lend your aid
To destroy the common foe.

By the festering heaps that lie
Stretch'd on Hohenlinden's plain,
Haste to join thine old ally,
Austria, be thyself again.

By the ghosts of those that bled
On Marengo's fatal day,
Austria rise, revenge the dead!
Austria, wipe thy shame away.

Is Italia's sun of glory
Set; and shall it rise no more?
Romans, think of your proud story;
Emulate the deeds of yore.

See your temples by the foe
Plunder'd, nodding to their fall:
Red with blood your rivers flow:
Desolation covers all.

Sons of Othman's ancient line
Lift your crescents high in air:
Arabs, Copts, your squadrons join;
Swell the glittering ranks of war!

See the bones of Jaffa's slain
Heap'd and bleaching to the sky:
Sidney's powress shall again
Guide your arms to victory.

Think Batavians, how your sires
Once their chains of bondage broke;
Rouse, O rouse your ancient fires,
And shake off a heavier yoke.

Humbled Spain, where is thy pride?
Canst thou bend the vassal-knee?
See the nations all deride
Thy peerage and thy chivalry.

Russ', and thou his neighbour king,
Flourish high your flaming brand,
Each his dusky eagles bring
To pounce upon the guilty land.

Hear

Hear an exil'd Monarch groan—
(Lift your waving banners high)
Hurl a tyrant from his throne,
And succour fallen Majesty.

Nations—Britain leads ye on—
Each to join the lists prepare:
Rouse ye, ere the fight be done—
Hurry, hurry to the war.

Monthly Magazine.

BONAPARTE & TALLEYRAND.

Said Bonaparte to Talleyrand,
"I England will invade Sir,
I will despoil that hated land,
And seize upon their trade, Sir;
Of plunder to my soldiers brave,
I will be very lavish,
And all the men I will enslave,
Their wives and daughters ravish."
With a fal lal, &c.

Said Talleyrand to Bonaparte,
"Beware how you go over,
For John Bull is so stout of heart,
He'll meet you Sir, at Dover;
And only think how he will fight,
For what he holds so dear Sir,
You'll find the advice I give is right,
Oh! do not venture there, Sir,"

Said Bonaparte—"why han't I beat
The German and the Dutchmen,"
Said Talleyrand—"full well you know,
The English are not such men;
That gallant land, with *single hand*,
Defies your power to shake her,
And e'er you step your foot on shore,
Pray think, good Sir, on *Acre*."

Said Bonaparte, all in a rage,
"I will wipe out that blot Sir,
I will once more their troops engage,"
Said Tal—"you'd better not Sir;
I rather fear they'll seek us here,
My council pray rely on,
The Gallic Cock has crow'd so loud,
He's wak'd the BRITISH LION."

"Methinks I hear his dreadful roar,
And see him shake his mane Sir,
And where he is—to go on shore,
Will prove you are insane Sir;
In ev'ry age we've been his sport,
Ah! go not, let me press ye,
Oh! think of Egypt, Agincourt,
Of Poictiers, and of Cressy."

But Bonaparte's resolv'd to brave,
And meet the British thunder,
And if he can't come *o'er* the waves,
He swears he will dive *under*;
Then Englishmen his vengeance dare,
And when he comes on land, Sirs,
We'll give the tyrant British cheer,
And *meet him Sword in Hand*, Sirs.

THE BANTAM COCK.

COME listen every Lord and Lady,
Squire, Gentleman, and Statesman,
I've got *a little song* to sing,
About *a very great man!*
And if the name of BONAPARTE
Should mingle in my story,
'Tis with all due submission,
To his honour's worships glory.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

The kindness of this philanthropic
Gentleman attending,
From shore to shore, Colossus like,
Their grievances amending,
To Britain would reach, if he could,
From fancied ills to save ye;
But tho' he likes us vastly well,
He does not like our Navy!
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

With Egypt once he fell in love,
Because it was a high road
To India, for himself and friends
To travel by a nigh road;
And after making mighty fuss,
And fighting night and day there,
'Twas vastly ungenteel of us,
Who would not let him stay there,
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

A Nobleman was sent to him,
For negociation able,
And BONAPARTE kindly set,
Him down at his own table.
And in a story two hours long,
The Gentleman was heard in,
Whilst the Ambassador declar'd
He *could not get a word in.*
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

With Belles and Beaux the drawing-room
One morning it was quite full,
And BONA, like a *bantam-cock;*
Came crowing rather spiteful;
He then began to huff and bluff,
To shew that war his trade is;
He scolded all the Englishmen,
And frighten'd all the Ladies!!!
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

From Malta next he took his text,
My Lord look'd rather blue on't.
For every trick the Consul had,
My Lord had one worth *two* on't:
Why, General, says he, s'death and fire,
Unless you cease these capers,
They'll publish every word you say
In all the English papers.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

My Lord, says he, you needs must see,
I pity British blindness,
And wish to open all your eyes,
Out of pure love and kindness;
To make a generous people free,
My legions shall pell mell come,
What think you then? Why, Sir I think,
They'd be more free than welcome.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

When I come o'er, I'll make all Britons
Live in perfect bliss, Sir,
I'm sure they will receive me just
As kindly as the Swiss, Sir.
The odds a hundred are to one
I fail, tho' Fortune's minion;
Says our Ambassador to him,
I'm quite of your opinion.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

My Lord, says he, I'll take the field;
You'd better take the ocean,
My plans are deep—*Why yes they'll reach*
The bottom I've a notion.
What would the English think to see
Me 'twixt Boulogne and Dover?
Why, General, they'd surely think,
Your Worship half seas over!
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Your Government, I'll tame, says he,
Since war you are so fond on;
I've got my will in Paris here,
And wish the same in London;
I'll rule your great *John Bull!* says he,
I have him in the ring, Sir.
Says *John*, I'll not be rul'd by you,
Nor any such a *thing*, Sir.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Then bring me flag invincible,
A Scot took it long ago, Sir,
For now, I think, your ships I'll sink,
And never strike a blow, Sir.
A clever man has found a plan,
A plan he's surely right in,
For if you beat the British fleet,
It must not be at fighting.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Quite frantic now, he vows revenge
The moment that he's landed;
And proudly boasts we cannot hope
To fight him single handed.
What, single handed, we can do,
His troops shall know full well soon,
For him, he learn'd it long ago,
From *single handed* NELSON.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Now, since their minds are quite made up,
Let me, on this occasion,
Make one request to Neptune, should
They dream of an Invasion:
To bring them safely out of port,
On gentle billows guide them,
To where a set of British boys
May anchor close beside them.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

THE ANTI-GALLICAN.

NUMBER IV.

ODE TO THE HERO OF JAFFA.

———his muster'd hosts
Shall be roll'd back in thousands, and the surge
Bury them!—

W. L. BOWLES.

COME, ruffian Chief! advance
Thy triple ensign o'er the rushing wave,
That roars around thy frantic vessel's keel,
Impatient of its prey!

Before thee Rapine glares;
And coward Murder, with the lurid smile
Of fiendish Malice, meditates his aim,
And snuffs the scent of blood.

Lo! to thy gloating eyes
The scene of desolation wide unfolds,
And gilded palaces and moated tow'rs
Crumble beneath thy might.

The harvest's blazing spires
Rise on the murky air; the hamlet rings
With shrieks commingling wild in horror strange,
And yells of savage joy.

For there the hoary Sire,
With agonis'd lamentings, clasps the form
Of the pale outrag'd maid; and there the babe
Bleeds at its mother's breast!

The monstrous triumph soothes
Thy fell revenge; a Moloch God, thou sit'st
In ghastly solitude, 'midst tears and blood,
And smoak of victim fires.

Go, to the couch of sleep,
And when the nightly darkness hovers round,
And when thine eye in silent slumber sinks,
If slumber e'er is thine:

A voice, a searching voice,
Shall strike in thunder on thy inmost heart;
God, God descend upon thy rest, and fix
His terrors on thy soul!

Hark! whence those harrowing groans?
What deep ton'd curses rend thy deafen'd ear!
What livid phantoms round thy night-bed glide,
And raise the threatening hand!

The cold dew fearful starts—
And he that sprinkled Jaffa's tow'rs with gore,
That shook chill poisons from th' insidious bowl,
Now feels the weight of blood!

Or have the furies arm'd
With icy mail that breast impregnable?
Then rise, the trumpets clang resounds to arms,
Shrill neighs the boastful steed.

And now thy whit'ning sails
Embrace the winds; and now thy backward glance
Views the receding shore! the harbouring strand
To which is no return!

And dar'st thou arrogant
Hope to return? He lives whose val'rous arm
* Drove back thy chosen myriads from the breach,
And quell'd thy pride of soul!

He lives, whose thunders shook
† Th' ensanguin'd base of Egypt's arid shores,
When bursting flames amidst the womb of night
Reveal'd the waste of death!

Nor sleep the dreadless band,
Who, mindful of their brave forefathers' name,
The captive standard wav'd, and trod in dust
The fall'n Invincible!

* At St. Jean d'Acre. † Explosion of the L'Orient.

Those

Those whom thine eyes behold
In opposite array, are Father's, Sons,
Brethren, and Freemen! Patriots! Warriors tried!
And Servants of their God!

Come, thou Blasphemer! come,
Plant thy firm foot upon the Christian isle!
There shall the dread Avenger lay thee low,
And there confound thy pow'r!

REFLECTIONS

On the English and French NATIONAL CHARACTER; *principally extracted from the Writings of the late Right Hon.* EDMUND BURKE.

FOUR hundred years have gone over us; but I believe we are not materially changed since that period. Thanks to our sullen resistance to innovation, thanks to the cold sluggishness of our national character, we still bear the stamp of our forefathers. We have not (as I conceive) lost the generosity and dignity of thinking of the fourteenth century; nor as yet have we subtilized ourselves into savages. We are not the converts of Rousseau; we are not the disciples of Voltaire; Helvetius has made no progress amongst us. Atheists are not our preachers; madmen are not our lawgivers. We know that *we* have made no discoveries; and we think that no discoveries are to be made in morality; nor many in the great principles of government, nor in the ideas of liberty, which were understood long before we were born.—In England we have not yet been completely embowelled of our natural entrails; we still feel within us, and we cherish and cultivate those inbred sentiments which are the faithful guardians, the active monitors of duty, the true supporters of all liberal and manly morals. We have not been drawn and trussed, in order that we may be filled, like stuffed birds in a Museum.—We preserve the whole of our feelings still native and entire, unsophisticated by pedantry and infidelity. We have real hearts of flesh and blood beating in our bosoms. We fear God! we look up with awe to kings; with affection to parliaments; with duty to magistrates; with reverence to our church; and with respect to nobility. Because when such ideas are brought before our minds, it is *natural* to be affected: because all other feelings are false and spurious, and tend to corrupt our minds, to vitiate our primary morals, to render us unfit for rational liberty; and by teaching us a servile, licentious and abandoned insolence, to be our low sport for a few holidays, to make us perfectly fit for, and justly deserving of slavery, through the whole course of our lives.

We are afraid to put men to live and trade each on his own private stock of reason; because we suspect that this stock in each man is small, and that the individuals would do better to avail themselves of the general bank and capital of nations, and of ages.—This may be called prejudice: but prejudice is of ready application in the emergency; it previously engages the mind in a steady course of wisdom and virtue, and does not leave the man hesitating in the moment of decision, sceptical, puzzled, and unresolved. Prejudice renders

renders a man's virtue his habit; and not a series of unconnected acts.—The example of France may be brought as a signal instance of the fatal effects of an unwise departure from these general principles; what has she obtained by the extravagant and presumptuous speculations which have taught her leaders to despise all their predecessors, and all their cotemporaries, and even to despise themselves, until the moment in which they became truly despicable. By following those false lights, France has bought undisguised calamities at a higher rate than any nation has purchased the most unequivocal Blessings!—France has bought Poverty by Crime! France has not sacrificed her virtue to her interest; but she has abandoned her interest, that—she might prostitute her virtue!

France, by the perfidy of her leaders, has utterly disgraced the tone of lenient council in the cabinets of Princes, and disarmed it of its most potent topics. She has sanctified the dark suspicious maxims of tyrannous distrust; and taught Kings to tremble at (what will hereafter be called) the delusive plausibilities of moral politicians.—This alone, (if there were nothing else) is an irreparable calamity to you and to mankind. Remember that your Parliament of Paris told your King, that in calling the Estates together, he had nothing to fear but the *prodigal excess* of their zeal in providing for the support of the throne. It is right that these men should hide their heads. It is right that they should bear their part in the ruin which their cause has brought on their Sovereign and their Country.—They have seen the French rebel against a mild and lawful Monarch, *with more fury, outrage, and insult, than ever any people have been known to use against the* MOST ILLEGAL USURPER, *or the* MOST SANGUINARY TYRANT! Their resistance was made to *concession!* Their revolt was from protection! Their *blow* was aimed at a hand holding out Graces! Favours! and Immunities!!!

They have found their punishment in their success. Laws overturned! Tribunals subverted! Industry without vigour! Commerce expiring! The revenue impaired, yet the people impoverished! A Church pillaged, and a State not relieved! Civil and military anarchy made the constitution of the kingdom! Every thing human and divine sacrificed to the idol of public credit, and national bankruptcy the consequence! The paper securities of impoverished fraud, and beggared rapine, held out as a currency for the support of an Empire! An Empire of extensive power, but whose energies are prostituted at the beck of A STRANGE *uncouth* THING! —a theatrical figure of the Opera! his head shaded with tri-coloured plumes —his body fantastically habited—strutting from behind the scenes; and after a short speech, in the mock heroic of stupid tragedy, ordering his satellites to kindle up the flames of war between nations!

I stand astonished at those powers who do not feel a resentment, not more natural than politic, at the ATROCIOUS INSULTS that this MONSTROUS COMPOUND offers to the dignity of every nation, and who are not alarmed with what it threatens to their safety! The punishment of REAL TYRANTS is a *noble* and *awful act of justice*; and it has with truth been said to be consolatory to the human mind.

B.

THE

THE TUB OF DIOGENES.

IT is the duty of every one at this momentous crisis, not only not to be idle, but to be active and on the alert. When the King of Macedonia designed to attack Corinth, all the inhabitants worked laboriously upon the fortifications of the town. Diogenes seeing this, and being, according to Lucien, unwilling to be the only one that should be idle, began very busily to roll about his tub. If I can do no better (for you well know how *very old I am!)* let me in these stirring times be allowed at least to roll my tub, and with its rumbling to excite the spirits of the land against these shameless French; never, perhaps, so shameless as now, but always shameless, as we learn, even "*in the oldest time.*" From Boethius, says Warton, in his *Hist. Poet.* the French had the *remnant of Richard de Lisle*, in which Modesty fighting with Lust is thrown into the river Seine, at Paris; which gives occasion to this conclusion: —*Dont vien que plus n'y a* HONTE *dans Paris.*

What will at present proceed from my tub is a further selection from the Grecian Orator, whose admonitory voice being too much neglected, the daring invader, by a subtle scheme, gained a passage into Attica, *and the liberties of Greece were lost for ever!*

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

The verse is trite, but its sense well deserves to be weighed by those who do not wish the country at

OLD NICK.

DEMOSTHENES AGAINST PHILIP THE INVADER.

"O ye men of Athens, I pass over many things; for it is not my design to give a detail of Philip's* *acts of outrage and injustice*; but to convince you that *the property and liberty of mankind will never be secure from him, until he meets with some effectual opposition.*

"First, then, Athenians! be firmly persuaded of this, that Philip is committing hostilities against us, and *has really violated the peace*; that *he has the most implacable enmity to this whole city*; to the ground on which this city stands; to the very Gods of this city; (may their vengeance fall upon him!) but, *against* OUR CONSTITUTION *is his force principally directed*; *the destruction of this* is, of all other things, the most immediate object of his *secret schemes and machinations.* And there is, in some sort, a necessity that it should be so. Consider, HE AIMS AT UNIVERSAL POWER; and you he regards as the only persons to dispute his pretensions. *He has long injured you; and of this he himself is fully conscious.* He is then sensible that he entertains designs against you, and that *you perceive them*; and as he thinks highly of your wisdom, *he judges you hold him in the abhorrence he deserves.* To these things (and these of such importance) add, that he is perfectly convinced, that although he were master of all other places, yet it is impossible for him to be secure, while your popular Government subsists; but that if any accident should happen to him (and every man is subject to many) all those who now submit to force, would seize the opportunity, and fly to you for protection; for you are not naturally disposed to grasp at power, or to usurp dominion; but to prevent usurpation, to wrest their unjust acquisitions from the hands of others; to curb the violence of ambition, and *to preserve the liberty of mankind, is your peculiar excellence.*

"And

* Bonaparte's.

"And what can be the reason that he treats you with insolence (for I cannot call his present conduct by another name?) *that he utters menaces against you, while he at least condescends to dissemble with other people?* Because of all the Grecian states, our's is the only one in which *harangues in favour of enemies are pronounced with impunity; and the venal wretch may utter his falsehoods with security, even while you are losing your dominions.*

"They who have lived with him assure us, that his ambition is so insatiable, *that he will have the glory of every exploit ascribed wholly to himself*; and is much *more incensed against such Commanders as have performed any thing worthy of honour*, than against those whose misconduct has ruined his enterprises. But, if this be the case, how is it that they have persevered so long in their attachment to his cause? It is for this reason, Athenians! *because success throws a shade on all his odious qualities*; (for nothing veils men's faults from observation so effectually as success;) *but let any accident happen, and they will all be perfectly discovered.*"

"*There is no medium!* Nor is *your danger* the same with that of other states. Philip's design is not to enslave, but to extirpate Athens. *He knows that a state like yours, accustomed to command, will not, or, if it were inclined,* CANNOT SUBMIT TO SLAVERY; he knows, that, if you have an opportunity, you can give him more disturbance than any other people; *and, therefore,* IF EVER HE CONQUERS US, WE MAY BE SURE OF FINDING NO DEGREE OF MERCY."

British Press.

ADVICE

SUGGESTED BY

THE STATE OF THE TIMES,

By WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, Esq.

Member of Parliament for the County of York.

IT has been maintained, and will not be disputed by any sound or experienced politician, that they who really deserve the appellation of TRUE CHRISTIANS are always most important members of the community. But we may boldly assert, that there never was a period wherein, more justly than in the present, this could be affirmed of them, whether the situation, in all its circumstances, of our own country be attentively considered, or the general state of society in Europe. Let them on their part seriously weigh the important station which they fill, and the various duties which it now peculiarly enforces on them. If we consult the most intelligent accounts of foreign countries, which have been recently published, and compare them with the reports of former travellers, we must be convinced, that Religion and the standard of morals are every where declining, abroad even more rapidly than in our own country. But still, the progress of irreligion, and the decay of morals at home, is such as to alarm every considerate mind, and to forebode the worst consequences, unless some remedy can be applied to the growing evil. We can depend only upon *true Christians* for effecting, in any degree, this important service. Zeal is required in the cause of Religion; they only can feel it. The charge of singularity must be incurred; they only will dare to encounter it. Uniformity of conduct, and perseverance in exertion, will be requisite; among no others can we look for those qualities. Let

Let *true Christians* then, with becoming earnestness, strive in all things things to recommend their profession, and to put to silence the vain scoffs of ignorant objectors. Let them boldly assert the cause of Christ in an age when so many, who bear the name of Christians, are ashamed of Him: let them consider as devolved on Them the important duty of suspending for a while the fall of their country, and, perhaps, of performing a still more extensive service to society at large; not by busy interference in politics, in which it must be confessed there is much uncertainty, but rather by that sure and radical benefit of restoring the influence of Religion, and of raising the standard of morality.

Let them cultivate a catholic spirit of universal good will and amicable fellowship towards all those, of whatever sect or denomination, who, differing from them in non-essentials, agree with them in the grand fundamentals of Religion. Let them countenance men of real piety wherever they are found, and encourage in others every attempt to repress the progress of vice, and to revive and diffuse the influence of Religion and virtue. Let their earnest prayers be constantly offered, that such endeavours may be successful, and that the abused long-suffering of God may still continue to us the invaluable privilege of vital christianity.

Let them pray continually for their country in this season of national difficulty. We bear upon us but too plainly the marks of a declining empire. Who can say but that the Governor of the universe, who declares himself to be a God, who hears the prayers of his servants, may, in answer to their intercessions, for a while avert our ruin, and continue to us the fulness of those temporal blessings, which in such abundant measure we have hitherto enjoyed? Men of the world, indeed, however they may admit the natural operation of natural causes, and may therefore confess the effects of religion and morality in promoting the well-being of the community, may yet, according to their humour, with a smile of complacent pity, or a sneer of supercilious contempt, read of the service which *real Christians* may render to their country, by conciliating the favour, and calling down the blessing of Providence. It may appear in their eyes an instance of the same superstitious weakness, as that which prompts the terrified inhabitant of Sicily to bring forth the image of his tutelar saint, in order to stop the destructive ravages of Ætna. We are, however, sure, if we believe the Scripture, that God will be disposed to favour the nation to which his servants belong; and that, in fact, such as They have often been the unknown and unhonoured instruments of drawing down on their country the blessings of safety and protection.

But it would be an instance in myself of that very false shame which I have condemned in others, if I were not boldly to avow my firm persuasion, that *to the decline of Religion and morality our national difficulties must both directly and indirectly be chiefly ascribed; and that My only solid hopes for the well-being of my country depend not so much on her fleets and armies, not so much on the wisdom of her rulers, or the spirit of her people, as on the persuasion that she still contains many, who, in a degenerate age, love and obey the Gospel of Christ, on the humble trust that the intercession of these may still be prevalent, that for the sake of these, Heaven may still look upon us with an eye of favour.*

VOLUNTEER

VOLUNTEER CLERGY.

The good sense and propriety of the following Answer of the Bishop of Chester, to an application, "how far it would be expedient for Clergymen *to enroll themselves in Volunteer Associations, at the present crisis;" merits every possible publicity.*

Chester, Aug. 6, 1803.

REV. SIR,

I Received your letter this morning, requesting my opinion on the propriety and expediency of the Clergy enrolling themselves in Volunteer Corps, in the present state of the country.

I have considered the subject much, thinking it not improbable that some of my younger brethren within the diocese might desire to know my sentiments, for the regulation of their conduct.

The necessity of universal exertions for the defence of the kingdom, is felt and acknowledged by every one; and I think it highly incumbent on men of our order to encourage and animate the people (if any animation be wanting) at this most critical juncture, by every argument which the discharge of their professional duties and their superior attainments may supply. In this respect the Clergy have it in their power to do essential service; and I think, for many reasons their activity ought not to pass beyond this line. This opinion is confirmed by the wisdom of the Legislature, which, in the operation of the General Armament Act, just passed, has specifically exempted the Clergy from any obligation to bear arms: and very prudently, in my opinion, have they so determined; for the State would suffer more detriment from the alteration of professional character among the Clergy in a military capacity, and from the diminution of respect towards them, which such a measure would soon create among the laity, than it could acquire advantage from the acquisition of their physical force.

If the enemy should effect an invasion, or internal commotion require that the male inhabitants of parishes should march to a distance from home, the clergymen would then be most actively and suitably occupied, in my judgment, in the general superintendance of the property and female parishioners and children left behind; by his weight and influence he might, in some measure, protect the former from abuse or alienation, while he would be constantly at hand to administer comfort and assistance to the latter. In this situation, if the necessity of the country should require it, he will do far more good, than if he exerted his individual bodily powers in the ranks of an army; he will keep himself more at liberty to apply to those studies, which the proper discharge of his duties require; and, above all, preserve that ascendancy over the minds of the people, which is of so much importance to the effectual discharge of the sacred office he has sworn to execute.

I have delivered my opinion on this subject at some length, not only for your individual satisfaction, but for the information of any of the clergy within my diocese, who may be anxious to know my sentiments on this head. You are at liberty to communicate this letter, or the purport of it, to any clergyman who may desire the information it contains.

I am, Sir, your faithful brother,

H. CHESTER.

THE BRITISH PATRIOT'S CATECHISM.

Adapted to every station of life, and recommended to be attentively perused every Sunday by the enrolled Defenders before and after the hours of Drilling.

Quest.—What are the chief duties of a British patriot?

Ans.—To adore God, obey the King, and love his Country.

Quest.—How are these duties to be practised?

Ans.—1. By a veneration and respect for the religion of our fore-fathers, and a due observance of divine worship.

2. By true allegiance, fidelity in office, and loyalty to the King.

3. The love of our Country is known by the name of *Virtue*, and is considered as the greatest of all *Virtues*. It is a sacrifice of every interest to the public good; and at moments of danger like the present, it manifests itself by the readiness of individuals, to sacrifice their lives and fortunes for the preservation of our rights and liberties, and for the support of our glorious Constitution under the benign influence of a beloved Monarch.

Quest.—Has every British patriot the means of increasing this inestimable virtue, a *Love of our Country?*

Ans.—Yes; every individual in the lowest stations of life, as well as in the highest, may practise this virtue and be useful to the public. Solomon tells us in Proverbs, of a poor wise man who saved a city by his counsel. Has it not often happened in our days, that a private soldier by some unsuspected brave attempt, has been instrumental to his general's obtaining a great victory over the enemies of his country? Does it not also frequently happen, that a common sailor by some unsuspected courageous exploit, hath saved a ship either from burning or sinking, and been instrumental to his captain's gaining a battle? Has not the meanest mechanic made the greatest discoveries of useful inventions, of which his country and the world at large now reap the advantage? Therefore whoever is blessed with a *Love for his Country*, or which is the same thing, a *true Public Spirit*, may rely on Providence always protecting him, and that he will certainly have an opportunity to practise this virtue for the ends it was given him, by some means or other; and his reward will be honors and comforts in this world and eternal happiness and glory in the next.

Quest.—What are the Rights of Britons?

Ans.—These rights are understood to be what is generally called their Liberties, having nature and reason as the foundation upon which they are established; and they may be reduced to the three following heads:—1. The right of personal liberty; 2. The right of personal security; and 3. The right of private property.

In the days of Alfred the Great (nine hundred years ago) true liberty was well understood in this country, and a mutual dependance then subsisted between the monarch and the people. The great Charter of our liberties, called *Magna Charta*, was the basis of our present glorious Constitution, which was obtained from King John by the English barons and the people united sword in hand. The English nobility indeed, have often been forward in vindicating the rights of the people, upon this principle, that a reciprocity of interests is essential in a free mixed government. The Barons therefore, in stipulating for the People, in the Grand

Charter of our liberties, must ever be viewed as an existing theme of gratitude in the hearts of every British patriot. In more recent times, we find the English nobility in vindicating the peoples' rights, buried themselves with Charles the First under the ruins of the throne. The *Bill of Rights* passed in the reign of William and Mary, and entituled, "*An Act declaring the Rights and Liberties of the Subject and settling the Succession of the Crown,*" is an express compact or convention between the King and the People, and which confirmed those imprescriptable rights which we now happily enjoy, and at the same time completed the liberties of British subjects.

Quest.—Has there been, or is there at present any other State, or Government in the world, where there exists such liberties, founded upon the principles of nature and reason, as those established in the British Constitution, by the above-mentioned *Charter* and *Bill of Rights?*

Ans.—None on the face of the Globe, that will bear the smallest comparison. In the ancient Government of France, the right of petitioning the throne was debarred. Taxation was imposed by the monarch without the consent of the people. The judges bought their places, and were venal. The noblesse never vindicated the rights of the people. The subjects were restrained from leaving the kingdom. The liberty of the press was not permitted. The glorious institution of trial by jury was unknown. The criminal laws were often executed with injustice and severity. The proceedings of the courts and the examination of witnesses were taken in private. Judgment was pronounced in secret; and the unhappy victim was kept in dreadful suspense until his fate was announced to him by the goaler, when he was immediately to prepare for execution. In short, the extremes of luxury and poverty, oppression and wretchedness, pervaded twenty-four millions of subjects, in an extensive kingdom full of resources.

Great, however, as the grievances were formerly in France, under the monarchical government, they are not to be compared with those that have, and still continue to exist in that desolated country since the Revolution. Have we not seen the successive Revolutionary Rulers in France playing their parts of *villany, sacrilege, and rapine,* under the mask of *liberty* and *equality.* Where murder and plunder are now constituted *freedom,* and anarchy and confusion established *law.* Where a kingdom once flourishing in arts and sciences has been drenched in the best blood of its subjects. There we find commerce and industry, the parents of wealth, annihilated. Her agriculture and manufactures, stagnated. Forced loans, oppressive taxes, and violent conscriptions, are adopted to support the iniquitous rulers, each rising in a climax of wickedness, and the present Corsican Usurper out-heroding *Herod.* All the horrors of war, insurrection and famine, are now staring her deluded people in the face. A most exemplary truth here presents itself, which ought, as an awful lesson, to be kept constantly in view by other nations not yet convulsed with revolutionary doctrines, namely, that after eleven years of crimes and blood and slaughter, and after erecting on the ruins of their ancient thrones and altars an ambitious and rapacious Republic, under the specious pretext of reforming abuses and remedying the expences of the former government; these infatuated Republicans find, that their burthens instead of being lessened,

are

are considerably increased, and that the resources of the Grand Nation, (except the expectation of plundering other countries) if not dried up; are nearly exhausted.

Let Britons take the converse of the above catalogue of horrible grievances, and it will at once afford consoling and gratifying answers to the question; and will at the same time, demonstrate the superlative advantages and happiness of this country compared with France, or any other in the known world. We ought therefore, to appreciate the blessings under Divine Providence we enjoy in this country, under a happy Government; where our rights are protected by the administration of mild laws; and where rational freedom and civil liberty are more generally diffused than in any other nation upon earth—Shall we then, as *lovers of our country*, allow our liberties to be destroyed by a Corsican Usurper, who has threatened to subjugate the British Empire, to distribute our properties, as plunder to his troops; to lay waste our lands, to commit similar violations and horrors with our wives, daughters, and sisters, as have been done and sanctioned by him in the vanquished countries on the Continent, and eventually to make this fertile kingdom a dreary waste bringing on famine, contagious diseases, and all the evils for many years experienced after the Norman Conquest?*——No; would it not be a thousand times preferable for every true Briton, glowing with a spark of patriotism for his country, to emulate the glorious example of Leonidas, and his chosen band, at the battle of Thermopylæ; and like him, resolve either to conquer an invading foe, or to die to the last man in attempting to defend our Religion, our Laws, our Country, and a Constitution sealed with the blood of our ancestors. A Constitution "*take it for all and all, the World will never see its like again*," which has been reared on a firm basis by the aggregate wisdom of ages, and stands displayed to view the envy and admiration of surrounding nations; and we hope and trust, as far as any mortal fabric can, it will be immortal. We may therefore close the British Patriots Catechism with the expiring wish of the famous father Paul to his Country—"ESTO PERPETUA!" *British Neptune.*

INTERESTING OBSERVATIONS ON THE FRENCH PRESS.

The following particulars of the liberty, licentiousness, and slavery of the French Press, and of its great influence in the different French Revolutions since 1789, will shew, that the present tyrannical Usurper, as well as his predecessors, the already dethroned Kings of factions, has every thing to apprehend from a Press publishing the accusation of truth, the claims of royalty, the injustice of usurpation, the exhibition of guilt, the glory of liberty, the degradation of slavery, and the horrors of tyranny.

The revolutionary war of the French Press is of older date than the revolutionary war of the French Bayonets; the one dates its origin from May, 1789, the other only from March, 1792.

In the first three months of the French Revolution, no less than fifty

* In 1069, the beginning of King William the Conqueror's reign, there was so great a famine in England, that the people were obliged to eat horses, cats, dogs, and even human flesh; and all the land between Durham and York lay waste, without inhabitants to cultivate the ground for the space of nine years!!!

newspapers made their appearance, all of which, except the *Moniteur*, have ceased with the factions, or with the factious, whose principles, passions, vices, and crimes, they attempted to propagate, palliate and defend; and as new factions have continued to succeed each other, so the French Press has produced a succession of newspapers, all hostile to each other, but all agreeing to calumniate or to disturb those regular Governments, which had spirit or dignity enough to resist the endeavours of French rebels and Atheists, to undermine or pervert all social, moral, and religious principles.

When, in the course of the Revolution, interest joined the revolutionary fanaticism, and it became an advantageous speculation to be the proprietor of a favoured newspaper, one of the first acts of a victorious faction was to destroy the presses of its rivals, or opposers, to proscribe, arrest, and often guillotine their proprietors. La Fayette, in 1790, seized the presses of Marat, who in August, 1792, revenged himself by confiscating the presses of his opposers, and sending to the scaffold Duthosoy, the Editor of the Gazette de Paris, a Royalist Paper. But the revenge and iniquity of the factious did not stop here; the list of subscribers to condemned papers, became lists of proscriptions, and few, who in 1792 subscribed to Royalist Papers, have escaped imprisonment, as suspected; outlawry, as Emigrants; or death, as Christians and Royalists.

Each faction had commonly its official paper. In 1789, the true Royalist had *L' Ami du Rois*, by Abbe Royon; the Constitutional Rebels, *Le Courier de Provence*, by Mirabeau; the Republicans, *La Chronique de Paris*, by Condorcet; and the Jacobins, *L' Ami du Peuple*, by Marat. In 1791, *The Gazette Universelle* had succeeded the *Courier de Provence*; and *Le Patriot Français*, by Brissot, the *Chronique de Paris*, succeeded in their turn in 1793, by *L' Ami du Sans Culotte*, by Tallien; and *Le-Pere Duchesne*, by Hebert.

When the Directory, in 1795, ascended to the Republican Throne of France, it declared *Le Reducteur* its official paper; and the *Quotidien* wrote in favour of pure Loyalty; the *L' Eclair* for Constitutional Royalty; the *L' Ami de Lois*, for the Democrats; and *Le Journal des Hommes Libres*, for the Jacobins and Anarchists.

After the Revolution of the 4th September, 1797, the Editors and Proprietors of the *Quotidien*, and the *L' Eclair*, were, without a trial, condemned to transportation, with 30 other Editors of newspapers, who had published the crimes of the Republican Rulers, and exposed or derided the anarchy and slavery of Republican France.

During all these different newspaper-revolutions, the *Moniteur* had escaped the hatred of fanaticism, and the envy of cupidity, because its sale was but small, and its contents but debates, without any remarks, either to offend or interest. Amongst the papers of Robespierre, which, in 1795, were ordered to be printed, was, however, found, a letter from the Editor of the *Moniteur* to Robespierre, demanding a reward for always inserting his and his friends speeches at full length, and only a short extract from those of his opposers and enemies.

When Bonaparte, in 1799, decreed the *Moniteur* his official Gazette, it surprised all those who did not remember, that the *Moniteur* of 1789, 1790, and 1791, had shewn the same favour to Talleyrand, as it had done in 1793 and 1794 to Robespierre, and that Talleyrand, therefore, not only paid his own

debts,

debts, but those of his revolutionary accomplice Robespierre. According to report, this act of justice is not quite disinterested, because Citizen Agasse, the present proprietor of the *Moniteur*, pays an annual douceur of one thousand louis d'ors, to one of Talleyrand's mistresses.

Until Bonaparte had usurped the supreme power in France, neither prison, plunder, proscription, or the guillotine, had been able to intimidate the French writers; and if the French press was not always free, it never continued long enslaved; with the asistance of those *virtuous* citizens and *liberal* patriots, the apostate Talleyrand, and the regicide Fouche, Bonaparte organized, in 1799, the slavery of the French press; and as the successes of the French arms in 1800, extended the French power over Italy and Germany, the freedom of writing and printing in those countries was annihilated, as in France, and at present Bonaparte commands as much the presses of Madrid, Rome, and Vienna, as those of Stutgard, Berlin, and Hamburgh; and several persons, who lately have been imprudent enough to publish upon the Continent some unpleasant truths of the great Man, and of his great Ministers, have in the dungeons of Toledo, St. Angelo, Olmutz, and Spandau, had time to learn, that the Corsican disposes as much of the key to those foreign state prisons, as of the key to his own Temple bastile.

When peace was made with England, Bonaparte expected from Englishmen what he had commanded from the Italians and Germans, an admiration of his great power, a forgetfulness or a silence as to the means he had used to obtain it, and that a rebellion, began in the name of liberty, had finished in the most abject slavery. Being disappointed in his expectations, and confounding the limited Government of Great Britain with his own unlimited despotism, and judging the characters of free Britons after those of his French slaves, he has offended and abused His Majesty's Ministers for what they had no power to prevent, and calumniated Englishmen, because he could not otherwise resent the use they made of their liberty, in defiance of him and his 500,000 bayonets.

Since every thing printed in France, either in books, pamphlets, newspapers, or magazines, is submitted to the strictest censure, and a pointed offence is immediately followed by transportation without trial, the French press cannot publish any thing which is not official; and therefore such a political monster as the official *Moniteur* was unnecessary, had not the Corsican policy thought it useful to express its commands to enslaved nations, to frighten weak nations, to insult and trouble free nations, and to assist its political and financial emissaries in their plots and intrigues to undermine the independence, or to ruin the finances of Great Britain.

Unfortunately, such is yet the degraded situation of Europe, that the fortunes of thousands, and the quiet of millions, often depend upon a paragraph dictated by tyranny, passion, or caprice, and published in the official *Moniteur*.

All the different revolutions by different rival rebels and rebel parties, have been indicated, prepared, and effected, by the liberty or licentiousness of the press; it cost Louis XVI. his throne and his life; it formed and ruined the plots of Orleans, La Fayette, Brissot, and Robespierre; it undermined the directorial throne, and it may sooner or later annihilate the unnatural power and pretensions of the Corsican; hence his

his anxiety, hence his anger, intrigues, and conspiracy against the British press; which, notwithstanding his censors, his police, his spies, his Temple, and his Cayanne, reminds Frenchmen of what they were, of what they intended to be, and of what they are.

British Press.

AN EXHORTATION

To stir up the minds of all her Majesty's faithful Subjects, to defend their Country in this dangerous time from the Invasion of Enemies. Faithfully and zealously compiled by Anthony Martin, senior, of her Majesty's most Honourable Chamber.—Meliora Spero.

IN the first volume of the *Harleian Miscellany*, is a tract which bears the above title, and was written on the *Spanish Invasion* in the year 1588. Many passages in it come home to the present situation of this country; and as they appear well calculated to rouse its energies, and to call forth its martial spirit, I the more readily select them, not doubting but they will in some measure conduce to expedite the visit of the Gallic host to the abode of their much esteemed, and very active friend,

OLD NICK.

EHXORTATION.

Though the Dragon (the Enemy) be driven into his den, yet is his sting and poison still in force. Though some of their ships and men be sunk in the sea, yet the sinews of their common wealth remain. *Neither will they ever come to any peace and atonement with you, till ye have plucked those sinews in sunder!*

ARM *yourselves, therefore, again and again, ye Lords and Gentlemen, ye principal Captains, Citizens, and wealthy subjects*; ye that have shewed yourselves so courageous and forward in these late enterprises. *Cleanse your armours, make ready your weapons,* renew your furniture, redouble your provisions, slack no opportunity, LOOK FOR A SPEEDY RETURN OF YOUR ENEMIES; foresee the dangers, provide all necessaries. O! that Englishmen were so sharpened at this day against the enemies of God and her Majesty, as were the Romans against the Carthagenians! O! that they would join their purses and hearts together, as did the wealthy men of that Commonwealth, in any danger of the same!

Ye good men of the Realm! be strong and hardy. COMFORT YOURSELVES IN THE JUSTICE OF YOUR CAUSE. *Convert your ploughs into spears, and your scythes into swords.* Turn your bowls into bows, and all your pastimes into musquet shot. Abandon all your vain delights, and idle games. *If ever ye deserved fame, or honour, or glory to the Nation, now is the time! Now is the time, that either* BY SHAMEFUL COWARDICE, YOU SHALL BRING YOURSELVES INTO CAPTIVITY, OR BY STOUT AND COURAGEOUS MINDS, OBTAIN A NOBLE VICTORY!

Remember! O! think of the valour of our antient Britons, the enterprises of King Arthur, both at home, against the Saxons, and abroad with other nations; the battle of Cressy, of Poictiers, and of Agincourt! I would that we did chiefly follow these noble acts of our own progenitors, in all their wars, fought for the defence of this kingdom, and for the perpetual honour and renown of themselves; *whose cause (nevertheless) being nothing comparable unto ours, yet they spared neither the money in their purse, nor the blood in their bodies, to honour and defend their country.*

And

And we that have done so valiantly at other times, when the quarrel was but for money, or other small matters, is it possible but we should be much more forward now in so great and weighty causes? *When had ever England so just a cause to fight as now? When did she ever more infinitely feel the mercies of God than now? When had we ever a more loving Prince to her subjects than now? When were there ever so many lusty and gallant Gentlemen to defend the realm as now?* When were we at any time better acquainted with the sleights and cunning of our enemies than now? When had we ever more skill in martial actions and trainings than now? *But finally, and above all, when had ever our enemies more unjust cause to deal against us, and we more lawful cause to defend ourselves than now?* And, therefore, *when should we ever have greater hope of victory than now?*

British Press.

PHILIP OF MACEDON.

AND

BONAPARTE OF CORSICA.

I have selected from the *Philippics* of Demosthenes, some passages which I feel applicable to the present time; and with a "*mutato nomine*" which the reader will readily make, by putting the English in the place of the Athenians, and Bonaparte in that of Philip, it will, I think, be universally experienced.

OLD NICK.

DEMOSTHENES to the ATHENIANS.

"*If duly vigilant,* O Athenians! *ye cannot have any thing to fear*; if once remiss, not any thing can happen agreeable to your desires.

"And now, my countrymen, if each of you, renouncing all evasions, will be ready to approve himself an useful citizen, to the utmost that his station and abilities demand; *if the rich will be ready to contribute, and the young to take the field*; in one word, if you will be *yourselves*, and banish those vain hopes, which every single person entertains, *that while so many others are engaged in public business, his service will not be required*; you then (if heaven so pleases) shall maintain your dominions, recall and *chastise the insolence of this man!* For you are not to imagine, that, like a God, he is to *enjoy his present greatness for ever, fixed and unchangeable!* No, Athenians, *there are who hate him, who fear him, who envy him, even among those seemingly the most attached to his cause.* Let us shake off our indolence! for you see how we are situated; you see *the outrageous arrogance of this man*, who does not leave it to your choice, whether you shall act, or remain quiet; but braves you with his menaces, and talks (as we are informed) *in a strain of the highest extravagance*; and is not able to rest *satisfied with his present acquisitions*, but is ever in pursuit of *further conquests*; and while we sit down inactive and irresolute, incloses us on all sides with his toils.

"Talk not of your ten thousands or twenty thousands of foreigners; of those armies which appear so magnificent on paper;* *but let them be the natural forces of the state.*

"What is your aim? Liberty! And do ye not perceive that nothing can be more adverse to this than Philip?—Every tyrant is an enemy to liberty, and the

* Δυναμεις επιστολιμαιους,—*Armies which existed only in letters*: letters written to demand them on one part, and to promise them on the other.

the opposer of laws. Will ye not then be careful lest, *while ye seek to be freed from War*, YE FIND YOURSELVES HIS SLAVES.

"Alynthus, and Methone and Apollonia." *(The Reader will easily substitute modern names of places for these)*, and the other two and thirty cities of Thrace, I pass all over; *every one of which felt such severe effects of his cruelty*, that an observer could not *easily* determine whether any of them HAD EVER BEEN INHABITED OR NOT. The destruction of the Phocians, a people so considerable, shall also pass unnoticed. But think on the condition of the Thessalians. Has he not subverted their states and cities? Has he not established his Tetrarchs over them, that not *only single towns, but whole countries might pay him vasssalage?*

"Who has done these actions, so worthy of your indignation? Philip! He who is not only no Greek†, no way allied to Greece‡, but sprung from a part of the barbarian world, *unworthy to be named*; A VILE MACEDONIAN!"§

British Press.

BRITONS! TO ARMS!

AMONG the various threats used by the tyranical and insidious enemy, who is attempting our Destruction and Overthrow, THE PLUNDER OF OUR COUNTRY! is held out as the reward to the Armies which are to invade us, and the MURDER OF THE INHABITANTS! to gratify the revenge of the Corsican Usurper, whose diabolical and restless spirit cannot endure to see us in the enjoyment of the fruits of our honest industry and the Liberties of our happy Constitution.

That this is the avowed intention of the invasion of BONAPARTE, he has told us in a hundred different ways—he has moreover insultingly called us a nation of shopkeepers, tradesmen, mechanics, and manufacturers,—too fond of our ease to engage in the hardships of a soldier's life; and that as we depend for our safety upon our Fleet, he will attempt various *landings both here and in Ireland*, at the same time, relying on the success of one of them to carry his point—such are his plans. Be it ours to turn them into defeat and disgrace.

It is no wonder he should wish to escape the vigilance of our Brave Tars who have so often made France feel the power of their thunder, and will again whenever they meet them. But, Brother Countrymen!! the present moment calls to us who inhabit this happy Island, *to perform our duty on shore*, while our Fleets are employed on the Ocean. It is probable, that, from the various points that France can make her attacks, she will succeed in effecting a landing somewhere.—Let us then be prepared, not only to meet it with vigilance, but repel it with success. Let us shew *France and all the world*, that there are Britons on Shore spread over every part of the United Kingdom, ready to meet them at the point of the bayonet, and resolved not to allow one to return to France to tell the tale of their overthrow. Let every man among us, who is capable of bearing arms, repair to the spot nearest to his home, and give up a portion of his time to learn the use of them, and how most to annoy the enemy with success, who shall have dared to set his foot on British Ground. This is the moment to give a bright example to the world, as we have often done in times past, by uniting as one man for the defence of our families, and every thing that is dear to us. Never was the appeal so strong to Britons

† Frenchman. ‡ France. § Corsican.

Britons as at present. But strong as it is, never will our national Character shine forth with greater strength and energy. We will shew the world what they have never before seen—ONE MILLION OF FREE-MEN IN ARMS; resolved to defend their Country to the last drop of their blood.—In such a cause, *success will attend our exertions.* And those who survive the conflict, will be rewarded by a happy and joyful old age, and teach their children, and their children's children, that all the sacrifices they made of time, exertion, or fatigue, are nothing compared to the comforts they have thereby transmitted down to them, in having saved their Country, and all that was dear to them, from a cruel and bloody Tyrant. Bold and determined in our conduct, let it be our unremitting care to be vigilant and active at the present moment, and shew France that justly as we value our Navy, for its vigilance and its prowess, *the Inhabitants of the United Kingdom are one and all* at their posts ready, not only to meet them on *British Ground*, but to avenge the insult of any army, however numerous it may be, that dares to land.

Fellow countrymen! Do not be deceived!! It is only by being thus prepared to repel by force of arms every *attack* that can be made upon us, that we are to look for a *secure* and *honourable peace*—Let the world see this, and she will be your friend, and ally.—Let France know this is your internal state, and she will compel Bonaparte to seek for Peace with you.—You know the man against whom you have to contend—He has written his own perfidious and blasphemous character in *letters of blood*, in every country where the deluded people have listened to his promises.—To compromise the question between him and us, would be to *surrender our independence* and even our *Existence as a nation*—and shall this happen in our days? Shall we give up what our ancestors purchased with their blood, and what has raised this Country to the highest pitch of greatness and prosperity?—*Banish the idea from our hearts*—We will, by our *unwearied exertions*, at this present important moment, give the lie to all the libels which Bonaparte published, even during the short period we were at peace with him, and which, in fact, were all hatched from this one impudent and insulting menace, that "*We dared not contend against France single handed.*" Away with such French bombast!—We not only dare to contend, BUT WE DARE TO CONQUER!

SUCH IS BONAPARTE!

The following is extracted from a Pamphlet, entituled the "Atrocities of the Corsican Demon."

———*Such is Bonaparte!*—*So* many *and so* great *are the Atrocities of that proud, insolent* USURPER *of a foreign throne, who seems to sway the sceptre of the greatest part of the European world; who by his crimes, treachery, and bloody atchievements, having subjugated so many of its Princes and Potentates, has parcelled out their several States and Principalities according to his own arbitrary will, and as it best gratified the various schemes of his cruelty, wantonness, or oppression! He* now *threatens to* invade *our peaceful shores, to let loose his Dogs of War upon our fertile and pleasant fields—to* ravage *and to* destroy!

Men and Britons!

OR, if there be any more *animating* appellation, let me use it, to awaken you

you to a due sense of your situation; upon *yourselves* it must depend whether your *implacable* Foe shall be enabled to realize his insolent menaces. You are called upon by your lawful Rulers, to arm in your own defence. We trust they will not call *in vain*. Rouse your native vigour! Be FIRM, UNITED, and FAITHFUL to yourselves; and prove to the whole world that you are *worthy* of the signal blessings which, under Divine Providence, you have so long enjoyed. The surrounding Nations of the civilized earth are attentive spectators of your conduct: let them behold and admire the *glorious* efforts you shall make in that *momentous* conflict, the awful issue of which must establish you FREEMEN, or SLAVES!—Perhaps these degraded Nations may *catch*, from your exertions, some bright spark of the hallowed flame of LIBERTY, which may *renovate* in them the true *spirit* and *dignity* of man!

Too long has the bold Usurper and his bloody Myrmidons, the *miscreant* instruments and executioners of his will, triumphed in the spoils of these coward, fallen Nations—*too long* has this pitiless Destroyer, with wild and boundless ambition desolated half the Continent; murders, rapes, confiscation, merciless tyranny, and the most complicated sufferings have marked his walk through all those countries, whose wretched pusillanimity, or treasonable dissentions, exposed them *first* to his aggression, and delivered them up an almost *unresisting* prey to his arms.

Look at Italy!—Her fertile lands lie as yet almost uncultivated; hardly yet cleared of the ruins of her shattered villages, stormed towns, sacked Churches, with their cloud-capped towers and stately edifices all razed and levelled with the dust! Where "oxen once ploughed," there *men's* bones are seen, and the "heaps of her slain" strew the wide plains!! Hundreds of her WOMEN have actually perished from the forced embraces of the vile ruffian armies who invaded her; while her peasants have been torn from the plough, and transported into a miserable captivity, to fight their Tyrant Conqueror's battles, and meet pestilence and death in the Island of St. Domingo.

Mark the Tyrant's pace through SWITZERLAND—his Helvetian Republic, as he terms it!—a simple, virtuous, laborious, and contented people—whose ambition never led them to provoke him, and who had not sufficiency of wealth to tempt the rapacity of the spoilers! Yet Bonaparte tendered them the Fraternal Embrace of his army of Freebooters—the French invaded, divided, convulsed, and spoiled—and she is now most vilely degraded, and has lost her name and rank among Nations.

In Holland too, rapine, lust, proscription, and the same system of wanton cruelty and oppression have followed the Invader's train, and violated the dearest rights of humankind; and those High and Mighty Lords, once so famed as the proud opposers of the usurpation of the tyrant Philip of Spain, are now also sunk into a contemptible insignificance: they are become the very *patient*, *abject*, and *submissive* slaves of a CORSICAN ADVENTURER; they hold their very existence at his nod; they *politically live* but to obey his mandates, and execute his projected vengeance against *our* adjacent Isles—whilst, in all the ridiculous modern Gallic *Grandiloquence* and mocking phraseology of their vain-glorious conquerors, their

ears

ears are tickled with the title of the *Batavian Republic.*

Observe again the fell Tyrant's late road of ruin and spoilation IN HANOVER! Mark *this* violation of "German indemnities" and "law of nations!" Read his omnipotent injunction to his General!—"I COMMAND you to conquer Hanover, as a province of ENGLAND!" Then follow the most merciless requisitions and *intolerable* exactions.

It is certainly the prerogative of Supreme Wisdom and Almighty Power, to arrange the most *discordant* principles—from the womb of the most *hideous* Night, to call forth beauty, order, and light;—and for what wise purposes Providence may have permitted this desolation of the Nations, or to what great events, or *regeneration* in the general system of the world, its *present* miserable distraction may, through his operation or controul, be made *ultimately* subservient, none can presume to say. There are, doubtless, certain seasons in the *political* world, as in the *moral* life of the individual, which call loudly for the *chastening* or *mitigating* hand of *Heaven*. When the "Tyrant, and those who ride upon the high places of the earth, boast themselves that they can do mischief," and the "fury of the oppressor rages like the waves of a troubled sea," then it pleases the "God of Hosts" himself to arise to judgment, to help the oppressed, to stay the "destroying angel's arm," to vindicate the insulted rights of Nature, and to *renovate* the fair face of his rational Creation.

How much further this CORSICAN BARBAROSSA, and the nation he has so egregiously duped, may yet be permitted by the high decrees of Heaven to extend their conquests, we cannot tell. Perhaps the *shores* of this our isle may be the limits of their ambition:—"Hitherto may they come, but no further!" and here may their proud rage and lawless lust of domination, be staid.

You my Countrymen, may perhaps be the *fitted* instruments in the hands of Heaven to inflict the most signal chastisement upon these public robbers of the earth. Your native spirit, patriotic virtue, your Example, may be the Means by which Heaven may think proper to rouse the sleeping Nations, to re-animate their expiring Fortitude, emancipate them from their ignominious thraldom, and teach them to assert their RIGHTS, to *punish* and *avenge* their WRONGS.

You indeed the Adversary threatens with an accumulation of miseries; you he hates with a more deadly hatred, for you *only* have withstood, with manly perseverance and vigour, the violent assault of his arms, and the insidious manœuvres of his *policy*; and have been hitherto *alone* enabled to open your sheltering bosom to the proscribed fugitives of suffering Europe. You have been the only dike which still opposes the desolating tempest—the overflowing torrent of their wild ambition of universal rule.

Against *you*, Britons, they are therefore maddened with fury; they openly profess to inflict upon you every evil a *conquered* people can suffer—to annihilate your trade—to confiscate your property—to seize your persons—carry away your wives and children *captives*—and even to blot out the very name of ENGLAND from the list of nations; that hereafter you may be recorded but as a *Province* of the *French Republic*.

Attend, I conjure you, with the honest feelings and *indignant* spirit of Britons to these insolent vaunts of your *braggart Foe!* At the same time look manfully

manfully your true danger in the face! You are in the most *serious* manner called upon by those who best understand the *Threatened* danger, to rise, with one heart and mind, *Bravely* to meet it—even to ARM IN MASS, without distinction of rank or property, and to go forth in the righteous cause of your country, to repel the Insolent Invaders; and, should they have escaped the vigilance of our fleets, to drive them back by your swords, pikes, and bayonets from your shores, into that element from which they had dared to disembark.

Consider, consider well, How Much you have at stake; and let me beseech you, above all things, avoid Dissention! The independence—the very existence of the British Empire is at hazard; the *safety, liberty, life, and property* of every man in the kingdom are involved in the *issue* of a conflict which the revolution of a few *months* or *weeks* may bring forth! Banish all party disputes from your spirits; let no jealousy or baseborn envy of superior distinctions in society disturb your *unanimity* in this great Common Cause; let no rankling discontent, arising from *comparative* meanness of rank and situation of life, or straitness of the circumstances of private fortune, damp the ardour called for at the momentous crisis. It is the ordinance of God, that there should be infinite gradations extending through the series of *temporal* and even Eternal existence. As "*One Star differeth from another Star in Glory*," so shall the plan of Subordination be through the whole earthly system: there must, therefore, arise various Inequalities in the social condition; some must be *rich*, and others *poor*, among the different members of a large community.

We have seen, indeed, a few adventurous spirits in the regions of Philosophy, presumptuously attempting to snatch from the hands of Heaven the reins of Universal administration, professing to *regenerate* political life, and Exterminate these inequalities of the Social State: but, alas! presuming thus to mount the "Chariot of the Sun," they have succeeded *only*——in setting the World on Fire."

That country certainly enjoys the greatest possible *quantum* of happiness where these irregularities are most softened and corrected by the mild provisions of its Government, and the severity of the *adverse* lot mitigated by the most humane and benevolent Institutions. It is the *unrivalled*, the proud superiority of Britons, to possess such a country; for in no Christian Nation under Heaven's spacious canopy have the manifold and multiform evils of penury and calamitous distress, had their numerous claims provided for by so many Express and Positive Laws and obligations of public and parochial contributions; while *private* beneficence pours forth the unsolicited alms and oblations of Charity, through a thousand sluices, to the supply of the Poor and Needy.

The Laws and Constitution under which you, my Countrymen, live, have ever been, indeed, the Envy and Admiration of surrounding nations; under their benign influence your country has risen to a high pitch of honour Abroad, and to a very distinguished state of wealth and happiness At Home. It is in the dominions of the British Isles alone, where "LIBERTY and EQUALITY of RIGHTS," those sublime objects which your vain-glorious enemies, in their rival Republic, have theoretically contemplated, or chimerically prosecuted, have been, through a long series of years, substantially, rationally, and permanently enjoyed. Your Laws and Con-

Constitution extend their Protecting, Fostering Care to all ranks alike, from the Palace to the Cottage; and in this fortunate Island, security and happiness may *as often* be met with blessing the humble hut of the honest and industrious *peasant* and mechanic, and crowning their simple board with smiles and contentment, as the more splendid dome and sumptuous fare of the most highly decorated Noble. This is not rhapsody —no rant of declamation, but attested fact—attested by the happy experience of thousands of the sons and daughters of this BLESSED ISLE!

Happy, Happy Englishmen! did you *all* but know your own blessings!—did you but justly Compare, Discriminate, and Feel your proud *pre-eminence!* Your highly distinguished country well deserves your guardian care; and whilst you have *hearts* to feel and understand its Blessings, show, in the hour of insult or invasion, that you have spirits to defend and maintain its Rights. Let not your enemies suppose, from any appearance of Faint-Heartedness among you, that Englishmen have lost any thing of their Pristine Courage or Magnanimity; let it not be argued, that from the long period of internal peace and tranquility you have enjoyed within your own borders, *therefore* the great body of your people have exchanged their native character for hardihood and valorous "*feats* of Arms," for drowsy indolence, supine indulgence, and all the *unmanning* charms of the "piping times of Peace."—No, when every thing that can be dear to man is at stake, it would be Criminal in the extreme—it would be Dastardly, it would be High Treason against Nature, to barter, to compromise a single privilege of your Birthright for the Love of Ease and Inglorious Sloth. It has been also insinuated by your insulting Foe, that *even* your Trained Soldiers, Loyal Yeomanry, and Militia, not having been Familiarised with Battle Arrays, and all the "Din of War," their firm nerves would tremble at the actual presence of the dangers of the "tented field," and when opposed Front to Front against his stanch *Blood-Hounds —his Veterans in Carnage.* You are deeply interested in falsifying these humiliating aspersions upon your Name and Nation. Let your enemies rather know, that when necessity demands, when the independence, the glory, the very existence of your country are thus threatened with destruction, the *looms*, the *mines*, the *shops*, and the *ploughs' long furrows* will pour forth their thousands and ten thousands of SELF-CREATED Heroes, armed with SPIRITS INVINCIBLE, and bosoms glowing with all that ardour which, in the more glorious annals of your history, fired your forefathers' breasts, and utterly *discomfited* this same Gasconading foe in the famed fields of *Agincourt, Cressy, and Poictiers.* And *who* is this same boastful hero, that is to lead them on to Your conquest and annihilation?—whohas *already* promised to parcel out your lands among his desperate Banditti?—Is not *this* the Doughty Hero, who fled before a *Handful of Britons* in the tottering fortress of *Acre?* Know—know Britons, that your land abounds with Heroes, who will not yield to this *braggart* Corsican, though, having never *dared his* crimes, their names may not be so blazoned with *military* atchievements, nor their brows so shadowed with Ill-Reaped Laurels. Fear Him Not, Countrymen! on *British* ground he may meet his *fate!*—The *outraged* earth cries loudly for his Blood!

Ye *Murdered* shades of *Jaffa* and *Rosetta,* rise and appal the bloody tyrant's

rant's heart, and, in the *invading* hour, let him pay to *British* swords the murderer's Forfeit Life! But, in the meantime, in the name of the God of Truth, let me conjure any of my too *credulous* countrymen to beware of Gallic faith, and the embrace of their Fraternity:—they mean *proscription*, *slavery*, or Death. Nay, should any misguided *wretch* amongst us, whether maddened by the rage of disappointed ambition, stimulated by the pressure of desperate fortune, or goaded into rebellion by domestic jars and *faction*, hope to attain any *foul* pre-eminence, by favouring the enemy's success in the expected conflict, and thus to build a fortune upon his Country's Ruin—let him remember that, however men "*like the treason, yet all hate the* Traitor;" the very name of Briton which he bears—a name *indicative* of a *spirit*, and privileges as offensive to the ears and eyes of Bonaparte, as Heaven and its joys are to damned spirits and blaspheming fiends, would for ever blast his aspiring hopes, and sooner or later bring down deserved destruction upon the devoted head of the man who shall thus prove a TRAITOR to his GOD, his KING, his COUNTRY, and HIMSELF.

Let your sacred duties to your God and your King, and the love of your Country, dissipate all private or sinister views. Assist, co-operate in all measures that tend to establish True Liberty, Loyalty, Justice, and Good Order; *then* you shall see the salvation of God—then you may be strong, and go forth to fight the just battles of your country—the Almighty God of Armies will be with you! for his high will has ordained, his Superintending Providence has directed, this island to be Free!—Why then doth this vaunting adversary imagine such "Vain Things" against us? Let us hurl defiance and destruction at his ill-gotten power. Let us crush to the earth all the followers of his fortune, the wretched tools of his oppressions. Let us teach that duped nation of his ambition, that Britain will never suffer any bold invader's foot to tread even *softly* by the den of her Sleeping Lion!—Rouse! Rouse then, Britons! To Arms! To Arms! Strike Home! Repel the Invaders, and *avenge* your Wrongs! Could your Ancestors now speak to you from their tombs, they would cry aloud to you, in this glorious struggle, to Conquer or to Die!—They would tell us of the Oceans of Blood they themselves have shed, through the successive periods of their history, to *procure*, *preserve*, and *transmit* to us those invaluable blessings we are now called upon to Defend. Let us prove that we are no *degenerate* offspring from this gallant stock of heroes; but are *worthy* to inherit those glorious rights and privileges for which *they bled* and died; and if, through the fiat of the Almighty God of Hosts, we are doomed to *fall* in the awful contest—for All Empires of this Earth must end, and Time itself expire—let the astonished *surviving* world record our "*high deeds in arms*" upon our Native Shores; let them rehearse, in the ears of *future* listening ages, this conclusion of our Nation's story, that "BRITONS CEASED TO LIVE, BECAUSE THEY NEVER WOULD LIVE SLAVES."

BRITONS, ATTEND!—If you are LOST, YOU LOSE YOURSELVES!—ROUSE, and avert your DISGRACE and IRRETRIEVABLE RUIN.

IN-

INVASION!

Reflections on the terrors of it: In which are clearly shown the numerous Difficulties and Dangers of such an Enterprize; with the best mode of Defence, should our Enemies be able to effect a Landing.—By the late Rev. Dr. TUCKER, *Dean of Gloucester.*

IN times of imminent danger, or universal panic, an honest man, who really means to serve his country, may easily be distinguished from a ministerial sycophant on one extreme, and from a seditious Republican on the other, by the following circumstance: he will neither applaud nor censure the actions of either side for what is past (whatever room there may have been given) but will look directly forward, in order to point out, if he can, the means of preventing those evils, with which we are now threatened. This he may endeavour to do (for he has an ample field before him) by animating the timorous and faint hearted, who are afraid with every little cause; and also by inspiring the bold and intrepid with those maxims of prudence and sagacity, that may direct their courage to a proper end. We are now threatened with an invasion: but, humanly speaking, and under favour of the general Providence of God, we have as little to fear in that respect as any people upon earth. This is my strong assertion; this is my firm belief;—and, reader, whosoever thou art, if an honest man, thou will not disdain to listen candidly to my reasons, which are the following:—All invasions, by which the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland can be at all affected, are to be considered in four different points of view:—the embarkation of the troops intended for this invasion, both horse and foot, their artillery and carriages, waggons, draught horses, tents, baggage, implements, intrenching tools, &c.—and after these are all embarked, the sailing of such a prodigious fleet of transports, together with their convoys, either at once, or in small divisions;—after a successful voyage, their debarkation, or landing on our shore;—and, lastly, their march on land, in order either to subdue the country, or to convert it into a congress government, similar to that in America, under the protection and guarantee-ship of France and Spain.

First, therefore, The embarkation of the troops.

An army to be embarked from France for the conquest of Great Britain or Ireland, could not be less than thirty thousand of the best troops, and the best appointed, which France could produce. [To carry any reasonable degree of success, it ought to be twice as many.] Now this army must bring with them as much provisions, both for themselves and their horses, as would last them a whole month after landing; because it could not be supposed, that the English would open markets for their enemies, and bring supplies to them as soon as they landed. On the contrary, they must know, from the nature of the case, that wherever they landed, they would find the country stripped and destitute of all kinds of provisions, of horses, cattle, wheel-carriages, and every implement fit for their use.—Now this circumstance of the invading army being encumbered with such vast quantities of draught-horses, provisions, &c. over and above their other loads, will require a far greater number of transports than might otherwise have been sufficient.—Nay, were we to compare the number of transports,

ports, to be employed on this occasion, with those which were used by our glorious deliverer, the Prince of Orange (see the account of this matter in Rapin's history, vol. ii. page 177.) we should find that they could not be so few as one thousand sail. Indeed, they ought to be a great many more, because the Prince did not bring that quantity of provisions and draught-horses, even in proportion, along with him, which the French must, both because he intended a much shorter passage than they have to make—especially if they have a view of invading Ireland—and also as he knew he should be received with open arms, whenever he should land. For these reasons our enemies must supply themselves with a prodigious fleet of transports, and a large squadron, or squadrons, of frigates, cutters, and other small ships, sufficient to cover and protect those transports from the fury of the English frigates, cutters, and privateers.—Now, humanly speaking, and considering the great exertions which our enemies have already made, this is impossible to be done. But granting even that it is possible, then it is to be observed, that such a fleet of transports and convoys, as here supposed, cannot rendezvous in any one port in all France (I mean with safety) except, perhaps, in the harbour of Brest. And, as so large a number would necessarily breed great confusion, even there, they could not come out all at once, but must sail in different divisions, with convoys attending each division. This circumstance, as it would necessarily divide their strength, would give the English fast-sailing frigates, cutters, cruizers, &c. great advantage over them. The very same thing would happen, were they to sail from different ports, with this additional disadvantage, that the different squadrons would be less able to act in concert, and that the troops on board one division would be more at a loss to know what had become of their companions in the expedition, where to look for them, or when to join them.

Secondly, the sailing of this grand armament.

Let us now suppose the above-mentioned difficulties, some way or other, all got over; and we are to inquire what would naturally ensue. "A most prodigious number, at least one thousand vessels, for different kinds of transports, together with fifty or sixty frigates, cutters, advice boats, &c. are gone out of port, and are now under sail." Granted. "And whilst they are steering their course towards England, the grand navy of France is keeping the grand navy of England at bay; or, having beaten it, is riding triumphant on the English seas." For argument sake, and in order to treat our croakers in their own way, let this be granted also. But then, we have a right to ask, What kind of sailors can you suppose it possible for our enemies to procure for navigating these transports, and these convoys, after having provided so amply before for their great ships of war? This is a new difficulty, which requires a solution: for the French mariners, at the very best, are not expert on their own coast, much less on ours: and in the present case, their best are supposed to be already placed on board their grand fleet; so that the residue must be very bad, if indeed any sailors at all. And yet, with a fleet of transports manned with such insignificant creatures as these, poor England and Ireland are to be invaded, and to be conquered! Nay, what is still more extraordinary, this fleet, manned with such ignorant sailors, and filled with sea-sick soldiers, and

and sea-sick affrighted horses, are never to run foul of each other, night or day, nor are their commanders to mistake one signal for another, nor commit any material blunder whatsoever! These things are surely very strange and new; the like is not to be found in the history of mankind. Besides, when this numerous fleet is out at sea, a most uncommon dexterity, and the most skilful manœuvres, become necessary on another account. Transports, of every kind, are unfit for fighting; and the more crowded they are, the less capable of making a good defence. Therefore, when they are attacked, their business is to fly, and to leave the battle to be fought by those frigates, cutters, &c. which were appointed to conduct, guard, and protect them. Now, in such scenes of distraction and confusion, it is hardly possible, even for the most expert set of sailors, and the coolest commanders, not to make some fatal mistake, though only in a fleet of fifty or sixty sail of common merchantmen. Judge, therefore, what must be the case among a fleet of one thousand sail of transports, where the cargo consists of soldiers, and of horses, the one sick, and the other both sick and frightened; and where the sailors themselves are so ignorant and unskilful as to add greatly to the general confusion, instead of remedying it! Indeed, some of our patriotic news-writers, speech-makers, and pamphleteers, have been pleased to inform us, that our enemies will avoid, or have avoided, all these difficulties and dangers, by embarking the troops, stores, ammunition, &c. designed to invade us, on board their great ships of war. But let all such persons, whose business it is to intimidate and misrepresent, be plainly told, that a great ship of war, if turned into a transport, or *flute*, as the French term it; that is, if loaded or crowded with troops, horses, carriages, &c. is no longer able to use its lower tier of guns, and to act as a great ship of war; and, therefore, that a good frigate, of thirty or forty guns, is clearly an overmatch for a capital ship of seventy-six or eighty guns, in those circumstances. So much as to the sailing part of this grand invading fleet.

Thirdly, The debarkation of the grand invading army.

We are now to suppose, (however improbable) that all, or the far major part, are safely arrived on our coasts, and are preparing for a descent. Such a fleet as this would soon become visible, as it drew near to land; even if we had no advice-boats to give us quicker notice. And when visible, the country would be alarmed; and all the horses, cattle, provisions, wheel-carriages, &c. would speedily be removed some miles higher up from the water-side. From the time they were first descried by our glasses, till the time the transports and convoys had cast anchor, and ranged themselves in proper order for a debarkation, three days must at least intervene; and from that time to the completion of the debarkation [horses, cannons, mortars, carriages, ammunition, baggages, tents, provisions, entrenching tools, and every thing including] there would be at least eight days more, if not twice as many; and that too, even if we should suppose our frigates, cutters, cruisers, and privateers at sea, and our light troops on land, gave them no manner of interruption, but looked on as unconcerned spectators. On a supposition also, that the wind and weather continued to be as favourable to them as they themselves could wish, there is a particular reason why a debarkation on an English, or an Irish coast, would take

take up so much longer time than on some others, especially on the coast of the Mediterranean, or of the Baltic; for here the tides rise and sink so much every twelve hours, that more than two-thirds of the time, which might be employed in a debarkation, are spent in waiting for the ebbing or flowing of the tide. This is a great advantage which we enjoy, when acting purely on the defensive side. After the debarkation is completed, some days must be allotted for rest; and in order that the men and horses might recover their sea-sickness and fatigue, so as to be fit to march.

Moreover, several things belonging to the different kinds of carriages, unavoidably broken, disjointed, or lost, by the embarkations and debarkation, would want to be repaired or restored; all which could not take up less time than six days more: so that, from the first appearance of this invading army on our coasts, to the time they would be ready to begin their march, fifteen whole days would be expired, a period surely long enough, if we be not wanting to ourselves, to put England or Ireland into a proper posture of defence.

Fourthly. The march of the invading army.

We are now coming to a new scene; for after having allowed (for argument sake) that every thing would succeed according to the most sanguine wishes of the invaders themselves, and contrary to every degree of probability, we are now to consider what would be the consequence of this intended march; only supposing that no miracles were to be wrought in favour of our enemies, and that we ourselves were actuated by so much common sense as to take the necessary steps for the defence of every thing near and dear belonging to us. An army of about twenty-eight thousand foot, and two thousand horse [for a less number than two thousand horse cannot in this case be rationally supposed] with about 1000 draught horses for the artillery, provision waggons, baggage, &c. are quitting those intrenchments they threw up on their landing, and beginning their march (say, if you please) towards the metropolis. Then the place of their landing would probably be somewhere on the coasts of Essex, Suffolk, or Norfolk, on one side of the Thames, or on the coasts of Kent, Sussex, Hants, or Dorset, on the other; that is, as nearly as they could come with safety to the capital of the kingdom, and as opposite to their own shores (with which they must keep up a constant communication) as the nature of the case would permit. Now after they have begun their march, a remarkable difference in the manner of carrying on the war will ensue. For while the invaders were at sea, their business was to avoid fighting: but now that they have landed, and have began their march, it is their interest to fight as soon as possible; and our interest is just the reverse.

To explain this matter in such a manner as to make the most ignorant comprehend it, and at the same time to remove all apprehensions from the timid, that we are flying before our enemies, I would beg leave to observe, even from our English history, that had Harold not given battle to William Duke of Normandy, almost as soon as he had landed, and had he, instead of fighting, only skirmished with the invader, sending a few choice troops to dispute some particular posts, and at the same time harassing him perpetually, cutting off his convoys, streightening his quarters, and not giving him a moment's respite, night or day; William the Norman must have been obliged to return home without

without the style and title of William the Conqueror, if he could have been able to return at all. Much the same thing would have happened to our great deliverer, the Prince of Orange, had he not been joined, in his progress from Exeter to London, by great numbers of the English, who wisely preferred the mild government of a limited monarchy to that which his rival endeavoured to establish, viz. an arbitrary and despotic one. Therefore it is plainly our interest not to fight the invader on his first landing, unless we have cause to surmise, (which I think we have not, notwithstanding the madness of the times) that our patriotic republicans will join the French in any considerable numbers, in order to set up a tyrannical form of government, similar to that of France. But I rely more on their fears to keep them quiet, than on their principles of loyalty or of honour. And therefore I press the maxim again, that if the French should make good their landing, it is our interest not immediately to fight them. It has been observed before, that the invaders would endeavour to land as near the capital as they could, and as opposite to their own coasts (with which they must keep up a constant correspondence) as the nature of the case would permit; consequently the place or places of their debarkation could not be less than seventy miles, and ought not to be much more than 140 miles distant from the Metropolis. Suppose a medium between those, viz. 105 miles. Now, in that space of country, there certainly might be found at least ten, perhaps twenty, or thirty places, strong by nature, and quickly to be fortified by art, so far as to enable three or four battalions at each place, aided by three or four companies of light horse and of light infantry, to hold out against the whole invading army for a few days. This method of carrying on the war by various posts, or redoubts, instead of coming to a pitched decisive battle, is what distresses an invading enemy the most of any thing, because he knows that at last he must be ruined by it. Therefore, let us now proceed in this view of things: the few English battalions, before mentioned, being dislodged from the first post or redoubt, retire to a second, perhaps at the distance of ten or twelve miles farther; the light horse and light infantry bringing up their rear, and covering their retreat. The troops stationed in the second post being thus joined by the retreating battallions, and by the light horse and light infantry of the first, become proportionably stronger, and therefore make more vigorous resistance; from the second, we will suppose, that a retreat is made in the same manner to the third, and also to the fourth, the fifth, and so on, their numbers and their strength still increasing, whilst the numbers and strength of the invaders are diminishing every hour: till at last, tired by perpetual fatigues, harrassed by the continual incursions of the light troops, dispirited by seeing no end to their labours, suffering from the want of provisions, enfeebled by the losses sustained in so many bloody encounters, thinned by desertions, by sickness and by every other calamity attending a sinking cause, the few remains of this grand and formidable army are obliged to surrender themselves prisoners of war, much after the same manner as the army under the famous Charles XII. of Sweden was compelled to do at Pultowa, and as General Burgoyne lately did at Saratoga.

AN INVASION-SKETCH.

IF there be one Person so lost to all Love for his Country, and the British Constitution, as to suppose that his Person or his Property, his Rights and his Freedom, would be respected under a Foreign Yoke, let him contemplate the following Picture—not overcharged, but drawn from Scenes afforded by every Country; Italy, Holland, Switzerland, Germany, Spain, Hanover, &c. which has been exposed to the Miseries of a French Invasion.

London, 10 *Thermidor, year*—

General BONAPARTE made his public entrance into the Capital over London Bridge, upon a charger from His BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S stables at Hanover, preceded by a detachment of Mamelukes. He stopped upon the bridge a few seconds to survey the number of ships in the river; and beckoning to one of his Aid-de-camps, ordered the French flag to be hoisted above the English—the English sailors on board, who attempted to resist the execution of this order, were bayonetted, and thrown overboard.

When he came to the Bank, he smiled with complaisance upon a detachment of French grenadiers who had been sent to load all the bullion in waggons, which had been previously put in requisition by the prefect of London, Citizen MENGAUD, for the purpose of being conveyed to France. The directors of the Bank were placed under a strong guard of French soldiers in the Bank parlour.

From the Bank the FIRST CONSUL proceeded in grand procession along Cheapside, St. Paul's, Ludgate-hill, Fleet-street, and the Strand, to St. James's Palace. He there held a grand Circle, which was attended by all his Officers, whose congratulations he received upon his entrance into the Capital of these once proud islanders. BONAPARTE, previously to his arrival, appointed two Prefects, one for London and one for Westminster. Citizen MENGAUD, late Commissary at Calais, is the Prefect of London, and Citizen RAPP of Westminster. He also nominated Citizen FOUCHE to the office of Minister of Police. The Mansion-house has been selected for the residence of the Prefect of London, and Northumberland-House for the residence of the Prefect of Westminster. As it has been deemed necessary to have the Minister of Police always near the person of the First Consul, Marlboro' House has been given to Citizen Fouche. Lodgings have been prepared elsewhere for the late owners of that splendid palace.

London was ordered to be illuminated, and detachments of French dragoons paraded the principal streets and squares, all night.

11 *Thermidor*.

BONAPARTE, at five o'clock in the morning, reviewed the French troops on the Esplanade at the Horse Guards. A Council was afterwards held, at which the following Proclamations were drawn up, and ordered to be posted in every part of the city:

By ORDER of the FIRST CONSUL.

PROCLAMATION.

St. James's Palace.

"Inhabitants of London, be tranquil. The Hero, the Pacificator, is come among you. His moderation and his mercy are too well known to you. He delights in restoring peace and liberty to all mankind. Banish all alarms. Pursue your usual occupations. Put on the habit of joy and gladness."

The

The FIRST CONSUL orders,

"That all the Inhabitants of London, and Westminster, remain in their own houses for three days.

"That no molestation be offered to the measure which the French Soldiers will be required to execute.

"All Persons disobeying these Orders will be immediately carried before the Minister of Police."

(Signed) BONAPARTE.
The Minister of Police, FOUCHE.

Proclamation to the French Soldiers.

Soldiers! BONAPARTE has led you to the Shores and the Capital of this proud island. He promised to reward his brave companions in arms. He promised to give up the capital of the British Empire to pillage. Brave comrades, take your reward. London, the second Carthage, is given up to pillage for three days. (Signed)

BONAPARTE.

The Minister of War,
par interim, ANGEREAU.

The acclamations of the French soldiery—*Vive Bonaparte—le Heros—le Pacificateur——le Magnanime*——resound through every street.

13*th*, 13*th*, 14*th*, *Thermidor*.

LONDON PILLAGED. The doors of private houses forced. Bands of drunken soldiers dragging wives and daughters from the arms of husbands and fathers. Many husbands, who had had the *temerity* to resist, butchered in the presence of their children—Flames seen in a hundred different places bursting from houses which had been set fire to, by the *vivacity* of the troops—churches broken open, and the church plate plundered—The pews and altars converted into stabling—four Bishops murdered, who had taken refuge in Westminster Abbey—the screams of women and of children mix with the cries of the soldiers—*Vive la Republique! Vive Bonaparte!*

St. Martin's church converted into a *depot* for the property acquired by the pillage of the soldiery.

15th *Thermidor*.

A proclamation published by the FIRST CONSUL, promising *protection* to the inhabitants.

The houses of the principal Nobility and Gentry appropriated to the use of the French Generals. Every house is required to furnish so many rations of bread and meat for the troops.

At a Council of State, presided by BONAPARTE, the two Houses of Parliament are solemnly abolished, and ordered to be replaced by a Senate and a Council of State. General MASSENA appointed Provisional President of the former, and General DESSOLLES of the latter. The Courts of Law are directed to discontinue their sittings, and are replaced by military tribunals.

17th *Thermidor*.

A plot discovered by FOUCHE against the FIRST CONSUL, and three hundred, supposed to be implicated in it, sent to the Tower.

Insurrections in different parts of the capital on account of the excesses of the soldiers and the contribution of twenty millions. Cannon planted at all the principal avenues, and a heavy fire of grape-shot kept up against the insurgents.

Lords NELSON, ST. VINCENT, and MELVILLE, Messrs. ADDINGTON, PITT, SHERIDAN, GREY, twenty Peers, and Commoners, among the latter Sir SIDNEY SMITH, tried by the Military Tribunals, for having been concerned in the *insurrection* against France, and sentenced to be shot. Sentence was immediately carried into execution in Hyde Park.

17th *Thermidor*.

The Dock-yards ordered to send all the timber, hemp, anchors, masts, &c.

to

to France. The relations of the British sailors at sea sent to prison till the ships are brought into port, and placed at the disposal of the French. Detachments dispatched to the different counties to disarm the people.

The Island ordered to be divided into departments and military sections—the name of London to be changed for *Bonapart-opolis*—and the appellation of the country to be altered from Great Britain to that of *La France insulaire*—Edinburgh to take the name of *Lucien-ville*—Dublin, that of *Massen-opolis*.

BRITONS! can this be endured?—Shall we suffer ourselves thus to be parcelled off?—I hear you one and all say No!——To your tents, O Israel!—— BRITONS NEVER WILL BE SLAVES!

PROCLAMATION

Made to every man in the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, this first day of August, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Three, and in the forty-fourth year of the reign of our especially dear Son King George the Third.

WHEREAS by the blessing of God, the patriotism, courage and industry of Englishmen, the natural advantages of our situation, the excellence of our constitution, and the wise administration of our government, we are a glory to ourselves, the seat of freedom, the empire of happiness and wealth, and *Mistress of the Seas*:—And whereas at the head of the corrupt and despotic government of the neighbouring realm of France, there is a USURPER, a *Corsican* by birth, and called by the name of NAPOLEONE BONAPARTE, who having subjugated to the most abject slavery the whole of the vast empire over which he unjustly reigns, and on the continent of Europe, as well as in Asia, Egypt, Syria, and divers other places, spread Murder, Rapine, Slavery and Death, *in cruel and horrible wantonness*; and not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being thereto moved by the instigation of the *Devil*, and filled with envy, malice, and hatred to Us for the aforesaid blessings We enjoy, as well as at our magnanimous resolution to resent effectually his outrages and insults, hath presumptuously threatened, and doth actually intend to attempt an INVASION OF OUR LAND, and for which said diabolical purpose he hath been, and at present is collecting a vast Armed Force, whose orders are to *murder all inhabitants bearing arms in our defence, violate the wives and daughters of our people, and plunder our cities*, and all this to reduce this happy and independent empire to a mere province under his vile dominion:

We have therefore thought fit to address this proclamation unto you, calling upon you as you would express your love to us, and your wish to transmit to posterity your Country as you received it from the hands of your forefathers, and to preserve yourselves and yours from the aforesaid barbarous and sanguinary measures, that you, with one heart, immediately give effect to the wise and salutary proceedings of our government, thereby exhibiting to those who would destroy You, AN ARMED HOST OF BRITISH FREEMEN, READY TO DIE IN OUR DEFENCE—And although in our reliance on God, we know the blood and utter discomfiture of the enemy will be the price of his temerity, yet it is your duty so to arouse and prepare yourselves, and so vigorously and unanimously to join in the common cause, that you may

may be able not only to inflict an awful punishment on the legions of murderers who may assail you, but by a grand and dreadful direction of your vengeance, strike deadly terror and confusion into the hearts of all your enemies:—And as our brave SEAMEN, should they meet them, will save you on land great part of the trouble, if not the whole, yet as in the nature of things our fleets may miss them, have no other reliance for your safety than what arises from TRUST IN PROVIDENCE, CONFIDENCE, UNANIMITY, AND VIGOUR AMONG YOURSELVES.

Given at our Metropolis of London.

BRITANNIA!

The following is an extract from the animated SPEECH *of* Lord MOIRA, *at the County Meeting held at Leicester, on Friday, August the first.*

THE LEGISLATURE has required the services of every man in the country, presumed from his age and particular circumstances to be fit to carry arms; yet it has wisely left an option to the several districts to commute that service, by turning out a certain number of volunteers. It is highly desirable that you should avail yourselves of that option, and that such a number of volunteers may be encouraged to take arms, as may exonerate the county from the operation of the General Defence Act; for otherwise, the lot of service must inevitably fall upon many individuals, whose residence at home is so indispensable for the support of their families, that every motive of policy and humanity should make you eager to exempt them, by spontaneously discharging that duty, which you would be conscious did not the less rest upon you as honest men, even if they also were forced into the field. They who turn out upon this principle ought to be indefatigable in learning that practice with the firelock, which is requisite to make them useful upon service, not so much from the magnitude of any impending danger, as because it would be unworthy in any one not to fit himself for the service he professed to undertake. There was an hour when I thought danger (but even then danger of a limited nature) very probable; it was whilst an erroneous belief appeared to be entertained that it was impossible for the enemy to make any landing at all, under which fallacious security it semed to me very feasible for the French to throw ashore five or six thousand men, upon some part of the coast not remote from London, and by a forced march to push for the capital, in the hope of being joined by that profligate rabble, which must be found in greater or less number in every debauched metropolis, and which, having no real national attachment, must be ever ready to seize any opportunity for riot or pillage. That danger you perceive exists only in our refusing to believe invasion impracticable, and consequently our being unprepared for it; now, that we are upon our guard, the hazard is dispelled; still, as some attempt will almost certainly be made, it is right to be prepared, not only to meet it, but so to meet it as that the foe shall be crushed before he can have had time to do much mischief.

Were Bonaparte (though the supposition is beyond the possibility of realization) in the heart of this country, at the head of 40,000 men with all the stores, artillery, and appendages he could wish, I should not have a moment's uneasiness as to the result; for, I should be confident, that, before the end of the month, that army would be annihilated: that confidence, however,

is built upon the assumption, that the enemy would be judiciously encountered; but to enable any General so to encounter them, you must put yourselves into a state of discipline, such as would render you capable of comprehending and fulfilling the orders of your leader. Observe this too, that, although it appears to me impracticable for the enemy ever to have any very serious force united in this country, you must always in war provide against dangers that seem beyond ordinary calculation. It is not to diminish the apprehensions of those who are listening to me, that I state the presumed inability of the enemy to assemble a large army on our territory, because I can well see that no apprehension exists among you. On the contrary, I read in every countenance the gallant eagerness with which you anticipate the contest with those, whose forefathers your forefathers were wont to seek and conquer in the heart of France, where every disparity of number was of course to be against our countrymen. Yet I cannot but feel an avarice with regard to every drop of precious English blood that is to be exposed in such a contest, and I must be anxious that the extinction of the enemy's force should be obtained without the unnecessary loss of one of those estimable lives, which I see you are so willing to hazard in the struggle. Now if you prepare yourselves by proper discipline, you will enable the General commanding you to turn this plan against the enemy himself, and I congratulate you on this perfect ground of confidence, that the Generals now appointed to lead our army are of such a stamp in skill as insures to you that your valour will be employed upon the terms that will give it every possible advantage. It is not probable that it would ever be thought requisite to lead you in battalions against the enemy; this I mention that the short time you have for discipline may not be unprofitably employed in learning evolutions, which you are not likely to be called upon to practice in the field; a ready habit of priming and loading, and a facility of understanding and obeying the orders of your immediate officers, are the points which I deem the most essential for you to attain; I should imagine that the General under whom you serve would wish to detach you in small bodies, to hang upon the flanks and rear of the enemy, bidding you avail yourselves of every little bank or inequality of ground behind which you would cover yourselves, whilst your shot would do execution at its utmost range in the columns of the enemy, unavoidably obliged to keep in a compact body, instructing you to retire whensoever the enemy should advance in considerable strength against you, and to return to harrass them whensoever that detachment fell back to its main body; you must not think this is unworthy of your courage. If the safety of your country demanded the sacrifice of your lives, I should be the last to check the devotion which I know you would deliberately feel; but if that necessity did not really exist, it would be absurdity to prefer even a dignified death to the honest triumph of consciously participating in the glory of having crushed the invader of your country: were I to propose to you a principle for your conduct, it should be that which was held so praiseworthy by the Greeks of old, and which has been thus happily described:

"They fought, but not as prodigal of blood,
Or thinking death itself was simply good;
But in their Country's weal they plac'd their pride,
And as that bade, they either liv'd or died."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WAR SONG,
ON THE THREATENED FRENCH INVASION.

In the manner of the Old Ballads.

WHO shall impede the *Tyrant* dread,
With desolating brand,
And flag unfurl'd, bestriding the world,
From the Pole to the Nilus' strand?

Who but they, whom the waves obey,
The *Lords of Nature* styl'd!
With bosoms steel'd, in the battling field,
But mild, in Mercy, mild!

Whose conquering sires, at Cressy their fires
Assuag'd in the purple stream;
Who with Lion-port, at Agincourt,
Held revelry supreme.

And this is the foe, whose children now,
To blast thy laurels strive;
And thy rights betray, which, ALBION, say,
Shall a Mortal dare, and live!

By the sacrifice dread, at Poictiers made,
Britannia shall be free!
By the charter'd deed of Runnymede,
We'll stand for Liberty!

By the hecatombs slain, on Blenheim's plain,
The Tyrant he shall die!
Lead, lead the way, bid the "battle bray,"
The shout and the revelry!

C.

REBELLION DEFEATED.
AN ODE.

Respectfully inscribed to those brave Defenders of their Country, who quelled the late alarming Insurrection in the City of Dublin.

BY A BROTHER SOLDIER.

THOU, thy horrid shape still mantling
In the gloomy garb of night,
Treach'ry's blackest, basest bantling,
Nurs'd upon the lap of Spite!

Gorgon-visag'd, bloody minded,
On the viper's venom fed;
By guilt harden'd, by zeal blinded,
By Revenge and Murder led.

Imp of hell! How unsuspected
Hast thou sprung to light again,
Rushing on the unprotected,
With thy worse than tyger train!

Save us, Heav'n! See mild KILWARDEN
Bleeds beneath the monster's fangs!—
Mercy shuts the gates of pardon,
As she views the Martyr's pangs.

Save us, Heav'n! the tumult thickens,
Savage shouts in air resound;
Massacre his mad pace quickens,
Loyal cor'ses strew the ground.

Valour, tho' surpris'd, undaunted
Grasps his sword with hasty hand;
Flies where'er his aid is wanted—
Terror strikes the Rebel band.

On! ye hearts of sterling value!
Let the red-wing'd vengeance fly;
Round your loyal standard rally,
Conquer now, or nobly die!

See! the Rebel horde disperses,
Baffled in their dire intent!
God be praised for all his mercies!
May our cruel foes repent.

HAFIZ.

SELECTED POETRY.

CONQUEST OR DEATH.

LET the *Christianiz'd Mussulman-Papist** of France,
With his Myrmidon Host of Invaders advance;
The loud vaunts of *Usurpers* and *Slaves* we defie,
For the Motto of BRITONS is "*Conquer or Die.*"

Can a lawless Marauder to *Freedom* pretend?
Or a faithless Apostate *Religion* befriend?
The vain threats of an *Atheist* we *Christians* defie,
When the voice of our GOD bids us "*Conquer or Die.*"

* Formerly *Ali*-BONAPARTE: now the hypocrite calls himself the *Thrice-Christian* Head of the *Catholic* French Church:—a *Mahometan* in Egypt—a *Christian* in France.

Both our *Thoughts* and our *Souls* are in battle-array,
Which no Hell-begot *Judas* can strike with dismay,
Since all *Ranks* and all *Sects* the *Impostor* defie,
For the Motto of *Christians* is " *Conquer or Die.*"

Here no *Tyrant*, no *Autocrat* poisons our Laws,
Or enervates the will, which gives life to our cause:
With our Swords bright with *Freedom*, French threats we defie—
For the Motto of *Britain* is " *Conquer or Die.*"

Let the Strutter come forth, nor be longer remiss,
On our Shores we'll avenge all the wrongs of the *Swiss*,
Gallic Slaves and Enslavers we scorn and defie,
For the Motto of *Freemen* is " *Conquer or Die.*"

RICHARD LLWYD, THE BARD OF SNOWDEN, TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

YE, (1) whom Britain's earliest day
Saw among her meadows play;
Unconscious yet that Ocean's waves
Form'd the isle it loves and laves!

Lords of realms, as yet unknown,
A blest creation all your own;
A region yet by blood unstain'd,
Where Peace unbroke, unruffl'd reign'd.

Ere yet, the icy rocky North (2)
Had pour'd her hungry myriads forth,
The hordes that ravag'd guiltless lands,
And forc'd to arms your past'ral bands.

Decreed to share a restless doom,
A world, in vain, resisted Rome:
Yet Claudius (3) heard, on Empire's throne,
A voice *then* greater than his own.

Led by rapine, fraud and spoil,
Saxons, Normans, trod your soil;
And Bards in strains of sorrow tell,
That Britain's offspring, fought, and fell.

(1) Aborigines.

(2) Invasion of the Danes and Norwegians.

(3) See an elegant version of the speech of Caractacus, before Claudius, in the *Juvenilia* of my accomplished friend J. H. L. Hunt, Esq.

Lost your own paternal plains,
Florid fields, and wide domains;
Fair Cambria saw with beckoning eyes,
And bade ERYRI's (4) ramparts rise.

Here amid her cliffs of snow,
Ages saw you brave the foe;
Till Concord came, with efforts blest,
And sooth'd Contention's roar to rest!

United now to Britain's throne,
Your Sires (5) return, resume their own;
Chiefs of your country's antient days,
Britannia's wider sceptre sways!

O'er Britain's fair extended face,
One brave, one rich, and potent race;—
High in honour—high in fame—
The first of nations—BOASTS YOUR NAME!

BRITONS hear, that *name's* a host,
And forms a bulwark round your coast:
And Fame shall tell, in records fair,
You're worthy of the *name* you bear!

The foe that racks a suffering world,
At you the bolt of war has hurl'd;
And dares in language loud and high
Your warriors to the field defy:

Dares, and hopes, by threats and wiles,
To ravage, rule—the Queen of Isles:
Her sons shall check his thirst of blood,
By all that's great, and all that's good!

By genuine Freedom's holy flame,
By your own Arthur, Alfred's name;
By Deva's (6) waves, when Ida fled,
By Mona's sons, when Merfyn (7) led.

By Rodri's (8) bright and vengeful sword,
That gleam'd in Conway's lucid ford;
By Euloe's (9) forests, Berwyn's heath,
Where Owen gain'd th' unfading wreath.

(4) The ridge of Snowdonia.
(5) The restoration of the British line, in Henry the 7th, of the House of Tudor.
(6) The battle of Bangor, upon the Dee. (7) That of Llanfaes in Anglesey.
(8) *Dial Rodri*, or Roderick's Revenge at Cymryd, upon the River Conway.
(9) In the forests of Euloe, in Flintshire, and on the mountain of Berwyn, the fortunes of Henry II, the Power of England, aided by a diversion from Ireland, upon the coast of Wales, and a full exertion of the old maxim, *Divide et impera*, gave way to a combination of elemental warfare, an inaccessible country, and the prowess of Owen Gwynedd.

By Jorwerth (10)—Cynan—Howel's name,
By all that fills the rolls of fame,
Unfold your banners, rend the air,
And proudly show the shields (11) you bear!

Sons (12) of Snowden, yours the meed,
Nobly live, or nobly bleed;
Your Country, Parents, Children, save,
Or *fill one great and glorious grave!*

(10) Llewllyn ap Jorwerth, Gryffyth ap Cynan, and Howel Dda (or the good) Princes of Wales.

(11) In the ages of contention and discord, before the incorporation by which we became one great and happy people, the now neglected language of Shields, of Chivalry, and Arms, was that which symbolically recorded the actions of those to whom their country was indebted for safety in the hour of danger: whose names it is honourable to recollect, and whose exploits it is glorious to emulate. Of those of Gwyerd ap Rhys Gôch, Ednyfed Vychan, Carwed of Twrcelyn, Meurig, from Hêdd Moelwynog, Howel y Fwyall Dafydd Gam (see History, battle of Cressy and Poictiers) and that of the Lloyds of Bôd Idris in Iâl, are particularly instructing and entertaining.

(12) Llangciau'r Eryri.

RD. LLWYD.

THE ORACLE CONSULTED.

WHAT's a Frenchman?---*Slavery's fool.*
What's a Briton?---*Freedom's tool,*
Form'd to curb *despotic* rule—
Fit with any foe to cope.

What's the Frenchman's view?—
Invasion—
If he find a *fair* occasion.
What's the Briton's?—*Full persuasion.*
That he'll *blast* the Frenchman's hope.

What's the Frenchman's pleasure?—
Plunder.
What's the Briton's?---*Naval thunder,*
That shall make the Frenchman wonder,
If he dare insult our strand.

What's the end?---To Frenchmen---
madness,
Disappointment, shame, and *sadness:*
But to Britons---*glory, gladness,*
Safety in their native land.

Morning Post.] HAFIZ.

WAR ADDRESS.

RISE, ye Britons, march to glory,
Dauntless stand 'midst war's alarms;
Tell the Youth of future story,
That their Sires were great in arms.

What, tho' Despot Frenzy threaten
Louder than the raging waves;
Free born Warriors fight for Britain;
Gallia's Soldiers are but Slaves.

Tyrant! tho' thy troops victorious,
Darken yonder distant shore;
Here you'll find a contest glorious;
Come, but you return no more.

Here, no Turkish host parading,
Here, no tame Italian band,
Views afar the Foe invading,
March resistless o'er the land.

Here, each virtuous feeling tender,
Here, each dear domestic tie,
Arms our every brave Defender,
Arms, to Conquer, or to Die.

Come,

Come, ye Bands inur'd to plunder,
Come, and find a narrow bed;
Vengeance soon shall point her thunder
On your Despot's guilty head.

Sure the ghost of many a Hero,
Wand'ring o'er the Syrian plains,
Murder'd by this modern Nero,
Of your faithless Chief complains.

Hear the bloody Foe declaring
Rome's fam'd motto now his own;
Hear him vow, with front all daring,
Carthage must be overthrown.

Rise, ye Britons! every mother,
Spouses, Sisters, Daughters call:
Rise, each Husband, Father, Brother,
Nor live to weep your Country's fall.

Times.

THE SWISS EMIGRANT.

Farewell, farewell, my native land,
A long farewell to life and thee!
On thy last rock I lingering stand,
Thy last rude rock how dear to me!

Once more I view thy vallies fair,
But dimly view with tearful eye;
Once more I breathe thy healthful air,
But breathe it in how deep a sigh!

Ye vales with downy verdure spread,
Ye groves that drink the sparkling stream,
As bursting from the mountain's head
Its foaming waves in silver gleam.

Ye lakes that catch the golden beam
That floods with fire yon peak of snow,
As evening vapours bluely steam
And stilly roll their volumes slow;—

Scenes, on this bursting heart impress'd
By ev'ry thrill of joy, of woe;
The bliss of childhood's vacant breast,
Of warmer youth's impassion'd glow;

The tears by filial duty shed,
Upon the low, the peaceful tomb;
Where sleep, too blest, the rev'rend dead,
Unconscious of their country's doom.

Say! can Helvetia's patriot child,
A wretched exile, bear to roam,
Nor sink upon the lonely wild,
Nor die to leave his native home?

His native home!—no home has he—
He scorns in the vile yoke to bow,
He scorns the land no longer free,
Alas—he has no country now!

Ye snow-clad Alps whose nightly mound,
Great Nature's adamantine wall,
In vain opposed your awful bound
To check the prone-descending Gaul.

What Hunter now with daring leaps
Shall chase the Ibex o'er your rocks,
Who clothe with vines your craggy steeps,
Who guard from wolves your rambling flocks?

While low the free-born sons of toil
Lie sunk amid the slaughter'd brave,
To freedom true, the stubborn soil
Shall pine, and starve the puny slave.

Spoilers, who pour'd your rav'ning bands
To gorge on Latium's fertile plains,
And fill'd your gold-rapacious hands
From regal domes and sculptured fanes,

What seek ye here? our niggard earth,
Nor gold, nor sculptur'd trophies owns;
Our wealth was peace, and guileless mirth,
Our trophies are our tyrants bones!

Burst not my heart, as dimly swell
Morat's proud glories on my view;
Heroic scenes a long farewell,
I fly from madness and from you!

Be-

Beyond the dread Atlantic deep,
One gleam of comfort shines for me;
There shall these bones untroubled sleep,
And press the earth of Liberty.

Wide, wide, that waste of waters rolls,
And sadly smiles that distant land,
Yet there I hail congenial Souls,
And Freemen give the Brother's hand.

COLUMBIA hear the Exile's prayer!
To him thy fostering love impart,
So shall he watch with patriot care,
So guard thee with a filial heart.

Yet O! forgive, with anguish fraught,
If sometimes start th' unbidden tear,
As tyrant Memory wakes the thought,
"Still, still, I am a stranger here."

Thou vanquish'd land, once proud and free,
Where first this fleeting breath I drew,
This heart must ever beat for thee,
In absence near—in misery true!

BRAVURA SONG.

Written by Mr. CROSS *of the Royal Circus, and sung in the Burletta Spectacle of John Bull and Bonaparte.*

THE British Lion's rous'd! his growl,
Appals the sons of plunder,
Biting the dust, with hideous howl,
Their knells we'll knoll in thunder!
With the dangers that threaten our efforts shall tally,
Temerity's legions indignant we'll scourge,
And while round the standard imperial we rally!
Cry, God for us, for England, and King George.

A Tyrant leads the impious *horde*,
The slaves! defeat's decreed 'em,
A King belov'd, a God ador'd!
We serve! our cause is freedom!
Inflated with rage, from their ports let them sally,
Temerity's legions indignant we'll scourge,
And while round the standard imperial we rally,
Cry, God for us, for England, and King George.

GARLAND FOR BONAPARTE.

TO rear the Tree of Liberty
In vain have Frenchmen tried,
Unfit, ungenial, was the soil,
Th' exotic *droop'd and died.*

A Laurel next they thought upon,
And planted in its stead,
And steep'd in Blood, a Crown they made
For Bonaparte's head.

To those who would this plant assail,
He promises no quarter;
But *we* may laugh his threat to scorn,
His *Laurels die* in water.

Grieve not, thou *Corse*, should fortune frown,
Or leave thee in the lurch;
Thy laurels here may be supply'd
By wholesome *British Birch.*

This plant is fraught with magic pow'r
On children spoilt and naughty;
So we a *rod* in *pickle* keep
For thee, oh! BONAPARTE.

And tho' the Tree of Freedom die,
Thy Laurels lose their hue,
We have a Gard'ner to supply
Enough of *Rue* for you.

Morning Post.

BRITONS STRIKE HOME.

HARK! the devoted foe's afloat!
Hark! 'twas the cannon's brazen throat,
And the shrill clarion's piercing note,
That struck mine ear!

In terrible array advance,
Britons, to meet the sons of France;
Teach them to curse the sad mischance
That brought them here.

Ye generous youth, who guard the land
Where Freedom takes her awful stand,
To crush with her resistless hand
Fell Tyranny,
Strike home: nor spare your trusty steel,
Till every Caitiff foeman feel
What 'tis to violate the weal
Of Liberty.

Monstrous! Shall miscreant Frenchmen dare
Base chains for Britons to prepare,
Or hope our guileless hearts t' ensnare
By Perfidy?
Gascons, your threats and wiles we scorn,
You come but to a hope forlorn,
For never yet was Briton born
For Slavery!

Strike home, ye generous youth, strike home;
That unborn ages yet to come,
May ever, when they hear the drum
Beat *Victory*,
Exclaim, "'Twas thus our Fathers fought,
'Twas thus our Fathers' Fathers bought
The Laurels, which they proudly thought
Gave Immortality."

General Evening Post.

THE INVASION;

OR, THE BRITISH WAR SONG.

WHILST happy in our native Land,
So great, so fam'd in story,
Let's join, my friends, with heart and hand,
To raise our COUNTRY'S GLORY;
When Britain calls, her valiant Sons
Will rush in crowds to aid her—
Snatch, snatch your muskets, prime your guns,
And crush the fierce Invader!

Whilst ev'ry Briton's song shall be,
"O give us Death—or Victory!"

Long had this favour'd Isle enjoy'd
True comforts, past expressing,
When France her hellish arts employ'd
To rob us of each blessing:
These from our hearths by force to tear
(Which long we've learn'd to cherish)
Our frantic foes shall vainly dare;
We'll keep 'em, or we'll perish—
And ev'ry day our song shall be,
"O give us Death—or Victory!"

Let France in savage accents sing
Her bloody Revolution;
We prize our Country, love our King,
Adore our Constitution:
For these we'll every danger face,
And quit our rustic labours;
Our ploughs to firelocks shall give place,
Our scythes be chang'd to sabres.
And clad in arms, our song shall be,
"O give us Death—or Victory!"

Soon shall the proud Invaders learn,
When bent on Blood and Plunder,
That British bosoms nobly burn,
To brave their cannon's thunder:
Low lie those heads, whose wily arts
Have plann'd the World's undoing!
Our 'vengeful blades shall reach those hearts
Which seek our Country's ruin;
And night and morn our song shall be,
"O give us Death—or Victory!"

When, with French blood our fields manur'd,
The glorious struggle's ended,
We'll sing the dangers we've endur'd,
The blessings we've defended:
O'er the full bowl our feats we'll tell,
Each gallant deed reciting;
And weep o'er those who nobly fell,
Their country's battle fighting—
And ever thence our song shall be,
"'Tis Valour leads to Victory."

Anti-Jacobin.

THE ANTI-GALLICAN.

NUMBER V.

ODE TO MY COUNTRY.

BRITONS! hands and hearts prepare;
The angry tempest threatens nigh,
Deep-toned thunders roll in air,
Lightnings thwart the livid sky;
Thron'd upon the winged storm,
Fell DESOLATION rears her ghastly form,
Waves her black signal to her hell-born brood,
And lures them thus with promis'd blood:

"Drive, my sons, the storm amain!
Lo, the hated, envied land,
Where Piety and Order reign,
And Freedom dares maintain her stand.
Have you not sworn, by night and hell,
These from the earth for ever to expell?
Rush on, resistless, to your destin'd prey,—
Death and rapine point the way."

Britons! stand firm! with stout and dauntless heart
Meet unappall'd the *threatening Boaster's* rage;
Yours is the great, the unconquerable part
For your lov'd hearths and altars to engage,
And sacred Liberty, more dear than life—
Yours be the triumph in the glorious strife.
Shall theft and murder braver deeds excite
Than honest scorn of shame and heavenly love of right?

Turn the bright historic page!
Still in Glory's tented field
Albion's arms for many an age
Have taught proud Gallia's bands to yield.
Are not WE the sons of those
Whose steel-clad sires pursued the insulting foes
E'en to the centre of their wide domain,
And bow'd them to a Briton's reign?*

Kings in modest triumph led,
Graced the SABLE VICTOR'S arms;†
His conquering lance, the battle's dread;—
His courtesy the conquer'd charms.
The lion heart soft pity knows,
To raise with soothing cares his prostrate foes;
The vanquish'd head true valour ne'er opprest,
Nor shunn'd to succour the distrest.

Spirit of great ELIZABETH! inspire
High thoughts, high deeds, worthy our ancient fame;
Breathe through our ardent ranks the patriot fire
Kindled at Freedom's ever hallow'd flame;
Baffled and scorn'd, the Iberian tyrant found,
Though half a world his iron sceptre bound,
The gallant Amazon could sweep away,
Arm'd with her people's love, the "*Invincible*" array.‖

The BOLD USURPER§ firmly held
The sword, by splendid treasons gain'd;
And Gallia's fiery genius quell'd,
And Spain's presumptuous claims restrain'd:
When lust of sway by flattery fed,
To vent'rous deeds the youthful Monarch** led,
In the full flow of victory's swelling tide
Britain check'd his power and pride.

To the great Batavian's name*†*
Ceaseless hymns of triumph raise!
Scourge of tyrants! let his fame
Live in songs of grateful praise.
Thy turrets, Blenheim, glittering to the sun,
Tell of bright fields*§* from warlike Gallia won;
Tell how the mighty Monarch mourn'd in vain
His impious wish the world to chain.

* Hen. VI. crowned at Paris. † The Black Prince.
‖ The Spanish Armada. § Oliver Cromwell. ** Louis XIV.
† William III. *§* Blenheim, Ramilies, &c.

And

And ye fam'd Heroes, late retir'd to heaven,
Whose setting glories still the skies illume,
Bend from the blissful seats to virtue given—
Avert your long-defended country's doom.
Earth from her utmost bounds shall wondering tell
How victory's meed ye gain'd, or conquering fell;
Britain's dread thunders bore from pole to pole,
Wherever man is found, or refluent oceans roll.

Names embalm'd in honour's shrine,
Sacred to immortal praise,
Patterns of glory, born to shine
In breathing arts or pictur'd lays:
See WOLFE, by yielding numbers prest,
Expiring smile, and sink on Victory's breast! ‡
See Minden's plains and Biscay's § billowy bay
Deeds of deathless fame display.

O! tread with awe the sacred gloom **
Patriot Virtue's last retreat;
Where Glory, on the trophied tomb
Joys their merit to repeat;
There CHATHAM lies, whose master-hand
Guided, through seven bright years, the mighty band
That round *his* urn, where grateful memory weeps,
Each in his hallow'd marble sleeps.

Her brand accurs'd when civil discord hurl'd, *†*
Britain alone th' united world withstood,
Rodney his fortune-favour'd sails unfurl'd,
And led *three* nation's chiefs to Thames's flood.
Firm on his *rock* the Veteran Hero*§* stands;
Beneath his feet unheeded thunders roar;
Smiling in scorn he sees the glittering bands
Fly with repulse and shame old Calpe's hopeless shore.

Heirs or partners of *their* toils,
Matchless heroes* still we own;
Crown'd with honourable spoils
From the leagued nations won.
On their high prows they proudly stand
The god-like guardians of their native land;
Lords of the mighty deep triumphant ride,
Wealth and victory at their side.

‡ At Quebec. § Hawke. ** Westminster Abbey. *†* American War;
§ Lord Heathfield. * Cornwallis; Nelson; Smith; Warren; &c.

Loyal, bold, and generous bands,†
Strenuous in their country's cause,
Guard their cultivated lands,
Their altars, liberties, and laws.
On his firm deep-founded throne
Great BRUNSWICK sits, a name to fear unknown;
With brow erect commands the glorious strife,
Unaw'd, and prodigal of life.

Sons of fair Freedom's long-descended line,
To Gallia's yoke shall Britons bend the neck—
No; in *her* cause though fate and hell combine
To bury all in universal wreck,
Of this fair isle to make one dreary waste,
Her greatness in her ruins only traced:
Arts, commerce, arms, sunk in one common grave—
The man who dares to die, will never live a slave!

Anti-Jacobin.

† Volunteers.

BONAPARTE's WILL.

IN the name of my TRINITY the Goddess of Reason, MAHOMET the Prophet, and PIUS the Pope, we the most great, most magnanimous, and most puissant, BRUTUS ALI NAPOLEONE BONAPARTE, son to a Spy, grandson to a Butcher, and great grandson to a Galley Slave, Emperor of the Gauls, First Consul of France, President of Italy, Landamman of Switzerland, Director of Holland, King of Etruria, Protecter of Emperors, Dictator and Creator of Kings, Electors, Princes, Cardinals, Senators, Generals, Bishops, Prefects, Actors, Schoolmasters, &c. &c. &c. do declare, that notwithstanding the adulation of our Slaves, and their assurances of our immortality, the pangs of our conscience, the decay of our body, the fear of recoiling daggers, the dreadful anticipation of infernal machines emitting fire and smoke invented at Jaffa, and the hissing breath of the poisonous serpents generated at El Arish, remind us that we soon must die, and that our power must die with us. We therefore, according to the *Senatus Consultum* of our free senate, to declare this to be our last Will and Testament, as follows:

IMPRIMIS,

IMPRIMIS,

To our most beloved and dearest IBRAHIM ROSTAN, Mameluke, we give and bequeath after our decease, the crown of Henry IV. the sceptre of St. Louis, and the throne of France and Navarre, the sovereignty and sovereign disposal of the lives and fortunes of thirty millions of Frenchmen, of six millions of Italians, of seven millions of Spaniards, of two millions of Helvetians, and of three millions of Batavians (except as is hereafter excepted); and we enjoin and charge all the world to acknowledge, adore and respect this Mameluke, IBRAHIM ROSTAN, the African, as the natural and legal successor of us BRUTUS ALI NAPOLEONE BONAPARTE, the Corsican.

We give and bequeath in reversion, to Citizen BARRAS, our dear Consort, much improved and more enriched, but reserving to ourselves the disposal of her virtuous Maids of Honour, whom we give and bequeath to our LEGION of HONOUR, as a reward due as well to the virtues of the one, as to the valour of the other.

We give and bequeath to our dearly beloved brother JOSEPH, the Presidency of the Italian Republic, together with our dearly bought Minister Talleyrand, to be disposed of as his own property in all future negociations.

To our dearly beloved brother LUCIEN, we give and bequeath our Batavian Republic, and our Minister Chaptal, who hereafter shall write his speeches, dictate his letters, and correct his spelling.

To our dearly beloved brother LOUIS, we bequeath our Helvetian Republic, and our Minister Berthier, accompanied with the sense of his Secretary Achambau, whose instructions in some time may enable him to become a good corporal of grenadiers.

To our dearly beloved brother JEROME, we bequeath, *in petto*, the sovereignty of the seas, with our ministers of marine, and all the admirals of our navy, doubting, however, if their united efforts will make him a good midshipman.

To our dearly beloved MOTHER, we give and bequeath his Holiness the Pope, and our uncle our Cardinal Frere; with a Pope and a Cardinal in her possession, her stay in purgatory must be short, and in Heaven long.

To our dearly beloved sisters, Mistresses BACCHIOCHI, MURAT, SANTA, CRUCE, and LE CLERC, we give and bequeath our family honours, chastity, modesty, and moderation.

To our dear son-in-law EUGENIUS BEAUHARNOIS, we give and bequeath Parma and Placenza, with our dear countryman Sebastiani, who will instruct him to drive like a coachman, and to ride like a postillion.

To our much beloved daughter-in-law, Madame FANNY BEAUHARNOIS, as a reward for her loyalty, we bequeath a representation in wax of the scaffold of her father and the throne of her mother, both designed by the revolutionary modellers, Barras and Co.

To our dear uncle, our Cardinal FRERE, we give and bequeath the triple crown and keys of St. Peter, *in petto*. and to all our nameless known and unknown relatives, we give and bequeath the kingdom of Etruria, to be disposed of to the highest bidder, and its value laid out in mourning rings, to be equally distributed amongst them and certain Continental Princes hereafter mentioned.

We give and bequeath to our dear friend the King of SPAIN, an Etrurian mourning ring, and four family pictures, representing the Bourbons dethroned, the Bourbons degraded, the Bour-

Bourbons repenting, and the Bourbons forgiving.

We give and bequeath to the King of NAPLES, three marble statues after a model by his Queen, representing Faith, Loyalty, and Constancy; and to the Kings of SARDINIA, we bequeath our promises of honour, to be equally divided amongst them.

We give and bequeath to his Holiness the POPE, the doctrine of the Goddess of Reason, the Alcoran of Mahomet, and the Atheism of our Institute; all true relics; besides to himself, to his successors, and college of Cardinals, we bequeath concordant mourning rings, from the manufactory of our Counsellor of State PORTALIS.

We give and bequeath to his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of GERMANY, two drawings representing Hope amongst the ruins of Turkey, and Desire contemplating Bavaria, designed by Citizen DUPE, and sold by Citizen PLOT.

We give and bequeath to his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of RUSSIA, three pictures, representing Louis XVI. upon the throne, Louis XVI. in the Temple, and Louis XVI. upon the Scaffold; by Citizens LOYALTY, MONARCHY, and WARNING.

We give and bequeath to our dearest friend the King of PRUSSIA, the landscape of Hanover, with an Imperial Crown in perspective; by Citizens ROYALTY, JACOBIN, and REBEL.

We give and bequeath to our natural Ally the Emperor of the TURKISH EMPIRE, the description of our conquests of Egypt, our flight from Egypt, and our future return to Egypt, by Citizen TREACHERY, COWARDICE, and DESIGN.

We give and bequeath to his Majesty the King of the United Kingdom of GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND, the United Navy of Holland and France, commanded by Citizen ENVY, manned by Citizen COALITION, and lost by Citizen INVASION.

We give and bequeath to his Majesty the King of SWEDEN, the French original representation of the assassination of Gustavus III. to remind him of vengeance, honour, and duty.

We give to our dear friend the King of DENMARK, an original painting of the insults, torments, and death of his Queen Carolina Matilda; designed and executed by two celebrated French artists, Citizens INTRIGUE and CRIME.

We give and bequeath to the Regent of PORTUGAL, a code of our Revolutionary Laws of Nations, and a chapter of the Rebel Etiquette of Grenadier Ambassadors, explained and illustrated by Citizens SANS CULOTTE, RUDENESS, and IMPUDENCE.

We give and bequeath to our friend the Elector of BAVARIA, the Bible of the Theophilanthropes, and the Concordat of Portalis, as an assistance to his patriotic illuminated ministers, in their political reformations and religious innovations.

We give and bequeath to our chosen Grand Master of MALTA, the Musical Opera of the capture of Malta, performed in 1798, with a Concerto by Citizen TREASON, and in 1800 with a *Bravura*, by Citizen VALOUR, with the farcical after-piece of the *Recapture*, performed at Amiens, by Citizens FRAUD and TREATY.

To all other CONTINENTAL SOVEREIGNS, who have accepted more or less of our bountiful indemnities, we give and bequeath our mourning rings of honour, and to all other ambassadors, ministers, agents and deputies, who have negociated, intrigued, bribed or begged indemnities; we give and bequeath with our consciences of honour, the

the revolutionary principles of Necker the ex-minister, the probity and disinterestedness of Talleyrand our minister, and the honour and virtues of Fouche our senator, to be equally divided amongst them, share and share alike.

We give and bequeath to all SOVEREIGNS upon earth, who have acknowledged our Corsican Kingdom of Etruria, and to their ministers and counsellors, *Iron* mourning-rings, from the Axe of the Guillotine of the Luneville manufactory, bearing the following inscriptton:—"*Monarchy degraded, and Monarchy dishonoured, Feb.* 1801."

We give and bequeath to the CITIZENS of the REPUBLICS in ITALY, SWITZERLAND, and HOLLAND, our Corsican mourning-rings, with an inscription, "*Liberty lost,* 1801, *and unavenged* 1803."

N. B. We give and bequeath to the CITIZENS of the UNITED STATES of AMERICA, the funeral speeches on the tombs of the liberty of France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and Holland, translated and published by Citizen PLOT, in Louisiana.

To all our SENATORS, LEGISLATORS, TRIBUNES, COUNSELLORS, MINISTERS, GENERALS, CARDINALS, BISHOPS, PREFECTS, &c. &c. &c. and to all other of our SLAVES of every denomination or description, whether REBEL, ROYALIST, or REGICIDE JACOBINS; either TRAITORS, APOSTATES, MURDERERS, or PLUNDERERS; we give and bequeath the Cannon of St. Napoleone, the dagger of St. Brutus, the poison of St. Ali, the Guillotine of St. Robespierre, and the halter of St. Judas; all true relics, to be equally divided amongst them.

We give and bequeath to the Manes of all the Citizens butchered by us at Toulon, murdered by us at Paris, and poisoned by us in Egypt; our *Confession* to our Cardinal Bishop at Paris, and our *Absolution* from his Holiness the Pope.

We command and desire most earnestly not to be buried in any church or church-yard, in any mosque or pantheon, but in the common sewer of Montmarte, where the corses of our worthy predecessors, Marat and Robespierre, were deposited: but for the quiet of our soul we do order and put into requisition, La Revalliere, high priest to the Goddess of Reason, Mercier, the atheist of the Institute, Amarat, the mufty of Constantinople, and Pius, the pope of Rome, to say prayers over our tomb, and to read "*Domine salvum fac Consulem,*" *sic transit Gloria mundi!*

Lastly, to LOUIS the XVIII. commonly called the Pretender, and to all the Princes of the House of Bourbon, their heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, we give and bequeath our *Everlasting* hate; and it is our further will and pleasure, that if any potentate or power shall harbour the said Louis XVIII. or any of the said princes, such harbouring shall be a good cause of war; and the potentate or power guilty of such humanity and hospitality, shall be punished by a coalition of all Europe, as a violater of the law of nations, and contrary to the rights of man.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hand and seal the 25th day of *Prairial,* in the eleventh year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

B. A, NAPOLEONE BONAPARTE.

ADVICE

ADVICE TO THE PEOPLE

of Ireland; delivered in the SPEECH *of Earl* MOIRA, *at the Meeting of the Society of St. Patrick, March* 17, 1808.

I Call to the reflection of my country the fatal examples of all continental Europe at this moment, from which they will see, that every advantage gained by the French nation over others, in the course of the late war, has been principally effected by holding out delusive advantages, and sowing dissensions among those whom they wished to subjugate. I say then to the people of Ireland, "From what has passed, my countrymen, learn to dread the future, and to spurn those specious artifices which have already lured so many other nations to ruin." I would ask the people of Ireland, "What good, in the name of heaven, can any portion or class of you expect from the French?"—*(None, none, none, resounded from every quarter of the room.)* "Is it possible, that after all which has passed in other parts of Europe, there can yet remain any portion of the inhabitants of Ireland such miserable dupes of perverted judgment as still to look towards French fraternity? Or upon what rational ground can such an inclination for one moment exist? Is it with a view to maintain Catholicism?—Advert to the conduct of the First Consul who, boasted (and truly boasted) to the Mussulmans in Egypt, that he had overthrown the power and dominion of the Pope; and who advanced (but did not justly advance) that fact as entitling him to confidence from all the followers of Mahomet. Is it then the support of Protestantism?—The French army destroyed in Egypt by my gallant and noble friend *(Lord Hutchinson)*, did not satisfy itself with triumphing over the communion of the Pope: it was the subversion of his religion, it was the defeat of Christianity, which they urged as proving their qualification for union with the mussulmans. Is it the security of property?—Turn your eyes to Holland, and see her first squeezed almost to exhaustion by contributions, and now for her last stivers, as a forced loan, by French amity.

"Is it independence you seek? Look at Switzerland; contemplate the state of that gallant and once happy people, and let their misery and abasement proclaim how the object would be answered. Is it civil liberty that you have in view?—Look at FRANCE herself. Judge if she could have understood its value, when, after the sacrifice of one of the best of kings that ever graced her throne, and of the most illustrious statesmen and nobles which she possessed; after seas of blood shed in all the varied forms of revolution, after having carried devastation into every country around her, she now crouches under arbitrary sway, and groans beneath a military despotism, the most undisguised that ever insulted a nation; then ponder how she is to have the disposition, or the skill, to secure to another country that which she has not known how to establish for herself. Is it from the bounty of such a nation, that British subjects would hope the improvement of their fortunate condition? Is it possible that any one heart, nurtured in the blessed air of these free and happy islands, can wish to hold freedom by the precarious tenure of French good-will?—*(No! no! no! no!—Bursts of applause.)* Is it possible there can be ONE HEAD SO wretchedly organized (if it can be capable of reasoning at all),

as not to be convinced, from the palpable evidence of glaring facts, within the last few years, that all the professions of *succour*, of *alliance*, of *protection* to IRELAND, are but invitations to SUBJUGATION, OPPRESSION, and ABJECT SLAVERY? Read the proof in the history of every other nation which has submitted to the pollution of French embraces, or the curse of her insidious and destructive friendship.—*(Loud and repeated peals of approbation.)*

An original Letter to the People of England, on the threatened Invasion: by an ENGLISHMAN.

Without a sign, his sword the good man draws,
And asks no omen but his country's cause.

Aug. 15, 1803.

Fellow-Countrymen,

IT is no news to tell you that your country stands threatened with an invasion from a powerful and exasperated enemy, stimulated by the double motives of the hope of plunder and a thirst for revenge: an enemy, who considers you as opposing the only check to his system of universal conquest, and as preventing him by your *single* arm from extending his ambitious projects over the whole world.

In a contest therefore such as the present, which is for the defence of every thing that is near and dear to us, there cannot be the least *distinction* of interest—we must *all* conquer, or we must *all* fall together. It is not the cause of the rich and the great alone; it is the *common cause* of every class and description of society, who are equally called upon to stand forth in their own defence.

Consider then, I entreat you, the magnitude of the stake for which we are to contend. No visionary scheme of conquest—no idle dream of self-aggrandizement, has led us into the present contest. But we have been compelled to take up arms to defend our country, our property, and our lives, against the threatened attacks of a daring and insolent invader, who envies our boasted independence, and has promised that the plunder of us *all* shall be the reward of a licentious soldiery. Such is the situation in which we stand.

Nothing can be more ridiculous than to suppose that the great would be the only sufferers from a measure of this nature. A moment's reflection will shew the fallacy of such an idea. There is no class of men who have not something to lose. The lower orders have an equally interesting stake with the highest; for a man cannot lose more than his *all*, and whether it consists of much or little, that *all* is equally dear to him. Is not the *cottage* of the peasant as valuable to its owner, as the proudest *palace* of the prince is to its more exalted occupier? I know you have not all of you great fortunes to lose; but you live upon what you have, whether it be the fruits of your labour or the amount of your independent income. Be it which it will, and small as it may be, you live upon it: it keeps you and your family: and I will only ask whether you could live without it? Is it not then the height of folly to say, that "because my income is small, and because my neighbour possesses an ample revenue, that therefore mine is less valuable to me?" No, you will say, mine is of more value for this reason, because his is so great, that if you take much away you will still leave much behind; but if my small and only support ceases, inevitable ruin is the consequence.

But I go still further than this; for I maintain

maintain the great could not become losers without rendering the lower orders sufferers by it. You may be told that *their luxuries* would be diminished; but remember then that *your necessaries* would be lopped off. It may be a luxury to maintain a pack of hounds or keep a carriage; but it gives bread to the man who hunts the one, or who drives the other. Thus the very luxuries of the man of fortune contribute to your support. How are the working orders maintained but by the employment of the rich? How does the labourer gain his twelve shillings a week but in the service of the man of opulence? "This is no great sum," I may be told. But small as it is, it supports him and his family, and he could not live without it. Do you think he could make as good a living if the French were here? Suppose them already in possession of the country, and suppose at the same time (for the one could not take place without the other), that all the great and rich men were destroyed. How are the poorer class to subsist? They could no longer get employment in business as mechanics, artificers, and labourers, in the various trades they had been bred to; for there would be no wealthy men to employ them. And you cannot believe that the French would come to encourage trade and business, and add to that commerce which they already view with envy. There is one way indeed in which you might expect to derive a living through their assistance, and but one: they would draft your young men amongst their forces, and send them to the continent: they would seize every opportunity to arm you one against another; and when both parties had become sufficiently weakened, they would make slaves of you all! This is the change of situation you would experience; and whether it be for the better or worse I leave you to determine.

When the Romans had obtained a footing on this island, it was their constant policy to recruit their legions with the flower of the British youth, and send them to Italy; by which means those that remained were more easily kept in subjection. This is the very plan that the French would adopt: and by the same step recruit their own strength and exhaust yours.

How ridiculous the idea therefore (to say no more), that every class of people would not be equally injured by an invasion! If your situation were to become benefited, it must necessarily add to the importance of the country; and is it likely that the French would do any thing to add to that power which is already so obnoxious to them.

I know well that contrary arguments have been employed. I am aware that the emissaries of the enemy, ever on the watch to make a tool of the ignorant, and seduce the unwary from their duty, have in more than one instance attempted to poison your minds, in order to effect your easy destruction. I know the most horrid doctrines have at times been broached by those incendiaries, who have, however, I am happy to say, been generally discomfited by your superior judgment and good sense. It is impossible for you not to perceive, in the horrid outrages which have just taken place in a SISTER KINGDOM, the finger of the arch fiend endeavouring to plan your ruin. It is impossible not to be sensible from what has already happened how much you would have to thank him for, if his schemes had not been detected.

These incendiaries (if any remain amongst you), watching like the tempter at the ear of our first parent, may tell you that "if the present great men

of

of the kingdom were deprived of their estates, they would be divided amongst you." But can you for a moment suffer yourselves to be the dupes of such a shallow artifice? What constitutes power, but possession? And if their estates were actually transferred to you, you would become just as powerful as the former possessors were, and consequently as much an object of dread to your invaders. No: I will tell you what they would do with them. They would divide your estates amongst their own people, in order to keep you in good order and control. You might not like this treatment, it is true. But how could you alter it? You would find you must kiss the rod that was held over you, without daring to repine. Your cottage would be the habitation of your conqueror—your wife and daughters would be selected for the gratification of his lust—and yourself and your sons might serve him as slaves.

It is impossible, therefore, but you must perceive that the poorest and lowest individual must suffer in the event of a successful invasion. The support of labour, and the encouragement of trade, must come through the rich; and if they fall, the poor must fall likewise: for how is the labourer to live by his work, when there is no longer any body to employ him?

But example is better than a multitude of words. The French tell you "they will come as your friends." Let us see what has been their conduct in similar instances before. Look at Belgium, look at Italy: are the Belgians, or the Italians, profited by their interposition? It is true they paid taxes before; but what were those in comparison of the extortions put upon them by the French? Look again at the poor Swiss; and if you wish for a still more recent example, recollect the Turks; or behold even now the Hanoverians, and then ask yourselves how you would feel as Englishmen in their situation? And yet the French have the hardihood to style themselves the "friends of freedom, and of the human race." This is the proof of their friendship which they are so desirous of extending to you. They would encourage you to massacre one another, that they might plunder you all the more easily.

I will lay before you, from history, a proof of their readiness to assist us on any internal difference, and the views with which they offer it. French perfidy has been notorious and proverbial for ages, and their conduct has ever proved the appellation just.

During the contest which took place in this country between King JOHN and the Barons, the latter being reduced at one period to great straits, applied to the King of France for assistance; at the same time informing him that if he would send the Prince LEWIS his son with a sufficient force to liberate them from the oppression of JOHN, they would set the crown of England upon his head. In pursuance of this invitation LEWIS arrived in England with a considerable force, and, by the assistance of the Barons who had invited him, quickly became possessed not only of the metropolis, but of the greater part of England.

The English however soon perceived that they were excluded from every place of trust, and the rewards distributed amongst the foreigners, who alone engrossed the confidence and affection of the Prince. Their own lawful inheritances were conferred upon the followers of LEWIS, whom they had sent for to their assistance, as if the English had no right to the conquests they were making.

The suspicions of treachery which these circumstances could not fail to occasion, received a confirmation from a discovery that was made shortly after, and which forced the Barons to think of their own safety. The VISCOUNT DE MELUN, one of LEWIS's prime confidents, being seized with a mortal disorder in London, caused such of the Barons as were posted there for the security of the city to be sent for. When they came, he told them he could not forbear discovering to them a secret which lay heavy upon his conscience, and if longer concealed from the English would infallibly occasion their utter destruction. Then he disclosed to them that the Prince was resolved to banish all the Barons who had given him an invitation to come over. This resolution, he added, was taken in a council of sixteen French Lords (of whom he was one), and confirmed by the Prince with an oath!

This secret being known had the greater effect, as it agreed with the suspicions they had already conceived of the French. Thenceforth many began to repent of calling in the foreigners, and seriously to think of returning to the obedience of their Sovereign. No less than forty gave the King assurance of their good intention; and LEWIS's party becoming daily more and more weakened, he was compelled to quit the kingdom after experiencing some considerable defeats.

We have also another and a later instance of the kindness of the French towards us, in their behaviour to the house of STUART, who were banished this country for their endeavours to subvert the Constitution, and introduce a despotic government in the room of it. How often did they assist the Pretender in his attempts upon this country, and give him every encouragement in their power? Will this too be urged as a proof of their friendship? It certainly was a part of the same policy that would induce their interference now, namely, to foment divisions among us, and aggrandize themselves at our expence.

These instances I urge not to stimulate a national hatred, but in order to shew us that we ought to be upon our guard. I would distrust their professions, as I would take precautions against their threats. I would be suspicious of a Frenchman even with a flag of truce in his hand. I know that they regard us with jealousy, and I would not give them an opportunity to do us any harm.

As a further instance of their perfidy, I will mention to you a circumstance not generally known, but certainly true. Before our Ambassador LORD WHITWORTH had left Paris, and whilst Bonaparte was endeavouring to cajole him to stay there, that crafty tyrant was not only making active preparations for the very invasion with which we are now menaced, but had really sent dispatches to some of his foreign possessions with instructions for them how to act.

The object of France, and it may be politic for them, is to crush the power of Great Britain; for they know if they could once succeed in that point they must become masters of the world. They would deprive her of all influence as a state, annihilate her trade and commerce, and impoverish her people. This is the point they are striving at, and will strain every nerve to accomplish. They would deprive us of our so long enjoyed dominion over the sea, which as they cannot effect by a contest upon that element, they are now attempting by other means,

means. "Carthage must be destroyed," said the Roman senators, who saw their own state would be always eclipsed by so powerful a rival; "England must be destroyed," say the French, who feel the effects of her strength. But though the one prediction was fulfilled, I do not think there is much danger to be apprehended from the other. As long as we remain united and true to ourselves, we never need to fear the threats or the attacks of France.

There is no doubt they would be very glad to create, if possible, a quarrel between the people and the government of this country; nor is the reason difficult to be seen through. The government, supported as it is by the people, is too hard for them; they find we are not to be conquered when acting together, but they are in hopes, that if they once could stir up the one against the other, which ever party succeeded would necessarily become so weakened by the contest, they would easily be able to crush them both afterwards. A nation without a systematic government, would be like an army without a general; a mere body without a head, devoid of all energy, and incapable of self-defence.

As to the probability of the French being able to succeed in an attempt to invade us, there is none at all, as long as we are unanimous in our defence. Grant that they shall even be able to land an army—what then? are we conquered because they have touched the English soil? Will the courage of an Englishman be less conspicuous, or the strength of his arm less formidable, because he is fighting upon his *own* ground? Let us once more recur to example. When the French Prince LEWIS, in the reign of King JOHN, was in the island, in order to assist the Barons, as he pretended, the Metropolis, and most of the southern parts of the kingdom, besides several other places of importance, were already in his power. He had gotten what would be called a *firm footing* in the country, but he could not hold it. He was driven out again, notwithstanding all the advantages which he possessed. You see then, my countrymen, it is not so easy an affair to conquer England; France has made the attempt more than once, and has found it impracticable. Should she make another essay, I trust the result will prove the same.

If the idea of self-interests, therefore, has induced any one for a moment to entertain such a question as, "whether they would be worse off if the French were to come?" I think I have shewn that he is completely deceived upon his own principles. "What have I to do with wars?" it is very easy for the cottager to exclaim, as he is smoaking in his hut: "I shall get nothing, if we are successful to the utmost point of expectation, and here am I paying taxes to support a contest that I am not concerned in." But he would do well to recollect, that we are not struggling for what we can get, but to maintain what we already have; and, therefore, if he gets nothing additional, yet he retains what he now has, which, without a contest for it, he could not preserve; and that contest is not to be supported without taxes. It is the price which he pays for the preservation of his cottage, his family, and the means of smoaking his pipe.

Thus have I met the argument fairly, and discussed it with temper. I will now consider it in a moral point of view; and surely a crime of higher magnitude than treason it is impossible for a human being to imagine. I have likewise no hesitation to declare, that whoever

whoever holds out such a doctrine as non-resistance to an enemy in case of an invasion, upon the grounds that the people cannot be worse off than they now are, is a most false and infamous traitor.

On the score of national honour I could say much. But what would the shades of our ancestors think (who maintained the sovereignty of England on the plains of Agincourt and Cressy, and carried their victorious arms even to the gates of Paris), could they suspect their sons of an inclination tamely to bow their necks beneath a Gallic yoke? How indignant would they feel at seeing men for whose freedom they had bled, voluntarily delivering themselves up to become slaves!

Besides, treason is a very bad speculation, and always disappoints the contrivers of it. However agreeable the treason may be, yet we must always be suspicious of the traitors. The man who has betrayed his country to a foreign power may act the same treachery over again with that power. No confidence, therefore, will ever be placed in him, and he will be as detestable to those whom he has served, as he is to those whom he has betrayed.

In order that we may be the better prepared to resist an invasion when it is attempted, military associations are forming throughout the kingdom, in such a manner as to give every inhabitant of respectable character an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the use of arms, and at the same time without interfering with his daily occupation. And it is incumbent on every such man, who has no peculiar impediment, to belong to one or other of these corps. Even inactivity is a crime when the country is in danger. These associations too will have this double good effect; that they will be of real service in case of emergency, and will likewise shew the French what resistance they are to expect from us, when we are contending for our country and our homes.

Another idle notion has been circulated with a mischievous intention, that the French would be supported by some leading men here. Such a report is scarcely deserving of a serious answer. However they may differ in their idea of politics amongst one another, yet all party interest is done away upon the present occasion. There is no man in the foremost ranks of opposition, violent as he may be, and displeased with Ministers at times, but would oppose an invasion to the very utmost of his power. Are they not men of property, of family, and dignity, in the kingdom? Are they not Englishmen, and have they not an equal stake with others to defend or to lose? Whenever you hear the contrary asserted, be upon your guard; for, depend upon it, the man who could broach so infamous a doctrine to you has some bad design. What did Mr. SHERIDAN tell you himself, some time back, when he spoke the sentiments of that party? He told you that you must be vigilant, and upon your guard; he told you that you must arm in your defence, for that you might perhaps be obliged to struggle for your existence. He told you, that France thirsted after the blood, the marrow, and the bones of Great Britain, and would think no sacrifice too great to obtain her desire. He told you, therefore, that you must step forward in the defence of your country, that your services were due to her, and she might command them if they were not offered.

Perhaps

Perhaps I ought to apologize for thus occupying your time when I consider that I am addressing Englishmen, and calling upon them to protect their wives and daughters, and their very homes, from an insolent invader; and that I am exhorting them to defend their native country, and maintain that Constitution which has rendered her the pride and envy of the world.

We are likely to have a severe struggle, it is true; but, as I said before, we are not contesting now for the limits of an empire, or the semblance of authority; we are to contend for our country, our constitution, our property, and our existence; we are to defend every thing that is near and dear to us; and we are to decide whether we will continue free, or become slaves. This is no contemptible stake; and as long as we are unanimous in our defence, we need not be appalled at any danger. We must resist a cruel and overbearing enemy, who is exerting himself to crush us entirely. Such a contest cannot be maintained without great exertions; the burdens it imposes on us we feel full sore; and perhaps we may have many additional ones before it is ended; but it is no longer a question of policy, but a matter of dire necessity. *Self-defence* must be our watchword. Besides, it is not to last for ever; such is the nature of our present exertions, that they will cease when the cause that now requires them no longer exists. Our contributions, though excessive, are only for the time of danger; and our firmness in the present instance may be the means of procuring a peace that will enable us to rise superior to the calamities which now oppress us; and we may become once more flourishing and great.

But depend upon it, if we suffer France ONCE to gain an ascendancy over us, the sun of British independence is set for ever; the richest and the poorest from that instant are entirely ruined; the very character of an Englishman would be lost, and England, which is now the envy and admiration of the world, would dwindle into a degraded province, subject to every indignity that her haughty conqueror might chuse to put upon her, and become a mere cypher in the political scale!

AN ENGLISHMAN.

Loyalist.

Union and Watchfulness, BRITAIN'S TRUE AND ONLY SECURITY:

A few words to every British Subject inculcating this very important idea.

WE are fearless in War when happy in a King who reigns in the hearts of his People; and while he is beloved, honoured, and revered for his benevolence and clemency, we exclaim with M. Aurelius, "That where virtue hath acquired the love and affections of the subjects, there can be no want of men or treasure."

Self-interest, the bane of all great, and patriotic measures, must not be known, not even by name; for a King is never so rich as when he hath his People's hearts, nor they so happy as when for the Public good they cheerfully tender their persons and purses.

When menaced by an enemy, it becomes the duty of the threatened, to be on their guard and to strengthen themselves by every act of union against the common oppressor; especially HIM whose characteristic is never to want pretences

pretences of offence when they serve the purpose of insuring plunder; especially HIM who *cannot* err, but yet is never true to his promises, and is never destitute of insidious arts to inveigle the unsuspecting; especially HIM, who is like the wily fox and ravening wolf, that subject all to their devouring fangs they can either beguile or surprise. Therefore I say, by union and by councel strengthen each other; for Union is the strongest Fortification, and Councel surpasses Numbers. Being thus marshalled, and equipped with confidence and resolution, which are the best armour, we shall march on to success and prosperity.

Gallia's Arch Usurper is a declared tyrant over consciences, and is therefore a Usurper of GOD's prerogative; consequently his career will be but short.

This Usurper, like the father of usurpers, Satan, perseveres in fomenting discords, and makes the entire conclave resound with projected invasions, massacres, and violations; and in perspective feasts himself with the enormities to be inflicted upon those that his sanguinary mind has destined for his prey.

The would-be *Grande Nation*, like a herd of voracious wolves, have seized on their enfeebled neighbours' flocks; and while their hands are still dyed with unhallowed blood, hug themselves with the impious notion, that wicked enterprises change their nature with their names, and hence are basely led to think that every proceeding is virtuous when attended with success.

How lost to reason and every thing great or good, and how forsaken by Providence, thus to be permitted to debase themselves lower than the irrational animals; for the generous lion disdains to make the mouse his prey; neither will the eagle catch flies.

It cannot be doubted, that a King is entitled to arm all for his own and his People's rights. The laws of GOD, of Man, and of Reason, which are encouragers of self-preservation, sanction him, even to the using of extremities.

Now is the momentous time, while threatened by an unprincipled marauder, for the defence of our King, our Country, our Altars, our Homes, our Families, our Property, and all that is near and dear to us. To suffer or to die in such a cause, is our first duty, and our highest honor.

We should be fortified against disappointments; for the most virtuous cause is not always crowned with immediate success; but patiently persevere and endeavour to deserve success, and ultimately your wishes will be realized, and your enemy discomfited.

As the long brooding storm cannot be dispelled, my Countrymen stand prepared. Rally round the standard of Honour with alacrity. To be early in the field completely equipped, with minds cordially engaged in the cause, is a prominent advantage, for under such circumstances he that gives the first blow is more likely to renew his stroke, than he who is brought into the field by surprise and in disorder. Thus let us, brave Britons, meet the danger, or it will ferret us out, and be a mock to our reputation for courage and *power*: while the enemy may be emboldened to consider, that a War tho' founded in injustice, if directed against a lethargic power cannot endanger his own success. But inspired by the glorious deeds of our brave ancestors, by our manly vigour, and by our hereditary spirit, let us rise up as one man to resist and conquer HIM, who vauntingly boasts, and ignorantly prides himself in his might, situation, numbers, riches, and above all in his past successes,

cesses. Many heretofore who thought they stood have fallen. Neither success nor victory always serve the same master.

Brave and generous hearted Britons! promptly decide to die gloriously rather than tamely and ignominiously to *crouch* to the *grand Enslaver*, to be enfettered by his *galling* chains;—sacrifice every comfort, undergo any, or every privation, rather than subject yourselves to the fraternal hug of those infernal miscreants, who can set no bounds to their ambition, nor impose any restraint upon their love of violence, plunder and desolation. Remember all lies at stake, LIFE, LIBERTY, and SAFETY, and remember these blessings of Providence, are threatened by those that have long since discarded HONOUR, disbanded MERCY, and who look upon JUSTICE, and the observance of Good Faith, as Plebeian virtues, deserving no place in *the glorious new order of things*.

Self defence is a dictate of nature, as is manifested among irrational creatures, so is it also in man; even the laws of nations will, that force be repelled by force. The hedge hog is ever armed against assailants; and there are but few animals that bear not their offensive weapon about them. The ox his horn; the boar his tusk, and the lion his paw. —Let the vindictive enemies of England, beware of the Lion's paw.

Lose no time was Cæsar's motto. Delays are dangerous. It is the security of a State always to be watchful; and in a moment like the present, it is the greatest wisdom in ALL to be in readiness, and to have our magazines well stored with warlike implements, that in the hour of trial *none may be to seek, nor any thing be wanted.*

A THOUGHT ON BONAPARTE.

IT is said, with great truth, that flattery never loves the man, but courts his fortune, it is at once false and selfish, and is only produced by fear or favour; and having itself only in view, it observes no rule of equity or merit, but praises or calumniates according as men are raised or depressed. It is besides, so insidious, that it will sometimes win its way against every precaution. The emperor Galba, who was thought to be proof against flatterers (adversus blandentes incorruptos) was fatally driven by them; and MAZERAY, the French historian, tells us, that so long as Henry III. of France, built magnificent monasteries, and practised the mummeries of devotion, the monks revered him as a saint; but no sooner was the religion of seditious league formed against him, than those very people called him a tyrant, an hypocrite, and a murderer. Having represented him as possessing divine virtues, they afterwards described him as being instigated by diabolic views, and at length butchered him as an heretic.

BONAPARTE must know enough of what *has* passed in the world, to be fully aware of the possibility of such events; and he must see enough of what *is* passing in it, to weigh the probability of their being repeated.

He cannot be ignorant that the people of France, if they are not surrounded with so many armed instruments of despotism, would exclaim, as the people of Rome did, at the portentous elevation of their consul VERTIDIUS BASSUS:

Concurrite omnes Augures, aruspices!
Portentum, inusitatum, conflatum est recens,
Non mulos qui fricabat, Consul factus est.

The words will hardly bear a translation, and the generality of our readers will

will not need it. We may, however, venture to predict, that this upstart charioteer drives too fast for his own safety. He has been already thrown out of his seat, tho' fortune cast him upon soft ground; but the coast of Albion is rugged, and the cannon of its ships are loaded with balls of a very rude material; so let him be aware how he sets his foot upon the one, or puts himself in the way of the other. He has met Sir SIDNEY SMITH before, and he may chance to meet him again. That brave officer is now afloat, and on his own element. He has also heard of NELSON, and has seen a sample of his performance. That hero lives, and is gone forth again,—

Shorn of his limb, but in his heart entire.

The Corsican well knows, that he is not that idol of popularity which he has been painted by hireling idolaters, and subjugated vassals; and the French must know, if they are capable of reflection, that they heretofore have had, nay, that at the present moment, they possess, better men than him. Is it possible that his own soldiers will not occasionally wonder at the kind of hospital he has provided for those who are disabled, and that it is as unlike the hotel *Dieu*, as he himself is to the magnificent Monarch who founded that splendid asylum for the aged and wounded soldier, and, after all, is it not more than probable, that those who made him what he is, by a kind of galvanic process, are sick of the experiment, now that they find him capering and prancing about to the annoyance of every body round him.

TIBERIUS thought himself safe in Capræ, for never tyrant was so guarded. Even the precautions of St. Cloud do not exceed the vigilance of the Roman Despot. But was Tiberius happy? Read his letter to the Senate. His sleep was not sweet, nor was his heart at rest: nor can Bonaparte have a quiet hour.

Necesse est multos timeat, quem multi timent.

Times, Aug. 27, 1803.

MR. JUSTICE HARDINGE'S CHARGE, AT CARDIFF,

AUGUST 22, 1803.

Printed and published at the request of those to whom it was addressed; a request which they delivered in open Court, August 23d.

" GENTLEMEN OF THE GRAND JURY,

" WHEN I contemplate the general fertility of your soil, and the unexampled return of its present harvest, I cannot forbear to exclaim, in the words of the Roman Poet, (stripping them of their poetical habit, and retaining the sentiment unimpaired)

" Shall an impious army take possession of land so cultivated!
" Shall a barbarian be the reaper of this corn?
" See, for whom we have sown our fields!

Here the Poet has left us—but we can fill up the canvas, and we can give the answer to his questions.

" For whom!" are we asked? History will tell us—and put her seal upon it. For those, who will tear from your peasants, under the mask of tribute, or subsidy, the indefinite claims of unbounded avarice; will rifle their cottages—and, when plunder has been satiated, will set them on fire, commit outrages upon their daughters, and their matrons, too shocking to be named—set their foot upon age—and pollute, with savage insult, all the decencies of life.

" I give you this picture, to anticipate your abhorrence of the features; and your determination, that with enemies

mies like these, you will hear of no compromise, till every musket, sword, and pike, shall be wrested from those gallant volunteers (the hardy and spirited birth-right of your soil) whom you are in the act of arming for the defence of all that is dear and sacred in human life.

" Turning from your lands to your manufactures, and your commerce, I feel no less indignation at the humiliating image of mercantile instruction to a victorious tyrant, by the surrender of your implements, and prostitution of the artificers.

" When I explore, and with grateful respect, the diversities of religious opinion, which have separated, but without enmity, our Protestant Faith, in this part of the world, into Churchmen, Dissenters, and other Sectaries, competitors in zeal for their God and their King, and I shudder at the exchange of that noble independence upon so critical a subject, for *His* religion, who was an Atheist at Paris; at Rome, a Papist; in Egypt, a Mahometan; a Military Pope at Paris again; a Jew in that Synagogue, whose imprecations against this island, he has gratefully accepted; and a kind of Demi-god at the city gates upon the coast, which have told him, " that after he was created, Providence became superfluous!"

" When I look at the old families of this country, I am too proud, for even, to endure the idea, that *birth*, like theirs, can be ever bound in chains, to a foreign despotism, or can ever grace the wheel of its triumph here.

" When I look at new men, whom I revere no less, and whose talents, or labours, have invested them with claims upon the soil, as well as the market; I call upon *them* to sustain their double interest, with undivided energy and spirit,

" You have an extent of coast which exposes you in a peculiar degree, to the invader's attempt; but I am confident that he will not find one inch of that coast *unfortified*. I am not pointing at those barriers of military art upon which intelligent officers may have differed; but my allusion is to the forts and the redoubts of British valour, erected in the shape of that valour alone, by men who determine to be *the last of the conquered*, and who are sworn by a tacit oath to refuse a gift so despicable as that of life, at the expence of liberty and of honour.

" I have been much gratified in reading your address to the King. It was prepared (as I am told) by a gentleman, who does this Court the honour to be one of its officers—your present High Sheriff. It is, in my conception of it, most eloquent, animated, and constitutional. It reflects the highest honour upon the pen, by which it was framed, and upon the sense of the county by which it was adopted into their signature.

" I approve and commend your determination to raise the military complement of your volunteers, required by the law, to exempt you from its compulsory measures.

" As to a subscription for the general purposes of countenance and supply to this national object, and for special exigencies that may bear upon it (whether contemplated or unforeseen), you are the best judges of all such arrangements, and it would be impertinent in me to offer advice. But with every due submission to your better means of knowledge, I cannot help suggesting, whether it may not be deemed eligible, that a general fund should be put into honourable hands, for the support of the cause; and that a more special one should be appropriated

ated for the purpose of relief to the widows and children of those, born in this county, who die in the field; of relief to the wounded and their families, or of encouragement and recompence to extraordinary merits and services—an expedient adopted in Westmoreland, by the sagacious and spirited mind of your diocesan, the Bishop of Llandaff—my view of it is, that of considering it as an additional spur to the volunteers.

"We are all speculators and politicians at a moment like this, on the subject of that coast which the invader is most likely to select. It appears to me the safest conjecture, that his first impression will be upon the sister island.

"But *there* he will find an impregnable fortress in the memory of that recent outrage, which robbed an able and virtuous Magistrate of his life.

"The ways of Providence in this world are too mysterious to be fathomed by the humam intellect, but we know *they are*, because they must be, wise and good. History will tell us, that visitations upon the innocent and meritorious, are often approved, in their effect, blessings of incalculable utility. The sword that was dipped in *Lucretia's* blood, gave Rome its liberty. The massacre of the *Hugonots* at Paris, gave new energy to our Protestant faith in all parts of the world.

"The judicial murder of Sidney and "Jeffries' Campaign," gave us the Revolution. The infernal outrage of that night in Dublin will be an army of champions against the foe, who was base enough to co-operate in the assassins' work.

"Where, Gentlemen, is my calendar! —It is not in my hand; it is a perfect blank.—There is not one prisoner for trial. It is another and signal proof, in which your merit is a most brilliant proof of the evidence, that our Constitution, which is the envy of the world, has the *charm*, (for I can give it no other name) of reconciling political independence with legal morality, and the discipline of exemplary obedience to legitimate government, with high spirit, no less exemplary, when the national voice of honour calls it forth."

ENGLISHMEN!

BE READY!

"A cruel and unprincipled Upstart, whom Providence permits to rage with savage tyranny over the people of France, declares in the face of the World, that the rights liberties of Englishmen shall speedily be no more!!!

"They may reap," he has insolently said to his desperate and abandoned followers, "but we shall enjoy their harvest.—They may talk of their safety from the Sea that surrounds them—we shall watch our occasion, give the slip to their Fleets, and pour into their Country. Their troops can never guard the whole line of their shores; and the people, incumbered with arms *which they know not how to use*, will fly before us in every direction. The spoil must be immense—their wives and daughters will fall within our power—and EVERY FRENCH SOLDIER MAY HAVE AN ENGLISHMAN FOR HIS SLAVE!"

"And shall this be so?—No—never. —Let the *Ruffians* come,—aroused by the warning voice of our good and virtuous SOVEREIGN, they shall find us—EVERY MAN OF US, prepared —prepared to make them feel the force of *British vengeance*—to hurl destruction on their heads; and shew the World what Englishmen, whose deeds in distant parts have covered them with renown—what Englishmen can do on their own NATIVE LAND.

IN REHEARSAL.

Theatre Royal of the United Kingdoms.

Some dark, foggy, Night, about November next, will be ATTEMPTED, by a Strolling Company of French Vagrants, an old Pantomimic Farce, called

HARLEQUIN'S INVASION,

OR, THE

DISAPPOINTED BANDITTI.

With New Machinery, Music, Dresses and Decorations.

Harlequin Butcher, by Mr. BONAPARTE, from CORSICA,

(Who performed that Character in *Egypt, Italy, Switzerland, Holland,* &c.)

THE OTHER PARTS BY

Messrs. Sieyes, Le Brun, Talleyrand, Marat, Angereau, Massena, and THE REST OF THE GANG.

In the Course of the Piece will be introduced, a Distant View of

Harlequin's Flat-Bottomed Boats

WARMLY ENGAGED BY THE

WOODEN WALLS OF OLD ENGLAND.

To which will be added *(by command of his Majesty,* and at the particular request of all good Citizens) the favorite Comic-Tragic-Uproar of

THE REPULSE;

Or, Britons Triumphant.

The Parts of John Bull, Paddy Whack, Sawney Mac Snaish, and Shone-ap-Morgan, by Messsrs. NELSON, MOIRA, St. VINCENT, GARDNER, HUTCHINSON, WARREN, PELLEW, S. SMITH, &c.

The Chorus of "*Hearts of Oak,*" by the JOLLY TARS and ARMY of OLD ENGLAND.

Assisted by a Numerous Company of Provincial Performers,

Who have VOLUNTEERED their Services on this Occasion.

The Overture to consist of '*Britons Strike Home*'—'*Stand to your Guns,*'—'*Rule Britannia,*' and

GOD SAVE THE KING.

The Dresses will be Splendid; the Band Numerous and Compleat.

The whole to conclude with a GRAND ILLUMINATION, and a TRANSPARENCY displaying

BRITANNIA receiving the Homage of GALLIC PRISONERS.

*** No Room for Lobby Loungers. VIVANT REX ET REGINA.

EXHORTATION
OF A
BEDFORDSHIRE CLERGYMAN TO HIS PARISHIONERS.

"FRIENDS and NEIGHBOURS,

"AS superintendant of this Parish, I have just read to you the Letter of the Lord Lieutenant of Division.—You will observe that he has requested me to explain to you the state of the Country and the motives which she urges upon you for your hearty concurrence in her plans of Defence.

"That the state of the Country is a state of danger there can be no doubt. You are threatened by an insolent and ambitious enemy with Invasion.—He has in a state of preparation 200,000 men within sight of your Coasts, and innumerable Vessels finished, or nearly so, to transport them to your Shores. He offers to his followers the plunder of our Country, and the prostration of all that can distinguish us as an independent nation.—The man who commands this force, has seen the blood of his lawful Sovereign shed upon a scaffold—His Queen and Sister murdered, the Heir to the throne, a defenceless youth, poisoned.—This man has contrived by a ferocious courage to raise himself amidst the convulsion and ruin of the State, to Sovereign Power.—Having waded through blood in Germany and Italy, having sacrificed at the bridge of Lodi 6,000 of his own troops, he gave precise orders to bury the dead and the wounded in the same grave that he might have no useless Soldiers.—This man having triumphed on the Continent of Europe, by the terror which his name inspired, by the ferociousness of his troops, by their Plunder, Rapes and Massacres, passed to Egypt, there he avowed himself a Turk and commenced a new career with his infamous Banditti, the abettors of his ambition, of his rapine and cruelty.

"Observe his entrance into Alexandria, a city which could offer him no serious resistance to justify deliberate Murder. You shall hear the account given of this affair by one of his Officers.* "The Turks repulsed on every side betake themselves to God and their Prophet, and fill their Mosques.—Men, Women, old and young—Children at the breast, all are massacred.—At the end of four hours the fury of our Troops ceases." Let us dwell on this horrible picture a moment—40,000 Men four hours engaged in the work of indiscriminate butchery!—Do you see the husband shot whilst kneeling before the altar of his God?—This is the work of *Bonaparte*.—Do you see the wife stabbed whilst she endeavours to shield that husband with her body? This is the work of *Bonaparte*. Do you view the infant at her breast wreathing on the point of a French bayonet? That too is the work of *Bonaparte*. I see neighbours you are in an agony—the tears burst from your eyes.—I only *relate* these things to you, *Bonaparte* has *done* them.—Whom did Providence appoint to stop the career of this Monster? You wish then to see Egypt revenged, our brave countrymen have done it; *Sir Sidney Smith* beat this mighty Hero from the Walls of Acre—Beat him with an handfull of Englishmen, and filled the Trenches with the dead bodies of his ruffian followers.—*Bonaparte the redoubtable*, turned his back on the conflict with rage and disappointment, and like the fierce *Bajazet* wreaked his vengeance where there was no resistance.

* Bowyer—See intercepted Correspondence.

sistance—He robbed the poor Inhabitants in his retreat—He fired their Villages—He cut their throats. His Prisoners who surrendered upon promise of quarter to the number of 4,000, he in cold blood ordered to be shot. Four hundred of his own sick Troops, the sharers of his dangers, and the dupes of his ambition, he deliberately ordered to be poisoned. Defeated in his enterprize in Egypt, the Fleet of the Republic destroyed by the irresistible bravery of our gallant Seamen, led to the conflict by the undaunted *Nelson*.—Hopeless of becoming a second Alexander, and like him of subjecting the world, he shrunk from the contest, and leaving his deluded Army to their fate, he skulked back to France. Alexandria falls before the arms of the brave *Abercrombie*, and the people of Egypt are avenged by Englishmen.—This Usurper of the Sovereign Power in France, unable to bear like a man the mortification of his more distant and disgraceful defeats, suffers his rage to overcome his cunning, and to tear the veil of hypocrisy from the angry soul of the Corsican.—He insults the Ambassador of the King of England, and surrounded by the host of Freebooters who have desolated and impoverished Europe, *Bonaparte* has the insolence to menace a country, an handful of whose Soldiers have covered him and his Egyptian Adventures with infamy and disgrace.—The *Wolf* now dares to howl at the LION's den.—Friends and neighbours, but for this disturber of mankind, you might still have rested in your peaceful village, your attention would not have been called to the sound of the trumpet, to the roaring of cannon, and the shouts of contending armies.—But now we must lead your thoughts to war—we must carry your imaginations to our own shores, where thousands of our countrymen are bristling our coasts with their bayonets, presenting a rampart of genuine valour—Estranged to rapine, and cold-hearted murder, opposing the honest hearts of Britons to the pallid ravishers of defenceless women, the murderer of helpless infants.—If the God of Battle should permit such Enemies to pollute our Shores, we are ready to punish their temerity, by teaching them the difference between the high beating pulse of Freedom, and the tremulous and inflamed movement of Gallic blood.

"You see then the nature of the claims which your Country has upon you, she calls for your voluntary aid, she expects the firm and ardent advance of her youngest Sons first—To be the defenders of the best of Kings from a host of Regicides, to defend their aged Parents, their Wives, their Sisters from the violence and foul embraces of French men. If I could imagine that any who hear me this day could be such dastards as to refuse voluntarily to protect and defend all that can be dear to Man, his Religion, his Laws, and his Liberties, and every endearment that constitutes the happiness of human life—I would then call an assembly of Women—I would urge them to cover you with ignominy by their reproaches, and then to arm themselves in defence of their Infants and their honour—they should chase you from the cottages which you refuse to protect, and banish you for ever from a Country which you disgraced by your cowardice. But I have another opinion of you—I see the fire of patriotism glow upon your cheeks—I see you are ready—you will fill again and again the ranks of our brave defenders if the

enemy

enemy should make any impression on them. You will obey the call of your Sovereign and your Country—Yes, my Friends, we shall render ourselves worthy of our Ancestors, and of the esteem of future ages. I will take your resolutions immediately—Your names are all enrolled, but the question I shall put is, *Will you Volunteer?*"

The People quitted the Church, the Minister followed---He stood upon a Tomb-stone in the midst of them, and said aloud, "You that Volunteer to defend your KING and COUNTRY. hold up your hands"---(all did so to a man) "Let us say then, God save the King with three chears"—GOD SAVE THE KING was on all sides heard, and three cheers closed the voluntary offers of the VILLAGERS of *Risely*—*TO BEAT THE FRENCH.*

Mr. ERSKINE's ADDRESS TO THE LAWYERS CORPS.

A meeting of the Lawyers Corps was held on Saturday August the 27th, in that noble and venerable apartment, the Middle Temple Hall; when Mr. ERSKINE, *who had the day before been elected the Colonel of the Law Association, addressed the Corps nearly to the following effect—*

"GENTLEMEN,—

"WHEN I recollect the occasion which requires me to present myself to your notice, when I look round also and perceive the enlightened and numerous audience before whom I appear, I do declare to you, that whatever habit I may have acquired of making public addresses, must give way to those sensations, which I feel in making an address to you. You have called me to a post of great confidence in a most arduous and critical season; to be your commander at such a time, and in such a crisis of affairs, would be honour enough—but there is something more than honour, something more congenial to my mind, something which more nearly touches my sensibility in its accompaniment. I have been told, my appointment was absolutely unanimous. That one circumstance is the spring of all my feelings—your unanimous suffrages, you know I could not have, unless I had with them your unanimous attachment. That thought it is which pervades me to the depth of my heart. Gentlemen, I am apprehensive (and I have no other fear) that you will expect too great things from me; you may, perhaps, suppose that I shall bring into the field the accomplishments and talents of an experienced officer, because I have been formerly in actual service. True it is, that I once had the honour to serve the King in both the military professions. There was a time when some military attainments I trust were mine; but time has effaced a great deal of what I had learnt. Give me leave, however, to say, that if I find I have forgot every thing I formerly knew, I shall think it no trouble, on your account, to go back again to my rudiments, and learn over again what was heretofore familiar to me in practice.—Gentlemen, the most extensive measures have been taken, and no doubt, necessarily, by our Government, to call out the strength of the country. There have been several opinions as to the most efficient mode of arming. I profess myself a great friend to the Volunteer system. I think it, upon the whole, more energetic than the *Levy en Masse.* I beg pardon for using this expression, for I hate even a word bor-

borrowed from that country with which we are at war. *(Loud applauses)*—It is not numbers alone, that I look for in defence; it is the spirit which animates, more than the numbers which compose, our military corps, that forms the bulwark of defence. I know the spirit with which we are animated: It is enough for us to recollect in what country we are living—that our free Constitution, which has stood the shock of ages; that the whole of our establishment and institutions, and among them, that invaluable treasury of legal maxims which secures the freedom of the land for us and is transmittal to our posterity; that every thing which is to you and me sacred, is to be ravaged by the destroying hand of an invading usurper—to think of such things for an instant is enough to fill your bosoms to the full; such sentiments as these ideas must generate; such sentiments as must light up the mind of every man, and invigorate every nerve in his frame, when he knows, that the political existence of the country is at stake, are the mass which I wish to see opposed to the invader—a mass, which it will be madness for any invader to attempt to penetrate.—Gentlemen, I will hazard most confidently my opinion, that I do not think this Invader will venture to land upon our coast—But what if he does? I will suppose him landed—what of that? I say we are impregnable. What is landing unless he can shake the spirit of the country? If the mind of the country is impregnable, it is ruin for that man who offers it violence. But if we are to look to such an event, let us also look to the sort of force we shall have to rest upon. Here again I advert to the Volunteers; there will be no mistrust among them; no "confusion worse confounded." The Officer will know his men and the men their Commander; there will be no treachery, when there is a mutual confidence.

"Gentlemen, I shall trouble you only with a few words more: though I am myself within a week or two of arriving at that age, when the Legislature would suppose me beyond the period of military duty, instead of filling the situation of a Commander; though I know also that my strength is not what it has been; still I must say, that any man to whom nature has left any strength, would be a traitor to his country, did he not come forward in such times as these. Placed as I am, at your head, by your unanimous suffrages, whatever I have left of energy, either of mind or bodily strength, is yours. Whatever exertions I am master of will with the most sincere zeal, be devoted to your service. Called to be your head, I will act as such as long as I can fulfil the duties of my command with efficiency, with honour to myself, and satisfaction to you. And I do most faithfully promise you, that the moment I shall find myself to be deficient in those respects I will no longer continue in the post which your partiality has conferred upon me."

EPIGRAM.

JOHN BULL *to his Countrymen.*

THOUGH the world *bow the neck* to the CORSICAN CHIEF,
We BRITONS will ever resist *hand and heart*;
And die, e'er we'll barter our *English Roast Beef*
For Soup Maigre, and Frogs, or a d-mn'd *Bony-part.*

E. W. B.

DURING BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

In a commodious Booth, erected for the occasion,
A Company of real *French* and *Italian* Performers, will exhibit
for Public Amusement,

HARLEQUIN RENEGADO;

OR,

PANDEMONIUM IN AN UPROAR.

In which will be represented in a Picturesque, and Pantomimic manner, THE TRICKS OF SCAPIN, in *France, Italy, Germany,* and *Egypt,* accompanied by various Tragi-comic Amusements never before exhibited.

The wonderful celebrity which SIGNIOR NAPOLEONE and his Company have gained throughout the Globe, by their unparalleled performances for the entertainment of the curious; gives him a hope that he may be permitted to show some of his slight-of-hand tricks in LONDON: (and though the LORD MAYOR was very circumspect how he granted *full licence,* and particularly ordered the *peace to be kept,* which Signior Napoleone considers as a great derogation of his known abilities;) yet, willing to oblige all that lies in his power, he will inform those who favour him with their company, of certain manœuvres in Pantomime which have never been exhibited in this Country.

The FIRST range of scenery will exhibit an *interesting view of Rome,* in which will be represented a DINNER WITH THE POPE; or *Who pays the Piper,* by Mons. BERTHIER.

SCENE II. *The Shores of Alexandria.* AN ARAB HUNT; showing in *the true comic stile,* how to make *three thousand Arabs* bite the dust. In this masterly performance, Signior Napoleone will perform a principal Character.

SCENE III. *An interesting spectacle of the Military Hospital at Jaffa.* A PHILOSOPHICAL DISSERTATION on the most effectual method of destroying sickness, by means of *soporific pills,* with a representation of their wonder-working effects; which will convey a laughable idea of grimace in the various countenances of the patients. A certain Englishman, calling himself *Wilson,* has attempted to describe this in a hand-bill, for his own benefit; but Signior Napoleone hereby publicly avows that his account, however he may puff it off for veracity, cannot come up to the Signior's REAL performances, whether at *Jaffa* or elsewhere.

SCENE IV. *The banks of Lodi.* In this part of the performance will be seen how to pass a bridge in the true heroic stile; and how to SACRIFICE, in the *most pleasing and entertaining manner,* 6000 men, to gain your object. N. B. Never pass a river at a *Ford,* for though you save blood, you make no *Eclat.*

SCENE V. *The Swiss Cantons.* A lively representation of the FRATERNAL HUG, to conclude with the address of the Ghost of William Tell to his country. This will be introduced with an original Song to the tune of "*Liberty to the Globe,*" by M. Talleyrand; and an entertaining view of the MASSACRE OF THE PEASANTRY of *Schwitz, Uri,* and *Unterwalden,* for arming in the *Defence* of LIBERTY.

SCENE VI. *Amsterdam.* TREE OF LIBERTY HOISTED BEFORE THE STADT-HOUSE; which in a familiar manner, will transform itself into a number of Guillotine tricks, producing a very laughable effect. 1st. in squeezing the *hard dollars* of the Mynheers into *French Assignats*; and 2dly in lopping off a number of *useless excrescences.* These tricks to be exhibited every day.

SCENE VII. *The Thuilleries.* SHADOWS, representing in a lively manner, *The bloody hand pointing to the Temple: The demolition of Henry* IV's. *statue:* And a number of other views too numerous to mention in a hand-bill.

The whole to conclude with a Farce, called

HARLEQUIN EVERY-WHERE.

In which Signior NAPOLEONE will exhibit a singular piece of Activity, comprised in a HOP, STEP, and JUMP, from *Italy* to *Egypt*, from *Egypt* to *Paris*, and from *Paris* to the *Coast of England*; including a Divertisement of Scenery and Song, in alternate succession, representing

THE SIEGE OF ACRE.

With, "*Now the Battle's fought and won,*" by Mr. S. Smith.

THE COUNCIL OF ANCIENTS,

With, "*Down, Tyrant, Down,*" by M. Arena.

AND

THE CLIFFS OF DOVER,

With, "*Britons Strike Home,*" by Messrs. Keith, Cornwallis, S. Smith, Frederick York, Moira, Hutchinson, and a full Chorus of British Tars, Soldiers, and Volunteers; accompanied by Drums, Trumpets, Bassoons, Clarionets, and continued DISCHARGES of MUSKETRY and CANNON.

The Finale will represent

THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA REVIVED,

OR,

THE DESTRUCTION OF AN INVADING FLEET.

The Scenery and Machinery similar to that employed in the defeat of the Spanish Floating Batteries, before Gibraltar; With the Glee of "*Sulphur, Smoke,* and *Fire,*" from the Old Song of Admiral Russel.

To prevent confusion, the LORD MAYOR will place *Volunteers* and *Peace Officers* to keep the doors, so that the Public can entertain no *suspicion* of having their *Property* INVADED or their *pockets picked.* Signiors NAPOLEONE, TALLEYRAND, BERTHEIR, &c. inform their customers that all the profits of the performances are for *their own sole benefit*; as was clearly evinced when they settled the accounts of the Theatre with Don Sancho Pancha, Signior Etruria, M. Von Pruss, and others.

Admittance, Front Places ONE GUINEA: Back Seats, One Shilling. BANK PAPER will not not be accepted.—N. B. No change after the Curtain is drawn.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE CASTLE BUILDER;

OR,

THE FRENCH AT THEIR JOURNEY'S END.

Written by Mr. C. DIBDIN, *Jun.*

And sung in the Burletta Spectacle of Barbara Allen, at Sadlers Wells.

WE'RE told that the French to invade us intend,
And no wonder if BONAPARTE's madness thus end,
For that man is most likely, it must be allow'd,
In the *air* to *build castles* who lives at St. *Cloud.*
Tol de rol.

They'll come, we are told, or fame makes a faux pas,
In balloons to be fill'd with the *smoke* of burnt straw,
And its quite *a-pro-pos* that a plan, without joke,
Which is founded in *vapour* should finish in *smoke.*
Tol de rol.

Then some say they'll come here in flat-bottom'd boats,
To reap a good harvest, and sow their wild oats;
But the harvest they fancy to reap will be *smash'd,*
And their *oats* and *themselves* get confoundedly *thrash'd.*
Tol de rol.

But how to get here the French need'nt take pains,
To project *this* or *that* way, or puzzle their brains;
Let them once put to sea, and they'll soon find escorts,
For *our sailors will pilot them into our ports.*
Tol de rol.

As a proof that they'll come, the French ev'ry day toast
"*That Frenchman who first sets his foot on our coast,*"
But he'll not keep his *footing,* I'll wager a crown,
So let us toast "*The Briton that first knocks him down.*"
Tol de rol.

SELECTED POETRY.

STANZAS TO THE BRITISH OAK.

WHEN vegetation from the new-form'd earth
Call'd forth her first green progeny to thee,
She gave distinguish'd eminence of birth—
She mark'd thee for the forest's Kingly tree.

She

She gave thee vigor, weakness to protect,
She gave thee beauty, valour to engage;
She gave thee dignity to gain respect,
And courage to control Confusion's rage.

Hence thou abhor'st the climes where Tyrants reign,
And cringing slaves ignoble homage pay;
Hence at the sight of loath'd Oppression's chain,
Thy verdure sickens, and thy nerves decay.

But, in the land where Liberty and Law
Their wholesome influence happily unite,
Where Justice keeps Enormity in awe,
And weighs with equal scale the wrong and right:—

There thou delight'st to fix thy stable seat;
Luxuriant *there* thy native honours spread,
The Muses consecrate the lov'd retreat
And Taste and Genius round it lustre shed.

Then rear thy green head to the summer gale,
And all thy tow'ring branches proudly wave
For, till the pow'rs of vegetation fail,
No *Tyrant* FREEDOM'S FAV'RITE shall enslave.

Morning Post, HAFIZ.

PATRIOTIC EPILOGUE

To the Maid of Bristol,

BY GEORGE COLMAN, JUN. ESQ.

IN times like these, the Sailor of our Play,
Much more than common sailors has to say;
For Frenchmen, now, the British Tars provoke,
And doubly tough is every Heart of Oak;
Ready to die or conquer, at command,
While all are Soldiers who are left on land.
Each English soul's on fire to strike the blow
That curbs the French, and lays a Tyrant low.—
Sweet wolf! how lamb-like! how, in his designs,
"The maiden modesty of Grimbald" shines:
Strifes he concludes 'twixt nations who agree:
Freedom bestows on states already free;
Forcing redress on each contented town,
The loving Ruffian burns whole districts down;
Clasps the whole world, like Death, in his embrace,
Stalks Guardian Butcher of the human race;
And, aping the fraternity of Cain,
Man is his brother only to be slain.

And

And must Religion's mantle be profan'd,
To cloak the crimes with which an Atheist's stain'd?
Yes;—the Mock Saint, in holy motley dress'd,
Devotion's *Public Ledger* stands confess'd;—
Of ev'ry, and no faith, beneath the sun—
"Open to all, and influenc'd by none;"
Ready he waits, to be, or not to be,
Rank Unbeliever, or staunch Devotee.

Now *Christians'* death in *Christian* zeal he works,
Now worships *Mahomet* to murder *Turks*;
Now tears the *Creed*, and gives *Free-thinking* scope,
Now dubb'd "*Thrice Catholic*," he strips *a Pope!*

A *mongrel* Mussulman, of *Papal* growth,
Mufti and *Monk*, now *neither*, or now *both*;
At *Mosque*, at *Church*, by turns, as craft thinks good,
Each day, in each,—*and every day in blood!*

GOD; must this Mushroom *Despot of the hour*,
The spacious world encircle with his power?
Stretching his baneful feet from pole to pole,
Stride Corsican Colossus of the whole.
Forbid it, HEAVEN!—and forbid it Man!
Can Men forbid it?—Yes; the *English* can.
'Tis their's, at length, to fight the world's great cause,
Defend their own, and rescue other's laws.

What BRITONS would not, were their hairs all lives,
Fight for their Charter, for their Babes and Wives;
And hurl a Tyrant from his upstart Throne,
To guard their King securely on his own?

BANNOCK BURN.

Robert Bruce's Address to his Army.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory.

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's pow'r—
Edward! chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! Coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
FREE-MAN, or FREE-MAN fa',
CALEDONIAN! on wi mee!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be—shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in ev'ry foe;
LIBERTY's in every blow!
Forward! let us DO, or DIE!

SONG,
BY CAPTAIN MORRIS.

WHILE deeds of Hell deface the world,
And Gallia's Throne in ruin lies,
While round the world Revolt is hurl'd,
And Discord's baneful banner flies,
Loud shall the loyal Briton sing
To arms; to Arms! your bucklers bring,
To shield our Country, guard our King,
And GEORGE and ENGLAND save.

Ne'er shall the desolating woe,
That shades with horror Europe o'er,
To us his hideous image show,
Or steep in blood this happy shore:
Firm as our rock-bound Isle we'll stand,
With watchful eye and iron hand,
To wield the might of Britain's land,
And GEORGE and England save.

While wide the threat'ning frenzy burns,
And prostrate nations mourn its rage,
Sternly his eye the Briton turns
To EDWARD's and to HENRY's page:
As o'er their conquering urn he sighs,
Touch'd by their fame's proud fire, he cries,
"Thus o'er our foes we'll ever rise,
And GEORGE and England save."

Oft fancy views them on the deep,
And turning, as their squadrons roll,
Where great ELIZA's ashes sleep,
With triumph fills the Briton's soul.
As DRAKE and RALEIGH catch the glance:
"Advance! he cries, rash fools, advance!
The grave of Spain shall ope for France,
And GEORGE and England save."

What prompts these restless foes of life
To dare our dreaded arms again?
What, but the hope that party strife
Has broke Britannia's shield in twain?
But, know they not, when France is near,
The *war of tongues* is silent here,
That ALL may grasp Britannia's spear,
And GEORGE and England save.

Ne'er in the pinch of Britain's fate
Shall Statesmen's rival feuds be known,
Or faction strive, with thwarting hate,
To break the British bulwark down:
No! round the Altar of our Land,
Link'd in one soul, the British Band
Shall firm in sacred union stand,
And GEORGE and England save.

Though moral order sink to ground,
Though all the virtues trodden lie,
Though fury tear the nations round,
And blood and rapine fill each eye;
Ne'er shall the storm here turn its flight,
While British hearts at Home unite
To guide our thoughts, to guard our right,
And GEORGE and England save.

O, happy Isle! wise-order'd State!
Well-temper'd work of Freedom's hand!
No shock of realms can touch thy fate,
If Union binds thy sea-girt land:
Vainly the storms shall round thee ring,
While Britain's Sons in concord sing,
We'll shield our Country, guard our King,
And GEORGE *and England save!*

BONAPARTE's ANSWER
TO
JOHN BULL's CARD,

Inviting him to ENGLAND, *with a Few Lines concerning his* BROTHERS, TAFFY, SAWNEY, and PADDY.

Tune—*Here we go up, up, up.*

MY dear Johnny Bull, the last mail
Brought over your kind invitation,
And strongly it tempts us to sail
In our boats, to your flourishing nation.

But

But prudence she whispers, "Beware,
Don't you see, that his fleets are in motion;
He'll play you some d—d *Ruse de Guerre*.
If he catches you out on the ocean."

CHORUS.

Our *fears* they mount up, up, up,
Our *hopes* they sink down-y down-y,
Our *hearts* they beat backwards and forwards,
Our *heads* they turn round-y round-y.

You say that *pot-luck* shall be mine,
Je n' entens pas ces mots, Monsieur Bull,
But think I can guess your design,
When you talk of a *good belly-full*.
I have promis'd my men with rich food,
Their courage and faith to reward;
I tell them your puddings are good,
Tho' your *dumplings are rather too hard*.

O my Johnny, my Johnny,
And O my Johnny, my deary—
Let a few of us come over
To taste of your beef and beer-y.

I've read, and I've heard much of Wales;
Its mines, its meadows, and fountains,
Of black cattle fed in the vales,
And goats skipping wild on the mountains.
Were I but once safe landed there,
What *improvements* I'd make in the place!
I'd prattle and kiss with the fair,
Give the men the fraternal embrace.

O my Taffy, my Taffy,
Soon I'll come, *if it please ye*,
To riot on delicate mutton,
Good ale, and toasted cheese-y.

Caledonia I long to see,
And if the stout fleet in the North
Will let me go by quietly,
Then I'll sail up the Firth of Forth:
Her sons, I must own, they are dashing,
Yet Johnny, between me and you,
I owe them a grudge for the thrashing,
They gave that poor devil Menou.

O my Sawney, my Sawney,
Your bagpipes will make us all friskey,
We'll dance with your lasses so bonny,
Eat haggis, and tipple your whiskey.

Hibernia's another snug place,
I hope to get there too some day,
Tho' our ship's they got into disgrace,
With Warren, near Donegall Bay.
Tho' my good friends at Vinegar Hill,
They fail'd, be assured Jack, of this,
I'll give them *French Liberly* still,
As I have to the *Dutch* and the *Swiss*.

O my Paddies, my Paddies,
You are all of you honest creatures,
And I long to be with you at Cork,
To sup upon fish and potatoes.

"*A fair wind and thirty-six hours*,"
Would bring us all over from Brest,
Tell your ships to let alone ours,
And we'll manage all the rest.
Adieu! my dear boy, 'till we meet;
Take care of your gold, my honey,
And when I reach Threadneedle-street,
I'll help you count over your money.

But my *fears* they mount up, up, up,
My *hopes* they sink down-y, down-y,
My *heart* it beats backwards and forwards,
My *head* it runs round-y, round-y.

THE
ANTI-GALLICAN.

NUMBER VI.

BRITANNIA.

"RUIN seize thee, Consul King,
Destruction on thy banners wait;
Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.

Thy fearful vigilance shall fail,
And nought thy Mam'luke guards avail,
To save thy secret soul from restless fears,
From Holland's curse, Helvetia's tears."

Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of Bonaparté scatter'd wild dismay,
As Albion's tow'ring cliffs in wrath he ey'd,
And vow'd to mark with blood his vengeful way.
Massena stood aghast in speechless trance!
To arms, cried Angereau, and crush the foes of France!

High on a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Ocean's foaming flood,
And mocks the wave that chafes below,
With awful front BRITANNIA stood;
Rais'd her shield, and pois'd her spear,
That oft have shaken realms with fear;
Her fav'rite lion's eye-balls glare
Like meteors on the troubled air;
Then with prophetic voice of thunder loud,
She shouted terror to the hostile crowd:—

"Hark! how the beetling cliff and sea-worn cave
Groan to old Ocean's hollow note beneath;
Tyrant, they nod to crush thee to thy grave!
Revenge on thee the murm'ring surges breathe.
My sea already yawns for half thy host,
And half shall feed the corm'rants of my coast.

Cold is my fav'rite HOWE,
Who shook th' affrighted main;
My DOUGLAS too lies low,—
Britons, ye mourn in vain
Brave ABERCROMBIE's fall,
Who delug'd Egypt with the gore
Of the fierce squadrons of the murd'rous Gaul,
On Alexandria's shore.
Yet cease to weep: they do not sleep—
Through the bright sky, a heavenly band
I see them sit, they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land.
But NELSON still is mine,
Who shook the Libyan coast;
A thousand heroes guide my navy's line,
The dread of Gallia's scatter'd host.
Still gallant SIDNEY ploughs the deep,
Who chas'd thee, Consul fell! from Acre's wall,
And soon his force my waves shall steep
With thy base blood, thou shame of abject Gaul."

She spoke—and stamping on the rocky height,
Pale Gallia's utmost shores re-echo'd with affright.

Cambridge Chronicle.

SPEECH
OF
SIR JOHN DALRYMPLE, BART.

At a Meeting of the County of Edinburgh, held in the Parliament House, July 20, 1803, to consider of Plans for the Defence of the Country.

AFTER the papers were read, Sir John Dalrymple moved, That as an addition to the Resolutions of the Committee, the following clause should be added, "Resolved, That this Meeting recommend that Volunteer and Armed Associations of all men between the ages of 18 and 45, be raised to the extent of the sixth man, in every parish, to be regularly trained and disciplined, particularly in marching well and charging quick, three days in the week, and an hour at a time." He would not press it, if it interfered with the Resolutions, but wished that those who framed the Resolutions, would adopt the substance of it in some way or other.

He had been the first man in the three kingdoms (for the truth of which he appealed to his speech printed at the time)

time) to propose, at a meeting of the county, in this very room, that the nation should be raised in a mass, similar to that which the French had at that time raised; and he would now give the reasons which weighed with him then, and weigh with him still more now; which reasons will consist in applying to the present actual circumstances of the war between Britain and France, the circumstances of the three greatest wars in their consequences that ever existed; the war of Hannibal, the war of America, and the late war of nine Powers against France.

Much of his studies had been applied in tracing the causes of the rise and fall of Nations, and on that account he hoped for the indulgence of this meeting.

The War of Hannibal.

It appears from Livy, that Hannibal entered Italy with 100,000 men, and that the Roman Army was equally numerous, but weakened by detaching 30,000 to the defence of different parts of Italy. The consequence was, that Hannibal, in all his first battles, defeated, with a large army, troops that were less numerous. But the loss of 50,000 men, at the battle of Cannæ, opened the eyes of the Romans to their danger, and they raised all the Roman citizens in a mass. Livy says, that in the first subsequent lustrum, the number of Roman citizens was 138,000 and the legions about twenty-five. A legion consisted of near 5,000 men; but by the addition of an equal number of Allies to it, it consisted of nearly 10,000; so that the Roman Army, when the mass was raised, consisted of about 250,000. This was not all. The Romans did what they had never done before, they added 8,000 slaves to supply the place of the Prisoners taken at Cannæ, and called the seamen from the coasts to the army, which by these means came then to consist of above 300,000 men. The state of the war then came to be an army of above 300,000 against an army of 50, or 60,000. I fix upon that number because the Allies of Rome did not revolt till late in the war. With the raising of the mass the fate of the war turned, till Hannibal was driven out of Italy.

Look at Africa, a short time after. When Hannibal was driven into Africa, the Romans sent a great army after him; but the Carthaginians, instead of raising their people in a mass, trusted their fate to mercenaries and auxiliaries, and to a single battle, instead of making the war a war of posts in their own country, as they ought to have done then, and England ought to do now. Thus Rome saved Italy by raising their people in a mass, and Carthage lost Africa by not following the example.

American War.

When that war began, the Americans had not one regiment, one ship, one fort—I had almost said one shilling, because they had only a revenue of 75,000l. to defend their sea-coast, 1800 miles in length, exposed to the fleets of England, and the armies of England and Germany; yet they were victorious in the war, and by a singularity unparalleled in history, took one army prisoners in the North, and another in the South, that were sent to conquer them. What was the cause? The cause was, that they raised their people in a mass, instead of raising a partial Militia, or a partial Army, and forming them into regiments and squadrons: they formed their whole people into one great regiment, and from that great regiment formed as many small ones as they pleased.

War

War of Nine Powers against France.

When the French Monarchy was overturned, nine Powers joined against France, whose armies amounted to 700,000 men; France had only an army of 300,000 men, with disorders and civil war. What was the remedy that she applied? She raised her people in a general mass; by which I mean they called out the sixth man, leaving the other five for the purposes of agriculture and manufacture, which gave them an army of a million of men. I prove it thus; (Mons. Neckar says), that France contained 28,000,000 of people; I shall suppose them only 24,000,000. But a nation consists of half males and half females; this brings the number of males down to 12,000,000; but of this number one half are under eighteen, or above fifty years of age, which brings the 12,000,000 of males down to 6,000,000. The French armed and disciplined every sixth man, and consequently in an instant, had an army of 1,300,000 men, consisting of the old and new army. From that moment the fate of the war turned; the nine Powers sunk more by their fears than their battles; were easily defeated, and deserted each other. The King of Prussia, with his immortal brother's immortal army, slunk away first. Holland, with all her money—Spain, with all her high spirit—followed. The powers of Italy tumbled down one upon another. The magnanimous Emperors of Germany and Russia, as they were called, gave way like the rest. And, last of all, England, brave and generous England, slowly, reluctantly, indignantly, pitying and pitied, closed the melancholy scene.

Here is the fourth instance of the power of a nation raised in mass in a defensive war.

Application.

Sir John made a general observation, that a nation which defends itself, has an advantage in war over a nation which attacks for this reason, that the defending nation can make use of its mass at home, when the attacking nation cannot make use of its mass abroad. The soldiers of the nine Powers against France were scattered from Gibraltar in the South, to Petersburgh in the North. They could not find food for their armies in such long marches, nor cattle to draw stores; and they must have perished by the mere changes of climate, of which a proof is, that in the first year of the war the King of Prussia lost half his army, by only marching through Champaign and back again. But this general observation applies still stronger to the particular case, when the defending nation has a sea to protect it from the attacking one. King William, with a fleet of twelve great ships of the line, and five hundred great transports, could not land more than 14,000 men in Britain. But suppose France, without a navy at all, and with no power of transports, should land in Britain 30,000 men against a powerful navy, and an incredible number of small craft, then the state of the war would stand thus: The sixth man out of twelve millions in Britain, would be 500,000 from the new mass, added to the old army; that is to say, the contest would be betwixt 30,000 men on one side, and 800,000 on the other; with this advantage on the side of the last, that they would have to defend a country covered with woods, hedges, ditches, and stone walls, more than any country in the world, where every oak would be a fort to fire from, and a bastion to protect the man who fired from behind it.

This

This is not all—Britain possesses two advantages; the one of nature and the other of art, which were never united in any country before.—The one is a breed of horses, fit equally by their weight for the charge, and by their lightness for the purposes of light horse, of the skirmish, and of the pursuit. The other is the turnpike-roads, which enable the last breed of those horses to carry flying artillery at the rate of twelve miles in an hour. But these advantages will be vain, unless all the horses of the nation, at least all those within fifty miles of the sea-coast, be taught to stand fire, as well as their riders.

DECLARATION

Of the Parish of EALING, *Middlesex, at a Meeting held for forming a* VOLUNTEER CORPS.

THE Inahbitants of the Parish of Ealing, including Old Brentford, being met together for the purpose of taking into consideration the steps they shall pursue, in order to strengthen the Arm of Government at this important Crisis, think it their duty to make a Declaration of their Sentiments on the Subject. They therefore declare, that they feel themselves imperiously called upon to use their most strenuous exertions in defence of their King and Country.—They see with the utmost indignation the Great disturber of the world's peace, preparing to cast upon the British Shores his infamous marauders. And they view with unspeakable pleasure the British Lion ready to repel his inglorious attempts. They view the measures adopted by Parliament for a General Arming of the People, as pregnant with the most important blessings, and anxiously anticipate the glories of that not far distant day, when the whole British nation shall be armed in its own defence, WITH ONE HEART AND ONE HAND. This measure will afford to Europe, and to the world, a sublime spectacle, and an illustrious example. It will tell all the world, that Britons have not lost the Spirit, nor abandoned the principles of their forefathers, and it will teach that part of Europe which remains unsubdued, the means by which they may support their independence. It will disconcert the CORSICAN USURPER, and his BLOOD-STAINED LEGIONS, in their fond desire for general pillage, and in their lust for universal domination.—It will belong to Britons to subvert the ambitious projects of the haughty tyrant, and to overthrow his plans of desolation.—It will be for Britons, under divine providence, to chastize him for his insolence, and to punish his temerity.—And in order to effect this most desirable purpose, the inhabitants of the parish of Ealing, are determined by every privation, and by every exertion, to co-operate with the Government and the Country in the present glorious struggle, in which they are contending, for all that is dear and valuable, for their families and fire-sides, for their beloved King, for the liberty and independance of the nation, and for continuing to themselves the pre-eminence, prosperity and happiness, the people of this country have for ages enjoyed, under its most excellent Constitution.

ADDRESS
TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND

FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN,

AS BONAPARTE and his ARMY seem determined to attempt an Invasion of this Country, it becomes the Government

Government and the People to consider seriously of the probability of such an event, and properly to estimate the consequences; to consider well the sentiments of the people, and to guard against internal as well as external enemies.

Some people affect to doubt whether Bonaparte has any such intention, and others, who believe that he may make the attempt, say, it is impossible he can succeed, and contemplate his threats without emotion. These opinions proceed either from a hope of the success of an Invasion, or ignorance of the character of the Enemy; and both of them have one tendency, that is, to produce supineness and indifference.

Nothing, surely, can tend so effectually to serve the Enemy's cause, as an opinion that the French cannot hurt us.—Let every man in the Kingdom entertain this notion, and THE COUNTRY WOULD BECOME AN EASY PREY. A proper sense of danger, when danger threatens, is the first thing that moves towards averting the danger. Where there is no sense of danger, or but little, there will be but little or no exertion; and these are the considerations which lead me to suspect that those who are perpetually crying out, "Bonaparte won't attempt an invasion; or, "If he does, it is impossible he should succeed," are either fools or scoundrels. It may be boldly said, that no friend to his country, no one who properly estimates the blessings we enjoy, no man who does not wish success to the ARCH-FIEND BONAPARTE, will say, that there is no probability of an Invasion; unless he is so besotted with ignorance of the present state of human affairs, and of the character of that GREAT SHEDDER OF HUMAN BLOOD, as to be properly denominated a fool.

During the late war Bonaparte made a number of desperate attempts, he overcame obstacles apparently insurmountable, and astonished Europe by the promptitude and decision of his measures. He has often been successful merely because his attempts have been desperate, and his advances unexpected; and those who have opposed him have been overcome, not because they were destitute of the means of resistance, but because they were appalled and confounded by the rashness of his enterprizes.

His adventures have been of such a nature as are sufficient to justify an apprehension that he will make the attempt, and that he may possibly succeed in landing an army in Britain. But if we are to be told, that he dare not attempt it, or, if he does, that his success is impossible, we shall be led into a state of indifference, which will be fatal to us. It is not in human nature to make such great exertions to avert danger, where there is only a cool calculation of the propability of an event, and the mind is in a state of considerable doubt about that probability, as are made when the mind is sensibly affected by a danger, which is seen to be impending. It is, therefore, the duty of every Friend to his Country, to RING THE BELL OF ALARM, to excite in the minds of men OF ALL RANKS, a strong feeling of the danger to which we are exposed, and of the ruin that would follow, if that danger should be consummated! But yet in such a way as not to excite fear.—To impress on their minds a strong sense of the necessity of great exertion, and in that case of the certainty of ultimate success. This is the point to which Britons should be brought.—They should be convinced, that the French army is now collecting for the avowed purpose of

invading us, and that ere long, the bold attempt will be made.—They should be taught, that if we slight and contemn the danger, THE COUNTRY IS LOST; but that if the danger is properly estimated, and BRITONS will exert themselves, THE COUNTRY IS SAVED!

Let every one, therefore, be on his guard against those who would endeavour to persuade them, that we are in no danger.—Such men should be considered as public Enemies. THE CRISIS IS AWFUL, AND THE NATIONAL SAFETY MUST NOT BE TRIFLED WITH. The people should recollect and apply the good old maxim., "HE WHO IS NOT FOR US, IS AGAINST US." In times like these, there should be a unity of sentiment, and a unity of action. There should be but one heart, and one soul. One spirit of resistance should enflame every mind. Britons should consider themselves as brethren united together in one common cause, in which all are equally and most importantly interested.

Indeed, COUNTRYMEN, you are deeply interested in the present GREAT STRUGGLE. It is a contest between tyranny and inveterate malice on the part of our enemies, and a determination on the part of BRITONS, to MAINTAIN THEIR DEAREST AND MOST IMPORTANT INTERESTS.

The Conquest of this Country by the French, would be the greatest of all evils that could befal it. Our Enemy says, HE WILL DESTROY IT:—HE tells you, that YOU SHALL BE PUT TO THE SWORD. IT IS FOR YOU TO GIVE THE LIE TO THE IMPUDENT INVADER.

Countrymen,

SINCE this has been a nation, the people were never more imperiously called upon BY THEIR OWN INTERESTS, to strengthen the arm of Government. To lay aside all party differences.—And to determine to effect THE SALVATION OF THEIR COUNTRY, OR TO FALL AMONGST ITS RUINS!

GEORGE CLARK, Esq. *Brentford.*

SPEECH BY DR. BOOKER,

On the Defence of the Country; lately delivered at a public meeting of the inhabitants in the Town-hall at Dudley, Worcestershire.

THE object of this meeting is as important as any that ever engaged the attention of a civilized people. In common, therefore, with my fellow Britons of all descriptions, I naturally feel a desire to render myself useful, in contributing all I can to avert the tremendous evils which now threaten us. Not knowing whether I shall be allowed to serve my Country in any capacity or degree out of the particular sphere of my profession, I now rise to address a few words to the respectable assemblage of persons I see before me:—persons, I am convinced, who require not one word from me, or from any other tongue more eloquent than mine, to stimulate them to protect their King and his Government in the hour of danger, or to die in their defence.

Yes, Gentlemen, I know your hearts; and I know them to be warmed with genuine patriotism: with respect to real love of our admirable Constitution, I know them to be as sound as the oak that lends its strength to bear the thunders of Britain over the billows of the deep. *You* need no lecture to be pronounced in your ears to make you sensible of the blessings we enjoy: or to convince you that those blessings are now in danger. For, if the open declarations of enemies themselves (from it is advisable at all times to receive in-

struction) contain any truth, or if their present unremitted and formidable preparations against us merit any notice, incredulity itself must be constrained to own that even our political and natural existence is in most *imminent* danger. The undeviating and undivided object of a Nation gigantic in bulk, and inured to the business of war, is OUR TOTAL OVERTHROW AND DESTRUCTION.

The happiness and prosperity with which a peculiarly kind Providence has blessed us through a series of ages, seem to affect the proud Despot of that Nation, as the Monarch of Hell was affected when he contemplated the felicity of our First Parents in the Confines of Eden. And the language of the Fallen Spirit, ascribed to him by our immortal Milton, may naturally be supposed to issue from the lips of the desolating Tyrant that mediates our ruin:

"The more I see
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel
Torment within. All good to me becomes
Bane:——
Nor do I hope to be myself less miserable
By what I seek; but others to make such
As I,---though thereby worse to me redound.
For only in destroying I find ease
To my relentless thoughts."

Rendered wretched himself by the perpetration of deeds at which humanity blushes, and imparting no small portion of that wretchedness to the vassals he rules, "with a rod of scorpions,"—he is unceasingly endeavouring to plunge *us*, the happiest of nations, into nameless woe—I say *nameless* woe—For, what has he done in other countries, whose people have either voluntarily bowed their necks to his yoke, or have been forcibly subjugated to his tyrannic power: what plunder and oppression, what massacre of men, what violation of women has he permitted to be wrought by the slaves of his will? all these atrocities, though enough to veil yon Sun with horror, from no criterion by which *we* are enabled to judge of the extent of misery and slaughter with which he would deluge this Nation. A Nation, the only one upon earth that has baffled his towering hopes, and interposed a barrier to his mad ambition. This modern Carthage, as he terms it, he vows shall be cut off; its race of warriors, and of men eminently distinguished in every department of life, he declares shall be exterminated; its female inhabitants, thousands and ten thousands of whom are virtuous as they are fair, this Arbitrator of Mortals and of States promises to his abandoned legions, to satiate their lusts after the toils of victory! after they have stained themselves with the blood of the husbands, the brothers, the fathers, and sons of those females. Horrible consideration! What son, or what father, what brother, or what husband, can ponder it only in mind, and not feel all the man, all the hero rise within him.

It is to *avert* such mighty mischiefs, my Countrymen, that you are about to buckle on the sword. It is to drive these plunderers of the world, these polluters of female chastity to the waves they shall have the hardihood to cross, should they escape the vigilance (for I cannot for a moment suppose they will prove victorious over the valour) of our Naval Defenders.

That the call is loud and impressive, I need not tell you: that it should arouse every one who has strength in his arm to exert that strength in the momentuous common cause, is equally manifest. Let there be few exemptions; and I wish not to be among that few; but will gladly front danger, with my friend and fellow Britons, in defence of my Country, and will cheerfully hail death if I witness its fall.

THE LONDON GAZETTE
EXTRAORDINARY.

Published by Anticipation.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1803.

Admiralty-Office, November 8, 1803.

THIS morning, at half-past four o'clock, Capt. BRITON, of his Majesty's ship the INVINCIBLE, arrived at this office, with dispatches from the RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD GUARD'EM, Admiral of the Blue, and Commander in Chief of the Channel Fleet, to the RIGHT HON. LORD FINISTERRE, of which the following are Copies:

Royal Sovereign, St. Helens, Nov. 7, 1803.

MY LORD,

I have the honor, by this, the earliest opportunity, to inform your Lordship, that on Thursday, the 3d instant, Capt. LYNX, of the EAGLE FRIGATE, communicated to me a letter from Lieut. PIERCER, of the hired armed cutter L'Espion, stationed to watch the operations of the French off Brest, &c. stating, that from the motions of their gun boats, fishing vessels, and other *small fry*, which had, for some time, both singly and (as opportunity offered) in fleets, been skulking along the coast, from their small ports and inlets, to avoid our cruisers; nay, this letter adds, that some of them have even been put *upon wheels*, and drawn to their place of grand rendezvous by horses, therefore there was reason to believe that the long-expected expedition, was on the point of sailing. These movements, and also some which were made by the men of war, in the harbour, which, I had intelligence were no longer *chained to the ground*, induced me also to suspect, that the enemy meant to take the advantage of the length and darkness of the nights, and of the fogs, which even at this early period of the winter hang over the Channel in the day, and attempt, with their collected force, the invasion of our coast. This suspicion was in some degree confirmed, by advices which I received from CAPT. OAK of the FURY Bomb, LIEUT. STING, of the ANT Cutter, and from other quarters, all agreeing that similar operations were carrying on at St. Maloes, and other ports, which led me to conclude, that the different flotillas acted in concert, and that the bustle in every place, indicated a general movement at the same time. Fearful that the appearance of an English vessel should thwart their intention, and two or three gathered together frighten them back to their ports, and resolved, at the same time, to give them plenty of sea-room, I ordered all the brigs, cutters, sloops, luggers, launches, and even skiffs, with which we had hitherto opposed them, to join the fleet, which I judged to be the only means to put an end to the vaporing on their parts, which every gale had conveyed to our shores, and impatience on ours at the delay of vengeance which the brave fellows under my command seemed to consider as the only hardships of the expedition.

As I expected, on Friday morning the 4th inst. the signal was made from the RESOLUTE, Captain TAKEALL, that the enemy had sailed, and were at that time about eighty leagues S. E. of Cape Barfleur, collecting their force, which was stated to consist of twenty-eight ships of the line and some frigates. The small craft, which issued from the creeks on the opposite side of the Channel, I understood to be innumerable. I immediately ordered the signal to be made for the fleet under my command, to make all sail in chace, and endeavour to cut them off their own coast; this we happily effected. Favored by the wind, we found, on the morning of the

the fifth of November instant, the day on which they had proudly vaunted, that they intended to make a descent on our coast, that they were about Mid-channel, incumbered with their immense flotillas, which appeared to be scattered in all directions, and which, it seemed by the frequent signals of the flag-ship, and the anxiety of the repeating frigates, the Admiral was endeavouring to collect, and, as much as in his power, to concentrate. A circumstance happened at this period (nine o'clock, A. M.) which the enemy probably considered as fortunate, though in the event it was attended with serious consequences to them. Namely, about half an hour after we had discovered them, and just as I had made the signal for the ships as they advanced to attack them singly, for against such an irregular and disorderly like foe, it was impossible to form a regular line of battle: just at this moment when the TRUE BRITON, Capt. STEADY, who led the van, was within pistol-shot of L'ASSASSIN, Capt. SANG, it came on so foggy, that for some time, it shrouded the whole fleet from our sight. The enemy taking advantage of this circumstance, crowded all the sail they could carry, and as I have since been informed, in their hurry to bear away from us, not only run foul of each other, but run down many of their flat-bottomed boats and small vessels. About eleven A. M. the fog cleared away, and, as we had still kept on the same tack, we again discovered them: Capt. STEADY, resolute in his purpose, soon came up with and attacked L'ASSASSIN, with an alacrity and intrepidity that does honor to himself, officers, and crew: the other ships, as they came up, went gallantly into action, which was continued with uniform success on our part till four o'clock, P. M.

During the contest, L'EGYPTIEN, ADMIRAL JAFFA, a near relation of the First Consul, struck to the ROYAL SOVEREIGN, on board of which I had hoisted my flag; the Admiral and crew were consequently made prisoners of war. LE CATALINE was sunk by a broadside from the TREMENDOUS, Captain DART. LA GASCONADE, blew up early in the action. LE BRUTUS, struck to the CÆSAR, Captain PHARSALIA. LE PET, (bomb) also blew up, with a terrible explosion, when alongside LE REGICIDE, which from this circumstance caught fire, and burnt to the water's edge. Never was acclamation so general as that from our surrounding ships, when Le Cataline went down. This I mention with the more satisfaction, as the greater part of the crew were saved by the gallantry of the British seamen.

The contest betwixt the LION and LE COG, both first rates, was, while it lasted, extremely severe; but it was decided in favour of the former. While the capture of the latter seems to have been the signal for a general retreat, on the part of the enemy, who immediately after appeared to have forgone the intention of invading our island, and, in consequence, taking advantage of a gale which sprung up in their favour, to have borne away for their own coast, LE MARAT, LE SANTERRE, L'EGALITE, LA BASTILLE, which they intended for a prison ship, with several others, flew to escape our fleet, with all the canvas they could croud. In this, however, they had little success. LE MARAT was forced into action by the TERRIBLE, Captain CONDE, and soon after struck. Of the other I have not yet received a correct account, but have reason to believe that several were either burnt, sunk, or taken, and that those few which had the good fortune

to

to escape, were in so crippled a state, as to prevent the French Government from a second attempt at invasion for at least many years.

Thus ended this glorious and memorable day, in the course of which, and, in attending to its consequences, your Lordship will perceive, that I have been too much engaged to be more particular. —One observation you will permit me to make with respect to the officers and sailors under my command, that they have upon this, as upon former occasions, acted like TRUE BRITONS. Where all have been so meritorious, it would appear invidious to mention particular individuals; but it is with pleasure and pride I boast, that they have in every respect deserved the rewards, the applauses, the honors, which their king and country, whom they have so ably defended and avenged, have prepared for them.

I have the honor to be,
With the greatest respect,
My Lord,
Your Lordship's
Most obedient humble servant,
GUARD'EM.

(SECOND LETTER.)

Royal Sovereign, St. Helens, Nov. 7, 1803.

MY LORD,

I would not close my dispatches until I had communicated to your Lordship, as accurately as it is in my power to collect it, an account of the grand flotilla of transports, flat-bottomed boats, &c. &c. which was destined to convey the invading forces, which have been arrogantly termed, "The Army of England," to this kingdom. I have already intimated to your Lordship the manner in which, under the convoy of the fleet, they sailed; but it is impossible to convey to your mind an adequate idea of the confusion that ensued in consequence of our attack. Impelled by their guardian men of war to follow them, while they endeavoured as fast as possible to make their escape, as they were crowded with troops, horse and foot, the former of which they termed '*Marine Cavalry*,' you will be little surprised to learn that many of them fell foul of each other, and that the far greater number of them are gone to the bottom. Humanity shudders at the reflection of so many brave, but misguided men, being sacrificed to the caprice of a cowardly tyrant, who, I understand, so far from sharing with his companions in arms, as he called them, the dangers of the expedition, of which he was well apprized, kept himself safe on shore, furnished, instead of weapons, with the best *Telescopes* he could procure, with which he surveyed the Channel, and although his distance from the principal scene of action was too great for the events of it to come within the scope of his vision, he had, probably, the *gratification* to behold some of his battered and dismantled vessels pursued to their own ports by our ships. He may now also congratulate himself, that his grand intention in projecting this expedition is answered, as it has enabled him to *dispose* of many, both officers and soldiers, whom he feared, and consequently hated.

It is a curious circumstance that the crew of the TERRIBLE, in overhauling the hold of LE MARAT, that struck to her, found among the other articles,

50,128 thumb-screws,
10,905 iron collars,
44,201 toe vices,

12,500

12,500 pair of handcuffs,
25,040 pair of fetters, and
479 racks.

Many of those instruments of torture, which were unquestionably intended to *facilitate* the discovery of property, had the word LIBERTY at full length, and others the initials L. E. *i. e.* liberty and equality, stamped upon them. There was also found several packages of *opium*, probably the remains of the Egyptian expedition; and a vast number of *daggers:* the use for which these articles were intended, it is easy to conjecture.

On a farther search, the sailors also discovered a number of strong iron-bound chests and casks, intended for the reception of *money*, and some of the same nature, evidently formed for the conveyance of *plate*, and other valuable articles: these had all the name of BONAPARTE stamped upon their lids, and were under the care of a confidential commissary appointed for that purpose, as soon *as filled*, to have been sent to Paris.

Several reams of *proclamations*, printed in English, and dated 'from our Court of St. James's,' and signed 'Bonaparte,' together with other papers, the intention of which were to discover and apprehend the publishers, and to write down the loyal productions of the present times, were also discovered, of which I shall, the first opportunity, transmit specimens to your Lordship.

In conclusion, it gives me great pleasure to state, that this arduous contest has ended with little loss in killed or wounded on our part, and little damage to his Majesty's ships under my command, while that of the enemy must have been enormous. And here, I cannot help congratulating my country on the characteristic generosity which every action displays in her soldiers and sailors. In this, the far greater number of the latter who have fallen, lost their lives in consequence of their sedulous endeavours to save those of their enemies, who, abandoned by their officers, fell martyrs to the confusion which the unseamanlike conduct of the conductors of their fleet occasioned; and had it not been for the intrepidity of those for whom they were preparing *tortures*, the whole must have perished.

I have the honor to be,
With the greatest respect,
My Lord,
Your Lordship's
Most obedient humble servant,
GUARDEM.

NARRATIVE

Of the Situation and Treatment of the English now detained in France.—

BY W. WRIGHT.

THE following account, which must be read with great allowances for the inexperience of the writer, furnishes another proof, if such were wanting, of the rancour towards Englishmen, the bad faith, and the folly, of *him*, who rules republican France.

Intelligence of Hostilities being likely to take place between England and France, agitated the minds of every one, more particularly the English who were in France; for, whether pleasure, curiosity, trade, or necessity, had placed them in that part of the globe, all were in a great degree interested in the event.

The vessels from England in a short time ceased to come, and the mail packets were the only importers of news we had; these were anxiously looked for,

for, and from the captain to the lowest on board, the crews teazed with questions to which they could give no satisfactory answers: many thought themselves happy to creep into the favour of the captains or mates, to get a glimpse of the state of things on the English side. Day after day thus passed; a stagnation of trade was the consequence of affairs being so unsettled; families from all parts of the Continent were daily arriving at Calais, deprecating, as it were prophetically, the event of a new war.

A report was soon circulated, that the Ambassadors were ordered mutually to return, and a degree of credit appeared attached to it, as two mail-packets were stationed in the harbour to convey our Ambassador and his suite to Dover. The day of his arrival was often fixed, and his non-appearance accounted for by the supposition, that the First Consul had agreed to the propositions of the British Government. Earnestly was such a circumstance wished for by the majority of the French people. "We wish not for war (said they): what have we gained by the last? What have we gain'd by the seas of blood which have been spilt? Nothing, but that the most of us have to lament a friend or relative. That war we sought not, it came to us. Now our rulers will not be at peace, nor let others be so. All the devils out of the infernal regions, were let loose among the unfortunate French at the Revolution; and every man, so soon as he gets into power, proves he has a devil revelling in his heart, which urges him to ravage and torture his fellow-creatures." Such is the language I have repeatedly heard.

Daily, nay hourly, the postillion's whip resounded in Calais streets, every one hastening to his native land, or waiting at the port of embarkation, the result of what, at that moment, was suppositious. The hotels, large as they are, were so filled, their owners knew not where to place fresh comers.—Many, whose fears overcame every other consideration, hired vessels at any price, and happily saved themselves from an unjust and inhuman captivity.

At length the Ambassador arrived at the Hotel of Dessein, and the same day the town was filled with persons of the first distinction. It was now rumoured the Ambassador would wait at Calais until he received dispatches from the Court of London; accordingly, after a few days, the dispatches arrived, and his Lordship prepared to sail.

All the French packets and bye-boats were hired by the families in town, but such were the fears of the captains and crews, that none would sail without papers under his lordship's hand: and the day after the departure of the Ambassador, a vessel which had on board the body of Sir Robert Chambers, with baggage, and a carriage, would not proceed on the voyage, although Lady Chambers signed an instrument to pay more than the value of the vessel, with twenty pounds for each day the vessel, or any of the crew were detained after the first three days. The body, baggage, and carriage, were notwithstanding unshipped, and put on board the English mail, Captain Sutton.

The departure of the Ambassador was not attended with any marks of respect, by the officers of the town, or by any salute being given; but he took leave as a private gentleman, and although we considered the Secretaries' being still in France, as a protection, and affording a glimmering of hope, yet Calais seemed more dreary to every Englishman from the moment of Lord Whitworth's

Whitworth's sailing. To add to our inquietude two French passage vessels were detained at Dover, and it was stated they were condemned; we dreaded something from the hand of power, but knew not what, if it were true; however, to our joy, they arrived the following day with the French Ambassador and his suite, with about eighty other passengers.

Hopes were still cherished by the mails passing regularly, and passengers without any other than the usual restrictions of that land of liberty, viz. *passports!* which even a native must have to go from one town to another, and must wait the office hours to obtain, let his business be ever so urgent.

French couriers were also continually passing, sometimes in open boats when the sea was so high as to make it an undertaking of the greatest risque; all these circumstances naturally led every one to suppose active negociations were carrying on, and what we wished, too easily we believed, that all would terminate favourably. Thus were we led on, from one thing to another, to repose confidence in the honour of a treacherous and vindictive government.

In the early part of the month of May, the English mail, Captain Hammond, and the French mail, sailed about four o'clock in the morning, both full of passengers, baggage, and carriages; they had but just reached the road, when a boat was dispatched, ordering the French mail to return, the passengers went on board the English vessel, happy so to escape with the loss of most of their baggage, and some of their carriages. Meantime the Prince of Wales, Capt. Sutton, and the Nancy, Capt. Latimore, were in port waiting for the Secretaries; their crews were called up, a guard placed on the vessels, and about eleven o'clock the same morning, the Captain and Mate of each vessel were put upon their parole, and all the rest sent to prison; although security to any amount was offered for these also to be allowed to remain in town. The Commissary of Marine was severely censured for suffering Capt. Hammond to escape; and after this period we had no mails but what came as flags of truce, when the Captain was received by a guard, the passports of all passengers strictly examined, and any person found without one, conducted to Mons. Mengaud, the Commissary General of Police, and probably thence to prison, without regard being had to his country, age, sex, or condition. The Captain and crew were particularly searched for letters or papers, and if found they were taken away, and conveyed to that hectoring bully of Calais, for his perusal, and at his option to be committed to the flames, detained, or sent to the party for whom they were destined.

Our troubles were now about to begin. The reasons I have before stated, induced many to wait the final termination of the negociation, still conceived to be on the tapis; and the firm belief that the French Government would give sufficient time for all to return, urged many not to press the settlement of their affairs, or to hasten their departure; joined to this, the people of Calais behaved so well in every particular, that all were lulled into perfect security for some days, when orders were issued to the officer appointed to receive the passports, on entering the town by land, to retain all the passports, and send them to General Brabacon, the Commandant of Calais; whereas before it was the custom to register the passports at the gate, and give them again to the parties to whom they

they belonged. About the same time, the great man, M. Mengaud, either was, or rather pretended to be, absent, and no passports could be obtained until he returned; this first step of paltry management created some little uneasiness; still no one imagined what was shortly to happen.

Judge, if possible, the consternation and astonishment which pervaded all ranks, the day the creature Mengaud again became visible, to hear the drum beating in all the principal streets, (the usual way of notifying any thing to the public in France), and the town serjeant reading the orders for all Englishmen between the ages of eighteen and sixty, instantly to repair to the General's house. Accordingly, every one went, when having signed his name, mentioned his age, profession, &c. he was politely told, "That in consequence of the English Government having made prizes of many French vessels, previously to their having formally declared war against the Republic, the French Government had decreed, that all Englishmen within their territories from the age of eighteen to sixty, were prisoners of war on parole; that those in Calais had that town for their prison; but if they should have the misfortune to be tempted to pass the gates, they would be ordered into close confinement; that women, children, the aged, and those who had been patentees* twelve months, were not required to sign their names, and the former were at liberty to go to England, or in fact where they chose."

Words can but imperfectly paint the distraction and distress apparent among the thus unjustly-made prisoners: some, by this unforeseen event preying upon their spirits, were seriously indisposed, while indignation burnt in the breast of most against a government, who, in a manner totally unprecedented, rendered captives indiscriminately, the gentleman and the servant, the merchant and the mechanic, the tutor and the student, who had entered their country under the protection of their laws, and the hand and seal of their ambassador. Such is French faith; such the protection afforded to those, who, under the idea of improving their fortunes by commerce, or their minds by travel, trust to the perfidious guarantee of France: that guarantee, which has been so eminently made to suit the views of its Government on a large scale, descends also to the weakest individual within its grasp.

After thus remaining a short time, every one in eager expectation some arrangement would be made for their release, and we had become somewhat more tranquil from that persuasion, information was received we were to be sent to Valenciennes, about one hundred miles from Calais; and again by the drum was it notified all the English must repair to Mengaud's office for passports. Accordingly, those whose finances enabled them to be above suing for favours at the hands of that Government which had thus entrapped them; or who had no par-

* Every person carrying on any kind of business whatever, must take out a patent; if a merchant, or more properly a negociant (as all are merchants in France, even the man who cries vinegar or brooms), he is stated to be in the first class, and pays a certain sum according to his concerns yearly; others are estimated according to their rental about 10 per cent. and a trifle for fees, stamps, &c.

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ticular ties to induce a preference of one place beyond another, obtained their passports and departed, some in the barks by the canals, others in cabriolets, coaches, and on horseback; while some of our unfortunate countrymen, who had small incomes sufficient to live in one place, but who could not bear the consequent expences of travelling, and who at Calais had always appeared as gentlemen, actually marched with knapsacks at their backs, (under the dread of being sent to prison by the gendarmerie, or thief-taker, with which they were threatened), after having shared their little stock with their families, which were thus left upon the charity of their countrymen who were patentees, or who were determined not to go till the last extremity. One family, of two brothers, a wife, together with three children, the eldest not more than three years old, the father was unwilling to leave behind, they attempted to carry; after proceeding miserably some way, they were obliged to return, and the wife and children were generously taken into the house of Mr. King, the York Hotel, an Englishman established there upwards of twenty years, and whose humanity to his countrymen has been dangerous to himself and family, in the time of the Revolution.

Many were the petitions presented to Mengaud, backed by the interest of the first negotiants in the place. Out of the number, only three were not treated by that worthy representative of the sanguinary Bonaparte, with supercilious contempt, viz. Mr. Impete a gentlemen of fortune, and his family; the other two, single gentlemen, Mr. Lovelace and Mr. Stephenson. The former under the plea of ill health; the latter, as a student in physic. These three petitions were referred to the grand Judge of Paris, and they were to wait at Calais for his answer. Various other persons remained under the idea, that a favourable alteration might yet take place; they were, however, allowed very little respite, for again the drum resounded in the streets, and damped the spirits of our unfortunate, and too credulous countrymen.

All were once more summoned to the General's house, when they were asked very abruptly, "What is the reason you are not gone from this place, according to the orders issued?" Some stated they only wished to see their wives and families safe aboard for England; others, the want of means to depart; and, in short, most had reasons to give. They were told to return the next day, when the poorer sort were ordered to depart in two days; and those who could *create*, or pay for friends, were exempted, and suffered to remain. Application had been made by a friend of mine of some consequence in the town, to suffer me also to remain. Permission was granted to that effect, on condition of my acting as interpreter for the General, which procured me no other advantage than the favour I asked, and of course excited the jealousy of my countrymen.* After the first interview, I received orders to make out two lists; one of the poor persons, whom I considered unable to defray the expences of a journey inland; the other of those in easier circumstances. I was in hopes the Government intended to convey the

* I often felt my situation to be far from agreeable, as the task I had to perform was invidious in the extreme. However, it gave me an opportunity of observing closely the rapaciousness of a Jack in office, and his satellites.

lower

lower class at its own expence, but it afterwards appeared the General was actuated by a different motive, in thus ascertaining who where possessed of money. All the persons remaining at Calais not having paid a visit to the General the second day, and the third day they appearing rather tardy in coming, the General sent the names of those he conceived were wanting in this mark of respect, to the commandant of the gendarmerie, ordering gens d'armes to search for, and bring before him all the persons mentioned in the list. All were thus publickly brought through the streets, when the same question was put to them in the most severe and austere manner, "Why they were not gone?"—Most had their passports signed by the General to depart the next day; he at the same declaring, if they were found in the town after the following day, he would commit them to prison, and send them up the country in custody of the gendarmerie. I know of many artificers and manufacturers, who went into France seduced with the promisses and hopes of encouragement, that they were absolutely obliged to sell or pledge their tools and cloaths for a mere nothing, to obtain money for their journey, and to pay three shillings and four-pence for the passport they were thus forced to take; and some actually departed from Calais with no more than two shillings in their pockets, therefore were forced to depend on the assistance of their countrymen, who were travelling the same road.

No adequate idea can be formed of the peculation carried on by those placed in office: needy, avaricious, and unprincipled, they, in the most barefaced manner, prey on those who are so unfortunate as to fall into their power. Some instances came within the scope of my knowledge, from the situation I was placed in with the General.—One poor gentleman, of the name of Mallison, a cripple, who had repaired to Calais for the benefit of sand-baths, and whose removal to the interior would probably shorten his life, petitioned to remain, as having an abscess removeable by no other method in the opinion of his surgeons. I was sent to him, (not immediately from the General, but through his orders) to return him his petition, and to tell him unless he paid ten guineas into the hands of a person named to him he would be sent off. I could not make an offer of the kind to him, but pointed out to him the person alluded to; and who, I told him, could obtain him the permission so necessary for his health; he settled it with him, I believe, for he was not sent off. Another gentlemen, of the name of Patterson, to whom I was also sent, offered two guineas for permission to stay a short time. He was also introduced to this friend of the General's, and five guineas were demanded; this he with proper spirit refused to give, and departed for Valenciennes the next morning. An English merchant also gave three dozen of the best Bourdeaux wine, value six guineas, to gain permission for himself to go to England, while his brother took care of his house. All these had reason to repent of their credulity, as will appear by the subsequent transactions. French rapacity, and French faith, followed these apparently friendly agreements, and prove that they are as arrant cheats in the detail, as they are in national transactions.

In this manner were our countrymen treated; thus were the ties of consanguinity burst asunder. The parent, who had sent the son to study foreign manners, and thereby improve his own, hears of his detention, and sinks into the grave denied the prop of declining years;

years; and the son is thus prevented paying the last sad duty to a fond indulgent parent.

The merchant who by extended commerce sought to improve his fortune, is torn from wife, children, and connections; is ruined in circumstances.—Want and misery are the portion of a family, that, but for this cruel stroke, might have been happy.

The lover's hopes are blasted, and torturing fancy continually paints to his view the dear idol of his tenderest affections, while anxious doubts and fond alarms, distract his breast: a knowledge of the intended invasion—preparation for the descent, and the horrid threats of worse than death, to the justly celebrated beauties of this favoured isle, add agonizing poignancy to his feelings; under the reflection that he is unable to fly, to defend, or of proving his love, by dying in defence of the adored object, of his country, and of his friends.

The sons of glory, whose courage has often made the insolent foe yield the palm of victory, now basely entrapped, doubly feel the insults offered to their King, and the threatened destruction of their country; they burn to revenge their monarch's cause, and defend the dear distinction purchased by their blood, and that of their ancestors. Manufacturers and mechanics, how do they now repent being seduced by the promises of a faithless government; in the interior of an enemy's country, reduced from subsisting by honest labour, to living on charity of their unfortunate countrymen; separated from their families, and never again able to re-visit their native shore—they pine in misery, and stand the sad mementoes of the folly of trusting to the protection of *French* laws; and, as a warning to all manufacturers and mechanics, to be content with the comparative affluence their native land affords.

Such were the scenes presenting themselves to view at Calais; similar ones were practised at Boulogne, Dunkirk, St. Omers, and all parts in the vicinity. I am inadequate to the task of describing every scene of wretchedness and misery to which I was witness, and none but those who were actually present, would credit that such could be inflicted by a government calling itself civilized.

The same day that the English were thus dragged through the streets of Calais, by French thief-takers, an engagement took place on the coast, about a league from the town, so clearly discernable, that the holes made by the shot in the sails were visible to the naked eye. Two French gun-brigs, the crews having ran them ashore under the protection of the forts, which kept up an incessant fire, trusted to their situation for safety; but, when they saw our tars approach in small boats, they forsook their ships, and a detachment from the garrison, who were marched down on the sands, about two hours after the commencement of the engagement, arrived in time to see the triumphs of the British arms, the two vessels being gallantly cut out, and carried off: although the English balls rolled on the sands, and even passed their forts, I heard not of above two persons wounded: in the forts they had some conscripts, who never having seen service, fell down at the noise of every ball that passed.

The intention of Bonaparte to visit Calais being made known, the inhabitants were repeatedly invited by publications read to them and stuck up in the streets, to manifest their joy at the approaching honour; they were further told, that from that point should be

be made the attack on the proud people who daily insulted their coasts, calling to mind their ancestor Eustace St. Pierre, styling the people of Boulogne the brave, and observing what glory they had acquired by the defeat of Nelson. They painted in all the pompous language of the Revolution, the faith, honour, and glory of the republic, and its First Consul, ascribing tyranny to to our king, want of faith to our government, representing us as a band of pirates and robbers, and in the end denouncing on our heads a vengeance which should make all the nations of the earth shudder by its severity. In rather milder terms a succeeding publication desired them to behave with decency and good order, and requested if they knew of any disaffected to denounce him or them, for the good of the nation: again in humbler mode the people were addressed, and invited to display flags from the windows, to keep the streets clean, and to illuminate the houses on 9th or 10th of Messidor, being the days appointed for the visit, to use their words, "of the greatest man in the world." Meantime the advanced guard of about two hundred and fifty men had arrived on fine horses, and were good proportioned well dressed men; they were quartered in the houses of the better sort of inhabitants, and behaved with propriety. With them also came nine Mamalukes, as they are called, although in fact, there are not more than one quarter of them who are so, the rest being slaves. These are armed with a scymeter, a dagger, a brace of pistols in their belt, a brace on their saddle, and a short fusee; to be admitted into the guard of Bonaparte the person must be of the exact height of six feet English measure; he must have served six years without reproach, and in every particular deserve the name of a good soldier.

The Town Hall was decorated with boughs of trees, the windows and images newly painted, and a range of flags of all nations prettily displayed from the balcony over the entrance; the market place was strewed with fine sand, and all the principal streets tastefully adorned with rows of trees, made artificially with boughs. Festoon, and garlands of leaves and flowers, lengthways and across, were suspended with a pleasing effect; and in some parts of the town white linen neatly bordered with gilt paper, and tied in festoons with flowers, the whole length of the street, added to the appearance of the other decorations.

In the street leading to the church were several triumphal arches, with the temple of Concord, and medallions inscribed with the names of those nations with whom France considers herself at peace; the whole being executed in paper, and that not very neatly, only rendered it an object to be viewed at a distance with any advantage. The gates of the town were also ornamented with wreaths and flowers; an inscription was placed in the street leading to the port, "The Liberty of the Seas," and over the gate through which the passage lays for embarkation, was "The Road to London:" thereby meaning, "The Road of Bonaparte to London;" but the writer, a German, contented himself with the first and shortest, probably thinking it also the most true inscription, as it certainly is the road for passengers; but I trust the unanimity and courage of Britons will defeat this hostile vaunt, and prevent him ever reaching that emporium of the world, unless indeed as a captive.

From every window depended flags; lines were stretched across the street from window to window, and on these were hung sheets ornamented with gilt and coloured paper, flags of all nations; and

bed

bed curtains, of all colours, sizes, and sorts, some clean, but more dirty, filled up the motley decorations of Calais-streets.

Some of the young men of the town, having provided themselves with dresses and arms, upon the report of the First Consul making this tour twelve months since, again came forward as a guard of honour to receive him, and the morning of the 12th of Messidor, the day of his arrival, received their flag of light blue silk, a white fringe, the national scarfe tied on the top, the two ends serving as tassels, and inscribed in gold letters,

BONAPARTE
AMIDST THE DESCENDANTS OF
EUSTACE ST. PIERRE,
12th of Messidor, year 11.

About four o'clock in the afternoon arrived this long expected man: he was met at the gates by the officers of the town, where the keys were presented to him. The head of the clergy also attended with a canopy, under which he hoped to introduce him into the town, but Bonaparte noticed him not, and entered in company with the officers of the regiment, and of the municipality. He was attended by about one hundred and fifty guards, mamalukes, &c. and went to the Hotel of Dessein; he then, in company with four or five officers of note, one favourite mamaluke near him, and nearly twenty guards, mamalukes, and gens d'armes, went on the port, where none were suffered to follow, and in a boat crossed to the Red Fort, at the mouth of the harbour, when having inspected that and the port, for nearly three hours, he returned to his hotel, the boys and rabble shouting, "*Vive Bonaparte.*"

So soon as it was dark, in obedience to orders issued in the form of an invitation, all the windows of the first story had more or less candles; the hotel of Dessein was neatly ornamented with lamps, forming in the front a star with R. F. above, and "*vive Bonaparte*" below: the windows of the Town-hall were filled with candlesticks, and a transparent cypher of N. B. surrounded by lamps, was in the middle over the entrance; the house of the Mayor was also illuminated with lamps, and an inscription expressive of his attachment and good opinion of his chief.

Balls were given by the Muncipality at the Town-hall, and two large rooms to the inhabitants; Bonaparte in disguise viewed the town, and some little gallantry took place, by a lady asking him a question, respecting the First Consul visiting the ball.

In the street so neatly decorated with linen, flowers, &c. no lights were displayed from the windows, but festoons of lanthorns made of different coloured paper and oiled, supplied the place and produced a good effect.

At one o'clock most people had quitted the streets, and the candles were out; no symptoms of disorder took place during the whole of the day, or night; but the inhabitants having satisfied their curiosity, retired quietly to their beds.

Bonaparte, after a very slight supper, about twelve o'clock retired to his room, and continued some time writing; and at four o'clock in the morning was again at the Red Fort, where having remained some time, he returned to his hotel. On his way out in the morning I had an opportunity of noticing his countenance most particularly, as he crossed the market-place. He was advancing with a sullen

sullen look, and as he came near the spot I occupied, he seemed to recognize an Englishman, and a storm gathered on his brow, which I wished to shun. At ten he made another visit to the port, when on his return he was solicited to enter the Town Hall by the Municipality; he dismounted, and staid some considerable time, in the course of which he expressed his satisfaction at the reception he had met with, his high approbation of the Mayor's conduct: and since his departure the Minister has written from Paris, to assure the citizens of Calais no request they can make, which can be complied with, shall ever be denied them.

Whilst the First Consul was at Boulogne an English frigate fired among the workmen, and drove them from their work; shot were fired in return, but not reaching half way, excited a degree of suspicion, and on weighing cartridges which should contain eight pounds of powder, they were found three pounds deficient; such an act of treachery so enraged him, that with a ferociousness natural to his character, he tore the epaulet from the shoulder of the responsible officer, put him in prison, and every one any way concerned with him shared the same fate; finding also the works not executed according to the orders he had given, he broke all the officers in fault, and suspended the operations in hand.

A considerable sum of money was expended to prepare the town of Dunkirk for the reception of Bonaparte; and we understand from thence many English were put in prison during his stay, and afterwards were, as well as those at Boulogne, ordered to quit the coast immediately.

We therefore naturally supposed similar orders would be given to the remaining few at Calais, and so it eventually proved: within two or three days after this little great man's departure, men, women and children were obliged to visit the general, when patentees pleaded their right as French citizens to remain, those who had been patentees a twelve-month being protected by the French laws from removal as foreigners; and those who had been so seven years, having by those laws the same privileges as natives; but it did not matter, they were indiscriminately told they must sell their property, or remove it with them in a few days.

The same species of protection was given to men who have been established twenty or thirty years in France; all must remove: patentees had the indulgence of not being ostensibly made prisoners of war, but they really were so, as unless they were aged, no permission could be granted for them to return to the country which gave them birth; women, children, and aged, were permitted to have passports for England, and six leagues was the distance from the coast for those who were not in the number sent to Valenciennes, and who wished to remain in the country.

The natives were astonished at the unjust detention of the English, and the subsequent measures of cruelty towards them: it excited pity; but awed as they are by the military, they almost cease to think of their rights as men, much less of the sufferings of foreigners; for the dread of experiencing the repetition of similar scenes of horror they had so lately witnessed, in fighting for a shadow of liberty, deters them from emancipating themselves from a lower state of slavery than they endured in time of royalty. The lower, as well as the higher orders among

among them, say, " formerly the persons in office being by birth, education, and manners, gentlemen, were civil and courteous in discharge of their duties; but now how widely different! those in power support and enrich themselves by extortion of every kind, and the most unprincipled, unfeeling conduct, evidently evince the origin of their manners."

Happily for the inhabitants of Calais, M. Mengaud is stripped of a great part of his power, and will most probably lose the remainder; it is now vested in the Mayor and Corporation. It was a change long seriously wished for, as all persons, whether French or English, were insulted by his language, beat with his hands, cane, or whip, sometimes in his office, in the street, or at the theatre, and afterwards put in prison at his pleasure, without reason or remedy.

From the moment I was so unjustly detained, I determined to escape the first opportunity that presented itself, and to facilitate its execution, I sent my wife and family to England. After their departure I revolved many plans, and at last thought of escaping by means of a trunk; I therefore marked with a pencil the size I could compress myself into, and noting the measure, waited for an opportunity to put it into execution; a fortnight nearly elapsed before a vessel was about to sail, and in that time not being able to hear of those I had sent before me, my anxiety increased to a state unbearable; three other persons opened their minds to me, as wishing also to escape. Being then four, our plan was to take a small boat, and go to sea in the night; finding there was a small boat lying near the pier head with stones in her to repair a broken part in the pier, we resolved to secrete ourselves among the wood work, and drop out with the tide; this however was found impracticable by a centinel's being placed near the spot; and for all four to hide on board of a vessel was impossible, from the search made by the custom-house officers; for large as are the neutral vessels, yet their going out in ballast leaves no place but what is easily explored.

Fully confident I could trust my partners in trouble, I mentioned my plan of a trunk; they did not approve of it; and two, discouraged, gave up all thoughts of effecting their escape at that time, the other depended on being secreted in the vessel, and I determined to act according to my original intention.

As the Danish brig the St. Anna was to sail the following day, I went with a friend to all the dealers in trunks, to find one to my purpose, and curious to relate, was shewn a trunk in which a man had escaped from England; at length my friend bought one as for himself, and on trial it answered very well; holes were made to admit air, and having loosely put my cloaths, &c. in, it was sent to the custom-house with other baggage, and being examined was conveyed on board. Meantime I went down on the port dressed as a sailor, and within ten yards of the vessel overtook the Commissary of Police, who in war time, attended by town-serjeants and a guard, takes all the passports. Well knowing if he went on board, it would be impossible for me to effect my purpose, I asked him if he was going on board? He replied in the affirmative. I told him it was too soon, as we had not got all the baggage from the custom-house, and none of the passengers were yet come

come down; he returned, imagining probably I belonged to the vessel, and I passed the centinel placed at the side, and descended into the cabin. I then ordered my trunk down there, saying it was a gentleman's who desired I would see it placed there; they on board believing I was authorised so to do, instantly lowered it it down. The Captain being a man I could not trust, it was necessary to have him out of the way; this also was accomplished by a little finesse, when my friend entered and held the cabin door, while I tumbled every thing out of the trunk into a bag I had ready for the purpose, then stripping off my jacket and waistcoat, I leaped in.

Agitated and hurried, not having a moment's time, I could not compress myself sufficiently to allow the trunk to be locked at the first or second trial, and my friend being terrified, was on the point of quitting me, saying, our lives were forfeited. At that moment, determination enabled me to compress myself as much as possible, and I begged him to jump on the lid, which forced it down, and I was locked up. He had scarcely done so, when the custom-house officers came on board, also the commissary; when the vessel having undergone the search, joyfully did I hear the order to cast off, and still more happy to feel the vessel under weigh.

The heat of a very warm day was so increased from my confined situation, as to be scarcely bearable, and the cramp seized my legs in about ten minutes after I was locked in. Great as was the pain, I dared not breathe hard, fearful of being heard; the pain at last subsided, and from my knees downwards, I lost all sense of feeling, and, even at the moment I am writing, I feel the effects of that confinement.

Well convinced, if detected, my life would be sacrificed to their vengeance, under the pretence that I was carrying over intelligence to the English, but in reality as an example to others, and to gratify the avarice of individuals in power, I had made up my mind fully to succeed, or perish in the attempt. My spirits being so harrassed by anxiety, that death would have been far preferable to a state like mine, separated as I was from those so dear to me, for whom and for my country I would again hazard my life, or bleed in defending.

On gaining the roads, an anchor was let go, to wait for the turn of tide, which runs to the eastward about three hours after high-water, and the wind being westerly would have taken us out of our course for Dover. The key of my trunk had been given to a gentleman on board, who, fearful I should be suffocated, came down into the cabin, and finding by the mark which was the right, opened it in the presence of the captain, when I, naturally thinking all was safe, lifted up my head. The captain was terrified beyond expression, as the pilot-boat had not quitted the vessel. However, I got out of my confinement; and, though at first not able to stand, put on another dress. Scarcely had I so done, when the pilots came down into the cabin for their money, one of them the greatest villain in Calais. Another person also came down with them who knew me at Calais; and, whether I am to attribute to his good offices the pilot's not giving information respecting me, or whether it was owing to the pilot's being employed in taking out the passengers of the mail packet, Captain Dell, which came into the roads just at this time, I am at a loss to determine. Be it which it may, providence favoured me; and, after suffering the most uneasy sensations

tions for two or three hours, the passengers urged the Captain to get under weigh; when, as we were on the point of getting the anchor up, a boat came out of Calais harbour, and made directly for us. It was to me a subject of alarm; but seeing only three persons, I remained tolerably easy, until we ascertained it was not after me. The boat came aboard just as we were under sail, and there jumped upon deck another unfortunate prisoner, of the name of Estill, now in London. He had walked down on the pier, when two young men who had been waiting for him seized the opportunity, when no one was observing, of placing their boat so as to receive him: he sprung into it, and was saved. The young man who had performed this friendly office, on his return was denounced; and, to escape from death that awaited him, was under the necessity of flying to Dover to save his life. Being an alien, he of course was there stopped; but application being made for his liberation, I have reason to believe he is come to London. His name is Lutz. To Mrs. Ann Pudand, of No. 42, Manchester-street, I am indebted for my conveyance to town in her carriage, and for other civilities in a strange place.

SPIRIT OF PUBLIC OPINION.

IN this pause of action and of intelligence from abroad, a new torpor begins, in some manner, to steal upon the public mind. We would persuade ourselves—that Russia hastes to interpose for the restoration of peace—that Sweden—that Denmark—that Austria—that Prussia, are, with a sudden change of humours and of counsels, to take part with us—that France is to change BONAPARTE for MOREAU merely for our quiet and convenience—that friendly armies are, as it were, to descend, on a sudden, from the skies, or to burst forth from the bosom of the earth—and all—that our volunteers, our militia, our troops of the line, our reserve, may save their bacon. By the influence of such dreams of fear and indolence, our stocks rise, our martial efforts are relaxed, our courage cools, and we begin to talk wistfully of the return of peace, without any great solicitude about its terms, if it would only return before we can know more of war than the mere show of clothes and arms, and the miserable bustle of mere preparation.

How long will mankind thus suffer indolence and the delusions of corrupted fancy to prevail over every generous resolution, and every heroic effort? How long is it, that we are thus to listen with greedy devouring ears, to every false prophet who calls out—"Peace! Peace!" while there is no Peace? How long shall we suffer the arts of the secret traitor, and the sordid delusions of the sluggish to prevail over all the better energies of the good? Is it so mighty a matter to steel our hearts with generous resolution but for one six or eight months? Is it so hard a thing for British freemen to labour with the sword and buckler, sustained by one arm, while, with the other, they handle the trowel, the shuttle, or the axe?

And what if BONAPARTE should, indeed, offer terms of peace? what if he should be suddenly hurled from his usurped throne?—What if the monarchy of the Bourbons should, ere to-morrow, be restored in France?—Would this alone give us security?—Know we not the ancient ambition of France? Know we not, that the Republic, that the Consulate has but inherited

herited the designs of the monarchy? A republican General succeeding to the power of Bonaparte, would aspire, like him, to triumph over the only rival that is formidable to France. A King of the House of Bourbon would naturally strive to shew, that he was not less able than a Consul, to advance the power and glory of his country.

It was the voice of DEMOSTHENES to the Athenians, amidst their enquiries, if PHILIP were dead?—were sick?—in recovery?—that, though he were dead a thousand times, their fears, their indolence, their levity of resolution would as often raise up new PHILIPS to themselves. And it may be said, that, as long as Britons shall so eagerly indulge every pretence for the relaxation of their energies of patriotism and courage, so long shall no death nor revolution have power to deprive France of some BONAPARTE to annoy them.

Britons! awake! arise! Danger *must* be faced! Blood *must* be shed! Children *must* be left fatherless! Widows *must* mourn! But, if we shall prevail in the strife, we become the first nation in the world—the saviours of the common liberties of mankind. And never can we contend with such odds in our favour, as when we contend to repulse an invading foe.

Away, then! away with every tendency to dreams of reconciliation with France, till we shall have evinced, upon trial, that *there are none* whom *we may not conquer, none upon earth* BY WHOM WE CAN BE SUBDUED!

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE BRITONS MARCH,

Or, the Marche des Marseillois Parodied;

BY OLD NICK.

YE Sons of Briton 'wake to glory,
Hark, Hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your Children, Wives, and Grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries;
Shall FRANCE'S TYRANT mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts *a ruffian band,*
Affright and *desolate our land,*
WHILE PEACE AND LIBERTY LIE BLEEDING?
TO ARMS, to arms, ye Brave! Th' avenging sword unsheath,
March on, all hearts resolv'd on Victory or Death!

Now, now the dang'rous Storm is rolling,
Which treach'rous foes, confederate raise;
The dogs of war let loose are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze!
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While BONAPARTE'S *guilty stride*
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?

O Liberty! can Man resign thee,
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame;
Can dungeons bolts and bars confine thee
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept bewailing
That *lawless France* should brave the field,
But Freedom is our Sword and Shield,
And all her Arts are unavailing!
To ARMS! to arms! ye Brave! &c.

The Birth, Parentage and Education, Life, Character, and Behaviour, of the Consul BONAPARTE.

A TALE FOR JOHN BULL.

To the tune of Good Queen Bess.

I'LL tell you such a story now as never has been told, John,
By modern novel-writers, or by fabulists of old, John,
And what is wonderful in these romancing times, John,
You'll find as much of truth, as of wonder in my rhimes, John.
Oh! the melancholy days of Tyrant Bonaparte,
Cursed be the memory of Tyrant Bonaparte.

In the middle of that sea, where Nelson spread your fame, John,
A little Island shews its head, and Corsica 's its name, John,
Where a pettifogging Lawyer and a vixen of a Wife, John,
Contriv'd by hook or crook to bring an urchin into life, John.
Oh! the melancholy days, &c.

Oh curs'd for ever be the night, with curses deep and hearty,
When this urchin saw the light, this Devil Bonaparte!
Lawyers as you know, are ever mischief brooding o'er, John,
But mischief such as this, never Lawyer hatch'd before, John.
Oh! the melancholy days, &c.

Young Boney soon was sent to France, and got his education,
At a free-school which the good old King, had founded for the nation,
For which to shew his gratitude, he kindly did contrive, John,
To help the rascal Robespierre, to take away his life, John.
Oh! the melancholy days, &c.

At Toulon next he chanc'd to meet a villain called Barras, John,
Who seas had shed of human blood, and wish'd to shed still more, John,
Young Boney was as covetous of murder to the full, John,
And got by way of recompence, his master's *cast-off Trull*, John,
Oh! the melancholy days, &c.

So

So hand in hand to Paris went, these Spoilers of Creation,
And every place with murder fill'd, and endless desolation,
By grape-shot from the cannon's mouth in one devoted day, John,
All weltering in their own hearts blood, two thousand bodies lay, John.
Oh! the melancholy days, &c.

To Italy he now repair'd as General in Chief, John,
And murders there committed such as almost pass belief, John,
Where'er he set his cloven foot, the marks of blood appear, John,
Destruction went before his face, and curses in his rear, John.
Oh! the melancholy days, &c.

And next to Egypt's coasts he led his rapine fatted train, John,
And with depopulation wild he fill'd each fertile plain, John,
And quick through Alexandria which he had ta'en by storm, John,
Murder, rapes, and pillage, stalk'd in ev'ry frightful form, John.
Oh! the melancholy days, &c.

Old Nile drew back his hoary head and in dread horror stood, John,
But Carnage soon fill'd up his bed with streams of human blood, John,
The Crocodiles were choaked with gore, and soon it did appear, John,
No monster could in thirst of blood with Bonaparte compare, John.
Oh! the melancholy days, &c.

But Oh! what tongue can justly paint the horrors of that day, John,
When Jaffa's sons all prisoners before his forces lay, John,
His troops around the captives drawn had orders giv'n to fire, John,
While spying through a glass he grinn'd to see the Turks expire, John.
Oh! the melancholy days, &c.

But not content Five Thousand Foes to murder in cold blood, John,
His own troops next were sacrificed to his ensanguin'd mood, John,
Near twice three hundred Soldiers who were wounded by his side, John,
Were serv'd with draughts of Opium, and agonized died, John.
Oh! the melancholy days, &c.

With conquest proud 'fore Acre next, he muster'd all his force, John,
But soon was by Sir Sidney Smith compelled to change his course, John,
A handful of your Soldiers there defeated all his host, John,
And forced the vengeful murderer to sculk from off the coast, John.
Oh! the melancholy days, &c.

Then sneaking back to France again he seiz'd the sword of state, John,
And slavery has now become the Frenchman's darling fate, John,
And well it were if France alone composed the slavish train, John,
But ah! the Dutch, Italians, Swiss, all groan beneath his chain, John.
Oh! the melancholy days, &c.

And now he swears your valiant son's he'll shortly add to these, John,
And make the boldest, mercy ask, upon his bended knees, John,
And humbly praise his clemency, and prostrate sue for grace, John,
While wife and daughters ravish'd are before his tortur'd face, John.
Oh! the mel ncholy days, &c.

But never sure could you survive such aggravated ill, John,
Nor bear to see your females yield to his accursed will, John,
Then quick prepare with ardent zeal to meet him on the Strand, John,
And make each Frenchman's grave the spot on which he dares to land, John.
Oh! the melancholy days, &c.

SELECTED POETRY.

SONG

FOR THE ENGLISH VOLUNTEERS.

BY JOHN O'KEEFE, ESQ.

Air, "*With Swords on their thighs the bold Yeomen are seen.*"

WHEN swell'd with ambition Old Satan rebell'd,
When angel apostates from bliss were expell'd,
And Mercy indignant, set seal on their doom,
Then MAN was created to fill up their room.

But ere his election, desert he must prove,
As justice divine is co-equal with love;
A place of probation this earth was assign'd,
And Reason's bright lamp to illumine his mind.

His terms of existence by Man should be known;
The land he *first breathes in*, THAT land be his own;
That *dear* spot invaded, the foe from it driven,
Our tenure secur'd by a charter from Heaven.

For midway in skies a fair temple is plac'd,
To Liberty sacred! By her we 're embrac'd,
She cries; *My lov'd Children, remain ever free!*
Fight! conquer! 'tis glory to conquer for me.

The demon cast downwards now ranges below;
Eternal his rancour, as endless his woe.
To chain us in thraldom his pride and his boast,
In hopes we may forfeit those joys which he lost.

Tho' Father of Lies, we believe now his word,
Why wait for his coming? ALL! gird on the sword!
And shew, that by guarding our house and our field,
A Briton deserves the sweet comforts they yield.

Morning Post.

A PATRIOTIC SONG,

ON THE PRESENT CRISIS.

By Martin Arthur Shee, Esq.

COME, fill the goblets to the brim,
In wine the sentiment shall swim,
Which all true Britons cherish.
The patriot, as the bumpers pass,
Will pledge his heart upon his glass,
And, ere he flinches, perish.

CHORUS.

Now let the peal of Bacchus ring,
Our Cause, our country, and our King,
In sounds of triumph swelling;
May Britons still, while life remains,
Defend the land, where Freedom reigns,
With peace and order dwelling.

Look round the globe in ev'ry clime,
Trace back the troubled stream of time,
From Adam, as it flows:
And say, ye sages, can you find
More real bliss to man assign'd
Than Albion's Isle bestows?
Bless'd spot! that 'mid life's dreary waste,
Seems like a second Eden plac'd,
For peace and freedom plann'd.
O! ne'er may fiend nor serpent there,
Disturb the holy, happy pair,
Or drive them from the land.
Now let the peal, &c.

Tho' rous'd reluctant, from repose,
Again to combat freedom's foes,
Still eager to degrade us;
We'll teach the stilted pride of France,
Tho' *single handed* we advance,
We need no force to aid us.
And should the foe, his fate allow,
To touch our coast with hostile prow,
And waft his minions o'er:
He'll find to check his vain career,
'Tis hard to gain an *Acre* here,
As erst on Egypt's shore.
Then let the peal, &c.

In peace, tho' party may prevail,
And each at rights invaded rail,
Thro' every rank and station;
If once the foe approach the gate,
He'll find no faction in the state,
No party but the Nation.
Whene'er his sword his country claims,
Her cause the Briton's soul inflames,
Each minor care suspending.
For Pitt or Fox, no matter, each
With equal zeal will mount the breach,
And die her rights defending.
Then let the peal, &c.

Shall despots dare their crimes confess,
And bid the indignant British Press
Be silent, or dissemble?
No! loud on ev'ry shore around,
Let Freedom's sacred voice resound
While Tyrants hear and tremble.
Alike assertors of his cause,
His sword, his pen, the Briton draws,
Who ne'er abus'd or sold them;
Alike for freedom they contend,
And each the other shall defend
While we have hands to hold them.
Then let the peal, &c.

Shall we, to soothe a Tyrant's sway,
The hapless exile here betray,
And from our shores expel him?
There's not a heart with honour fraught,
But swells indignant at the thought,
And so our swords shall tell him.
Whate'er the stranger's praise or blame,
His sufferings are sufficient claim,
For Britons to befriend him;
Who, 'gainst ungen'rous passion proof,
Respect a foe beneath their roof,
And while he's there defend him.
Then let the peal, &c.

What tho' degenerate Europe groan,
And crouching 'neath an upstart throne,
Submit her plains to plunder;
In glory's gap shall Britain stand,
And shew the foe her *single-hand*
Can hurl th' avenging thunder.

Again

Again let Nelson, Sidney, strike,
Or gallant Moira, grac'd alike
For camp or council, guide us:
The Corsican on sea or shore
Shall find his laurels cropp'd once more,
And grieve he e'er defied us.
Then let the peal, &c.

And since no human systems e'er
Were plann'd so perfect, or so fair,
But some wise heads would mend them;
Let's each Utopian wish repress,
And prize the blessings we possess,
Determin'd to defend them.
If forms are best we all agree,
Where man's most happy and most free,
No matter what we stile 'em:
Britain may boldly stand the test,
Sole refuge of a world oppress'd,
And Virtue's safe Asylum.
Then let the peal, &c.

THE MEN OF KENT.

WHEN HAROLD was invaded,
No discipline he knew,
WILLIAM, the NORMAN, waded
Through blood, and HAROLD slew.
The Counties round, in dread profound,
Bewail'd their lost condition;
Their lands to save, base homage gave,
But Kent show'd no submission.

CHORUS.

Then sing in praise of Men of Kent,
Right Loyal, Brave, and Free;
Of British race, if one surpass,
A Kentish Man is he.

The sturdy stout Freeholders,
Who saw the Tyrant near,
With girdles on their shoulders,
A grove of oaks did bear:
Which, when he saw, quite struck with awe,
He fear'd he could not quell 'em,
He cess'd his arms, allow'd their terms,
And guaranteed their Freedom.
Then sing in praise, &c.

In games and sports athletic,
The Kentish Men excel;
In War they are terrific,
In Love they bear the belle.
They shine in Love as well as War,
Adorn'd with all the Graces,
A Yeoman there surpasses far,
A Knight in other places.
Then sing in praise, &c.

In Chivalry and Glory,
The Kentish Men are known,
High fam'd in ancient story,
And also in our own.
Quebec shall own WOLFE's great renown,
His fame recount with wonder,
And France shall tell how great he fell,
In Victory's own thunder.
Then sing in praise, &c.

But if the Men are hardy,
So are the Women fair;
The country too is lovely,
And rich beyond compare.
In Gothic spires, its dome of Knowl,
Its church of Canterbury,
Its forts so strong, its castles all,
Attest its antient glory.
Then sing in praise, &c.

The promis'd land of blessing,
Our good forefathers meant,
So worthy of possessing,
Is this fam'd land of Kent.
Its flow'ry vales, and meadows fair,
Its bees in every coppice;
The hops, the beer, the cherries there,
Will shew the Land of Promise.

CHORUS.

Then sing in praise of Men of Kent,
Right Loyal, Brave, and Free;
Of British race, if one surpass,
A Man of Kent is he.

Traveller.

OLD

OLD ANNA.

From the Loyal Cottagers.

By Mr. Pratt.

THUS genuine people tell their pain,
In words from genuine nature caught,
And thus the Gleaner joins the strain,
The same his prospects and his thought.

For, to this cottage true he wends,
At length, his solitary way,
And here awhile, with lowly friends,
He hails declining summer's day.

And forth he goes, midst native grounds,
To clasp a hundred rustic hands;
Then fondly strays o'er well-known bounds,
And mixes in the harvest bands.

And as he sees the youngling trains,
O'er fragant fields assiduous roam,
He listens to their artless strains,
Till twilight guides them gently home.

And when their sounds are heard no more,
And nought but light winds whisper round,
When toil and pastime both are o'er,
And weary groupes repose profound:

O then how soft alone to sit,
Pensive within this cottage true,
E'er yet the bat has ceased to twit,
E'er yet the moon retires from view.

And, O how sweet, at midnight hour,
To breathe a prayer for suffering friend,
And supplicate the healing power
Some pitying balm from heaven to send.

And softer still, to hear him sleep,
Each pain and sorrow lull'd the while;
And when again the morn doth peep,
Bid him good-morrow with a smile.

But, lo! how pale that moon-ray peers
On yonder figure, old and poor,
'Tis Anna*, of a hundred years,
Who descants still of times of yore.

Still vaunts of gay victorious days,
When she and our First George did reign;
The monarch he of lofty lays,
And she the queen of humbler strain.

And now, though scepter'd beauty's o'er,
And all her lovers in the grave,
The rustics, as they pass her door,
Swear—"Anna from the foe to save."

She hears the oath, and, with a sigh,
Thankful extends her wither'd arm,
"The burial place," quoth she, "so nigh,
"'Twere hard the foe these bones should harm."

And as the youngling gleaner-band
On the small head the gatherings bear,
They too at Anna's door-way stand,
And leave a generous handful there.

And for th' Invader—when the corn
Is safely stor'd, the infant throng
Again can muster, eve and morn,
Their volunteers, full twenty strong!

The reeds † cockade and plume supply,
Th' inverted kettle forms a drum,
The slight lath arms each little thigh,
And "*now let* Bonaparte‡ *come!*"

* Ann Earl, who resides in a cottage, immediately opposite to that of John Hills, bordering on the church-yard. In her youth she is said to have been extremely beautiful. The author remembers her in the same house upwards of forty years; and, in a recent conversation with her, finds she has a memory to all which then passed.

† There are numerous beds of these in and along the neighbouring river Ouze.

‡ Or, as they more frequently call him, Bonnyparty.

Then

Then stoutly forth they march with glee,
An urchin troop, with spirits wild.
Vow—like their sires, THEY WILL BE FREE!—
Thus springs the hero from the child.

Yet while for war they seem to glow,
The tiny soldiers, free from guile,
Forget the world contains a foe,
And sink in slumber, with a smile.

And could'st thou, man of blood, behold
The villagers and village true.
And John and Dame in love grown old,
And not be melted at the view?

And not suspend thy gory spear,
Nor feel the touch of Nature rise;
Nor at yon white stone drop a tear,
Near which the youth and maiden lies!

Ah, no! thy tiger rage could speed,
To seize upon this cottage true,
Commit each foul and felon deed,
And with its dead the church-yard strew;

And yon white stone in ruins lay,
On which the sweet moon now doth shine,
And make the hallow'd bones thy prey,
And mock at love and pity's shrine!

Yes, ruthless thou! untaught to spare,
Can'st rob the chambers of the grave,
The meek babe from the bosom tear,
Nor mother, nor her infant, save.

To thy destroying arm must yield,
The useful ox, the generous steed,
And all the treasures of the field,
And man and beast promiscuous bleed!

With stony heart, and weepless eye,
Thou tak'st thy sacrilegious round,
Stabbing the labourers as they lie,
In Toil's sweet slumber wrapt profound.

Nor cradled infancy, nor age
Bed-rid, or crutch'd, nor orphans moan,
Can 'scape thy all-devouring rage,
Nor matron's shriek, nor father's groan!

O then by all that crowns your lives,
By friendships true, and loves sincere,
By spotless daughters, blameless wives,
Kinsfolk and Kings, and Country dear:

Rise, rise ye husbandmen and swains;
Arm, arm, ye rich, and arm ye poor;
Defenders of your native plains,
Spurn the invader from your door.

Or should he to your isle advance,
O let your scythes to sabres turn,
Convert the sickle to the lance,
Till e'en the crook shall laurels gain.

So shall the loud and jovial laugh,
Still gaily spread from sheaf to sheaf;
And PEACE return, as proud you quaff
The DOWNFALL of the Gallic Chief!

So shall your villages and plains,
Your farms and cots be still your thrones,
So thrive your damsels, dames, and swains,
And quiet rest poor Anna's bones.

Then rise! ye husbandmen and swains;
Arm, arm, ye rich, and arm ye poor;
Defend your dear and native plains,
And spurn th' Invader from your door.

THE ANTI-GALLICAN.

NUMBER VII.

PROPHETIC ODE.

HIGH where yon rock aspiring tow'rs,
Britain, thy Holy Guardian stands.
First his prophetic prayer he pours,
Then views with lofty scorn thy foe's audacious bands.

O THOU, by whom the chosen race
With feet unwetted passed the sand,
While wat'ry walls around them hung,
Upheld by thy all-powerful hand;
Guard with thy shield Britannia's patriot train,
O'erwhelm yon fiercer Pharaoh in the main!

Eager to meet the Fiend of France,
See Britain's fiery sons advance!

Tyrant avaunt! no land of slaves
Before thy haggard glance appears;
No sad Egyptian race to stoop,
And shed unpitied tears.
In yon green Isle's protected ground
Heav'n spreads its choicest sweets around:
There Liberty in triumph reigns,
Fresh as the verdure of the plains.
No tribes like thine unhallow'd must intrude;
Or welter round her sea-girt coast, and tinge the waves with blood.

View on her shores yon proud array,
And measure back thy wat'ry way:
O'er crouds of slaves, a fell Usurper, reign,
While ruin'd millions gnaw the galling chain.

Monster! by Heav'n's mysterious will,
Perchance one fatal glory waits thee still:
Than fits thy crimes a brighter destiny!
To fall on England's shore! by British hands to die!

See o'er the gloomy Tyrant's face
The yellow paleness paler grow!
See, thro' the change of mad despair,
Yon cheek assume a feeble glow!
'Tis done!---thy doom is seal'd; thy race is run;
Thy laurels blasted, and thy trophies gone!

Thus may Ambition's sons accurs'd
For ever fall and die!
Thus Britain's sons for ever guard
Their land of Liberty!

G. S.

THE SPEECH

Of THOMAS MACDONALD, Esq. *at the General Meeting of the Inhabitants of Ealing and Brentford, on Monday, the 8th of August*, 1803, *to consider the most effectual means of forming a* VOLUNTEER CORPS.

AFTER stating in detail the proceedings of the Vestry, held at *Ealing*, on the 28th of *July*; of the Committee appointed at that Vestry, and the Sub-Committee by them chosen; in the course of which detail he took occasion to do justice to the zeal and known merits of the Officers and Gentlemen of the late *Brentford Armed Association*; and after reading the Resolutions of the Committee for the immediate formation of a strong VOLUNTEER CORPS, conformably to the Act lately passed for the Defence of the Realm, Mr. MACDONALD proceeded nearly as follows:

These, Sir, are the Proceedings and Resolutions I have undertaken to submit to the consideration of this General Meeting of the Parish of *Ealing*, and Township of *New-Brentford*, which it gratifies me to see so very respectably and numerously attended---and in executing the duty with which I have thus been honoured, I feel the most sensible satisfaction; not only because these Resolutions have met with my own cordial and hearty Approbation, but because I am thus enabled to bear public testimony to the Zeal, the steady spirit of Determination, the perfect Concord and Unanimity which have distinguished all our various Meetings on this most momentous business. The same Unanimity, I hope and trust, will prevail on the present occasion, and I do not hesitate to say with perfect confidence, that if that same spirit prevails, as we have reason to believe that it does, throughout the kingdom at large —the country is safe.—The conduct of the people here is anxiously observed in France; and speedy preparation, with the determined purpose of a brave resistance, if it do not prevent, will enable us, under Heaven, to surmount the threatened evil.

"I have said that in every instance we have been unanimous—and indeed were we not unanimous at the present crisis,

crisis, I would ask, where, and on what occasion is unanimity to be looked for?—Is not the cause a common cause?—What rank, what station, what occupation can claim exemption from the impending danger?—The rich man would be robbed of his wealth, the earnings perhaps of a life of industry, or the inheritance of his fathers;—but would the poor man be protected by his poverty?—If such were his thoughts, he would quickly find himself most wretchedly disappointed. The Prince would be driven from his palace; but would not the peasant be dragged from his cottage?---dragged from his helpless and distracted family, to be the tortured drudge of a ruffian foreigner---to be kept alive for the base uses to which his remaining strength might be applied ---to be fed, in the bondage of a slave, from the offals of a Frenchman's table! ---His body wasting under oppression, his mind would feel all the agony of despair, while he thought, full many a thankless and unprofitable hour of labour, on the family he had lost---the cottage he once could call his own---the security which, under the cherishing care of a good and gracious Sovereign, he had possessed---the liberty of equal law he had enjoyed. Perhaps, to compleat his woe, he might feel, with bitter remorse, that he had but ill estimated the value of those gifts of Heaven when they were in his possession---that when called upon to defend his country he had kept back, and thus, alas! deserved the dreadful punishment he suffered.

"These are not the paintings of imagination. In those wretched countries which from weakness, from want of preparation, from internal dissention, from treachery, or from cowardice, have submitted to the iron power of that fierce and inhuman Usurper who now, with insolence unparalleled, dares to think of appalling this mighty Empire: ---in those wretched countries there are thousands now pining under the miseries I have described. They hear the threats against England, and hear them, not without hope. The glories of British liberty have long shone brightly through the gloom---the renown of British valour pervades the world. The world looks on, and hopes for deliverance and relief.---The world, I say, looks on, and that world shall see, that if the mad attempt is made, the fierce Invader and his horde of slaves will perish in the tempest which they themselves have raised.

"But that our vengeance may be sure, we must not forget that courage and determination, however strong, will not avail without the aid of order and control!---our indignation, to be dreadful, must receive its aim from skill and system. Spirit without precaution would lead to destruction---would plunge us into danger without the means of safety. It is the characteristic of English courage to be undaunted rather than fierce---to bear down with the collected force of steady movement---to be magnanimously firm, and so, invincible.---Let us maintain this character; and while we suffer not an hour to elaspe without advancing in preparation, let all our preparations have the quality of order---the means of speedy practice and instruction in the use of arms. Who that reflects for one moment can refuse to sacrifice some small portion of personal ease for permanent safety? ---Who would not cheerfully bestow some hours, or days, or weeks, to maintain a whole life of security---the glorious security of old English independence?

"Stand forward then, my friends, and rally round the pillar of your Country's

Country's safety!—Our Sovereign calls, and who can brook the thought of one moment's delay?—What!—are we prepared to see this fair land—the seat of our Forefathers—the scene of so many glorious acts of Patriotism and Courage torn from our possession, and made the haunt of Frenchmen; or despoiled of all that the work of ages has produced, and by rancorous desolation reduced to that dreary waste which would effectually prevent the revival of our former greatness?—Are we prepared to suffer our sacred Constitution, our pure Religion, our just and equal Laws, our noble Charities, and all our boasted Institutions to be at once thrown down?—To see the remains of life in our aged and infirm parents extinguished under the the pressure of contumely and abuse?---Our wives and daughters violated, and scenes of bloodshed and rapine practised with cruelty proportioned to the envy which our former happiness produced? Shall we submit to this---shall we pause one instant in providing for the means of sure resistance? It cannot be!---We will ever bear in mind those royal mottos, so nobly expressive of the just and vigorous spirit, which distinguish the Southern and the Northern parts of this happy Island; the one—

"GOD AND MY RIGHT;"

the other,

"NONE SHALL INJURE US, AND GO UNPUNISHED."

We *will* stand forth, without fear or hesitation.----There is no cause for fear.---Every circumstance is propitious.---No internal discontents divide us.---Here all is tranquil, and an abundant harvest with favourable skies, augurs plenty to the land.---The God of Nature smiles upon our purpose!"

SPEECH

OF

JOHN HARRIOTT, ESQ.

At a General Meeting of the Inhabitants of the Parish of SAINT JOHN *of* WAPPING, *held in the Vestry Room on* Monday *the 25th day of* July *last, to consider of forming an Armed Association in the Parish.*

PERMIT an Old Officer who has seen some service, both by sea and land, thus to address you:—Should there be no invasion, it is of little consequence how, or in what manner the Inhabitants of every Parish are trained to resist an enemy. But, as it is admitted by the first authorities, that a most daring, powerful, and inveterate foe is strongly determined to make an attempt to *invade*, *subdue*, and *enslave* this Country, I conceive, that in order to be able to make the best defence, the wisest way would be first to suppose the enemy really landed, and ourselves called upon to oppose and resist an immediate attack. At such an awful time, how earnestly would every one, (men of spirit in particular) lament that the *most effective* means were not prepared, without any regard to *parade* and *show*. If this be admitted, and the most capable inhabitants were *formed* and *trained* on this principle, *England—brave happy England*, the *whole united Kingdom* might bid defiance to every threatening foe, however numerous, rash, and inveterate.

It requires but a small comparative learning to become a useful soldier, to what is wanted for a showy manœuvering parade, and the expence is proportionate. It is the *bold energy* with which it is conceived and determined to carry into effect,

CONQUER

CONQUER OR DIE!

Should be the Sacred Pledge given to each other, sooner than submit to the horrid slavery of French principles or foreign power. To die is easy, but to conquer we must be well prepared.

Your *King*, your *Houses of Parliament*—In fact, your own glorious and envied *Constitution*, invite and say to you, *make a choice—Volunteer* your services effectually and satisfactorily, or abide the consequence of Constitutional compulsion—*Who* can hesitate?—My age would exonerate me, but my wounds, formerly obtained in the service of my Country, would bleed afresh where I to remain inactive, and not freely volunteer the best services I am capable of.

If I conceived there were any whose apathy wanted rousing, I would say, "Sons of Britons, the day of glory is arrived to prove your title to Freedom, as descended from your ancestors. The bloody standard of despotic tyranny is raised to enslave you. Do ye not already hear the hoarse threatening murmurs of the Soldiers to ravish, murder, and destroy your Wives, your Daughters, and infant Children? Forging ignoble fetters to enslave those who are dastardly enough to survive the loss of Freedom. Britons! will ye bend your necks to the insulting cruel Corsican Tyrant? To the Gallic yoke he is preparing for you. Already has he dared to boast he will make himself master of your destinies.' 'Tis false, never! never! so long as Britons are true to themselves. To arms! therefore to arms! and hurl Britons proud defiance on her foes. Consecrate your voluntary service in defence of your King and Country, by a Religious vow, by laying your hand upon the altar, and there firmly dedicating and pledging yourselves to *Conquer* or *Die* in defence of your *Religion*, your *King*, and *Constitution*. I promise to be among the foremost to make the vow, and sign and seal it with my blood—to maintain the post at which I may be stationed.

FREEDOM AND LOYALTY.

IN every Nation the COMMON PEOPLE must unavoidably become the first Victims of a violent or protracted WAR; because they always constitute the bulk of a people, and are least able to bear the hardships of Plunder and Desolation. When the Rich are pillaged, the Poor lose the price of their labour; and when daily employment fails, Death stares the poor in the face. *To you, therefore, my Countrymen, I particularly address myself.*

We are now engaged in a cause which no less concerns the Peasant in his Cottage, than the Prince on his Throne. We are contending against an INVETERATE FOE, who aims at the Destruction of every thing dear to you as ENGLISHMEN. We are threatened on our own Shores, and in our own Houses. Our domestic, civil, and religious Privileges are ALL at stake. The existence of our wives, our children, our relations, our friends, our family comforts, our freedom, our trade, and our property, may depend on your immediate exertions.

Let BRITONS, at this awful moment, consider how much they may lose, and against whom they are contending. *Did not that cruel deceiver Bonaparte, when in Egypt, coolly* MURDER *his captives by thousands? Did he not even poison* 580 *of his wounded companions, who had faithfully been fighting his battles?* Does he not still enslave, imprison, and export the Frenchmen, who dislike his vile

vile tyranny? And has he not increased the taxes *fourfold* in every part of his dominions? What then have Free-born BRITONS to expect? The CONSUL himself has told you—FIRE, and SWORD, and PLUNDER, *wherever he finds the English in Arms!!!* How implacable is his hatred! He invites and stimulates his Soldiers to the present War, by promising to afford, "*No Quarter to the English, who defend their Country*;" And if you do but once receive the Invader, *forget not the CHAINS he has prepared for Yourselves, your Wives, and your Children.* Remember the SWISS, the DUTCH, and the HANOVERIANS, whose lives he has spared to make them his *obedient vassals.* But, especially, my Countrymen, recollect that BONAPARTE so envies your Liberty, your Commerce, your Trade, your Privileges, your Happiness, your Greatness, and your PATERNAL KING, that nothing short of utter Ruin, and inevitable Death, is held out as our Portion.

Awake, then, my Friends; be roused, *and shew yourselves MEN.* Who can decline to meet such an Enemy on our own Shores? Who does not burn to repel this Corsican Invader? If he *dare* to send his armies, and to head those deluded Slaves, let the BRITISH LION arise to devour them. GOD HELPING US, we WILL arise, and unite as one Man: *Like our Fathers of old, we will unite and Conquer.*

A TRUE BRITON.

MONODY
ON GENERAL TOUSAINT.

BY W. J. DENISON, ESQ.

WHEN Tyre's proud daughter, fam'd in days of yore,
Whose empire reach'd Iberia's distant shore,
Whose boasted gallies stretch'd their darling sail
To blest Arabia's soft and balmy gale;
Tho' dauntless HANNIBAL delay'd her fall
With his brave vet'rans, and her lofty wall;
Tho' many a year, he shone, her boast and pride,
In peace her guardian, and in war her guide;
When she ordain'd to "*strut her little hour,*"
Sunk beneath Rome's all-conqu'ring, haughty power,
Sunk by her restless, her vindictive hate;
Oppress'd, beat down, but still in ruin great;
The world's stern mistress, e'en in triumph cries,
"All, all is lost—till Canna's victor dies."

So brave TOUSSAINT, torn from his native plain,
Condemn'd to cross the stormy western main;
Condemn'd to bear some cruel master's sway
And toil unpitied thro' the sultry day;
Made one bold effort for his hapless race,
As the bright meteor leaves a short-liv'd trace;
Form'd to command, "*and in the whirlwind ride,*"
Tho' nurs'd by Ign'rance on the Niger's side;
Tho' rear'd by Priestcraft in a barb'rous land,
And damp'd by Poverty's cold wint'ry hand;

He shew'd unletter'd, and untaught by Art,
The genius slumb'ring in a peasant's heart;
Shew'd that a negro could the sceptre wield,
Or guide the phalanx in th' embattled field.
(So shone young HAMILCAR 'midst Afric's gloom,
The scourge, the terror of imperial Rome;
Tho' distant ages long have roll'd away,
That all his triumphs and his toils display;
The heav'nly fire that once illum'd his mind
Breaks forth again and justifies his kind).
But vain the struggle—vain his cannon's roar,
The gallant soldier sinks a slave once more;
By gold seduc'd, by ev'ry wile betray'd,
See Afric's sons again in fetters laid:
The modern Rome with rapture views his fall,
Who proudly thinks this globe her own to call;
Who proudly hopes to rule with sov'reign sway,
From frozen Lapland to the realms of day.
While her mean despot, jealous of his name,
Jealous of talents, probity and fame,
Wreaks his poor vengeance on a helpless foe,
Already crush'd by Mis'ry's keenest blow;
Exulting cries—"In dungeons let him pine,
The western world with all its wealth is mine;
Tho' scap'd the tempest and the carnaged strife,
The poison'd bowl shall end his care-worn life."
Hail, injur'd shade! tho' cold in death you lie,
Your gallant deeds, your suff'rings ne'er will die;
You, "*single handed*," met the vaunting foe
Whose arms have laid the proudest empires low;
You've gained the statesman's* fair and just renown,
The warrior's laurel and the martyr's crown.
You'll share the palm with KOSCIUSKO's name,
With TELL and WASHINGTON's immortal fame;
The paths of glory equally you trod,
Like them you spurn'd Oppression's iron rod;
Tho' foil'd, beat down, and crush'd by hostile Fate,
Your haughty tyrant's base and cruel hate,
His wild ambition, his despotic rage,
Shall live in Hist'ry's adamantine page;
Her awful voice each action shall pourtray,
Tho' prostrate millions own his lordly sway.
She'll paint him now before the Koran kneel,
Prepare his poison and his murd'rous steel;
She'll trace indignantly his blood-track'd course,
Uncheck'd by Conscience, Pity or Remorse;

* If Toussaint's government, if his proclamations and edicts, do not entitle him to that name, I know not any one who deserves it. His good faith might well put to the blush many of his cotemporaries in another hemisphere.

His pride, his rapine, and his lust of power,
Shall "*point a moral*" to the latest hour.

Their leader's fate but rous'd his followers ire,
Vain ev'ry threat of torture, sword, and fire;
Her radiant banner, Freedom wav'd on high,
"Revenge or death"—the watch-word and reply;
From rank to rank the gen'rous ardour spreads
"*To break their fetters on their tyrant's head.*"
Faithless LE CLERC pours out his hordes in vain,
His kidnapped Poles † transported 'cross the main;
(Forc'd each fond tye of Europe to resign,
Or toil for ever in Potosi's mine)
Forbids his troops e'en infancy to save,
Sinks his poor pri'sners in a wat'ry grave;
But Heav'n in justice strikes the fatal blow ‡,
And sends him breathless to the shades below.
The injur'd negro grasps the spear and shield,
Dares his oppressor to the hostile field;
Proves Nature's GOD both mind and feeling gave,
From polish'd Europe to the Afric slave;
Proves all are equal in their Maker's sight,
(Tho' statesmen prattle and though pedants write);
Displays an energy unknown before,
And founds an empire on Columbia's shore.
Where the poor captive, friendless, and forlorn,
Victim of lust, of cruelty and scorn,
Again recalls the joyous scenes of youth,
Season of mirth, of happiness and truth;
Thro' Mem'ry's vista views Angola's groves,
Climbs the tall palm, and woos his sable loves;
Her magic wand revives his long lost bowers,
Strews o'er his pillow all her fairy flowers;
While Hope's bright meteors with inspiring ray,
Gild the mild evening of his stormy day;
Her soft illusions dry up ev'ry tear,
Calm the rude scourge, dispel each tort'ring fear;
In her blest mirror, all his suff'rings cease,
And, crown'd with conquest, ends his days in peace.

† The Polish legion was chiefly composed of Austrian deserters or Prisoners, taken by Bonaparte in his Italian Campaigns, to whom he made an offer of enlisting, or being sold to work the Spanish mines in America. Upon their murmurs at Genoa on being ordered to St. Domingo, he sent directions to give them their choice, of either embarking or being sold to the Spaniards, as their fellow prisoners before. To complete the climax of his perfidy, the very bills drawn for their subsistence he has since refused to discharge.

‡ The tide drove on shore the bodies of the prisoners, whom Le Clerc had drowned by hundreds. Their stench brought on a pestilence, which aggravated the yellow fever, and at last killed him.

ADDRESS

ADDRESS

To the People of Great Britain and Ireland.

IT has pleased the Almighty Disposer of events, to deprive this country of that repose which it hoped to enjoy, in consequence of the treaty of peace with France; and we are again compelled to a contest, with that implacable spirit, whose ambition and rapacity know no bounds. It behoves us then, in the first place, under a deep sense of this awful dispensation, to humble ourselves before the Majesty of an offended God, and suing to him for pardon of our sins, devoutly to implore his aid and protection against the dangers with which we are threatened. In a firm and continued reliance upon his support, and with becoming dispositions, let us then prepare with unanimity, vigour, and promptitude, to repel the aggression of an enemy, who, trusting solely to "an arm of flesh," vauntingly anticipates the conquest of an empire, whose subjects have already successfully opposed the progress of his victories.

Bonaparte has announced to the world his determination to invade England. Let us not indulge the fatal delusion, that by this declaration he only means to alarm, because, on former occasions, we have seen similar menaces professed and abandoned. What occasioned their abandonment? The spirit and resolution of this country, displayed in vigorous and active preparations to meet and chastise the aggressors. It has been the character of the rulers of France, under every form of usurpation, since the destruction of its ancient government, with scarcely any exception, to act up to the spirit, and even to the letter of its denunciations against the peace and liberty of other nations. Let us look to the present state of that country. The *press* is a mere instrument in the hands of the First Consul, to delude the people into an adoption of his sentiments and approbation of his plans: all public discussions are interdicted, and a writer who should dare to censure his measures, or intimate a suspicion of his infallibility, would find, not the Bastile indeed, but a prison still more dreadful, or a banishment to the noxious swamps of Guiana, as a reward for his speculations. Bonaparte is despotic in France: his will is there the only law, and the people must obey his mandates. The apparent folly and madness of the attempt will not induce him to lay it aside. We know him to be capable of the most rash and hazardous enterprizes, and unsusceptible of feeling for the lives of thousands who may be sacrificed in the prosecution of them, or for the miseries of mankind. But, above all, we know him to be actuated by inveterate enmity against this country, which alone has opposed a barrier to his insatiable ambition; which has humanely granted an asylum to the objects of his hatred, jealousy, and persecution; which has displayed the atrocity of his conduct at Jaffa; and which, by affording the contrast of the blessings of a free constitution, with the despotism of his authority, is at once the subject of his envy and detestation. Surrounded with legions, who have already rioted in the spoil of kingdoms, he stimulates their habits of rapacity, by a *promise of universal pillage to the invaders*; and rouses their avarice and ferocity, by an assurance *that no quarter is to be given to the base English, who fight for their perfidious government; that they are to be put to the sword, and their property distributed among the victorious army.* Will the hazard of

of interception by our fleets deter him from making the attempt? No! he has calculated the risk and means to try it. Whatever can be done by the British navy in defence of its native shores, and for augmenting the glory which it has acquired, will be accomplished. Its deeds have already transcended the utmost limits of probability and eulogium. But it would be folly and improvidence in the extreme, to trust the fate of the empire to the sole chance of intercepting the armament which is destined to attack it. Providence has, perhaps, determined that this country is to feel the scourge of war, and that the invaders shall perish on British ground; and we must be prepared to maintain the contest by land, as well as by sea, under a constant and humble reliance upon the God of victory.

We ought then, without hesitation, to assume, that the threatened invasion will be attempted. A just apprehension of danger is a solid foundation of that wise precaution, which anticipates security and promises success. The spirit, which animated the defenders of Acre and the conquerors of the *invincible legions* in Egypt, still inspires thousands and tens of thousands, who only require to be convinced that danger threatens their country, that they may rush forward and defy it. Supineness is more to be dreaded than all the host of France, inured as they are to slaughter and rapine: it might prove fatal, and, at all events, would have the effect of protracting a contest, which energy, activity, and resolution, may decide in a week or a day. The armies of invasion are arrayed, the vessels which are to convey them to the British shores are collecting, and the troops seduced by fallacious hopes of an easy victory and immense booty, are anxiously waiting the signal to embark. Amongst them we may, perhaps, see the miserable remains of bands escaped from the vengeance of the negroes at St. Domingo, on whom they had attempted to replace the fetters of slavery, which the French themselves had broken.

It is necessary to point out an instance of the fatal effects of indecision and supineness at the prospect of danger? Behold it in Switzerland. Ignorant of the real character of the French, unwilling to believe that an aggression would be made where no provocation had been offered, and hesitating between negociation and resistance, the period of preparation was irrecoverably lost; and a people who had nobly extorted their freedom from the hands of tyranny, who had maintained it inviolate for five centuries, and who almost rivalled the subjects of the British empire in a high idea of national spirit, lost in a few months their independence, and are now wholly under the controul of France. During the fatal interval of indecision, intrigue and treachery, the constant precursors and inseparable attendants of French invasion, were actively employed in disseminating suspicion, treason, and disunion, and in preparing the way for the enemy. The vallies of Switzerland, once the pride and envy of Europe, the seat of innocence, peace, industry, independence, and happiness, were overrun by ferocious invaders, whose progress through them was marked with the blood of the inhabitants. Poverty afforded no security against depredation, and the echoes of the hills reverberated the cries of violated chastity, and the lamentations of a virtuous and laborious peasantry over the ruins of their villages and the ashes of their huts. Every man who had dared to speak, write, or arm, in defence of his country, was proscribed, banished,

banished, or destroyed: awful and instructive examples, which, better than a thousand arguments, shews us our danger and our duty. If Switzerland had listened to the warning voice of prudent admonition, if she had adopted the precaution of arming her sons in her defence, the hosts of France would have assailed in vain her liberty and independence, and she would have remained the admiration, instead of being the object of the pity of all Europe.

Death to the defenders of their country! This is the denunciation of France against Britons. The First Consul well knows that no true Briton would wish to survive the liberty of his country; and wanting no subjects, who are not his slaves, he does not call for our submission, but denounces our extermination. Let us thank him for this involuntary compliment to the spirit of a free, a loyal, and a brave nation.

He may hereafter, perhaps, in the usual style of French dissimulation, vary his language, thunder his anathemas against the great only, and invite the poor to participate with him the spoils of the opulent. Such artifices, unfortunately for mankind, have had their effects: thousands have fallen a sacrifice to them, and there are thousands now living, a prey to ceaseless remorse, for having listened to them. If a further instance be required of the conduct of the French towards those with whom they profess to *fraternize*, Egypt will afford it*.

* Take it accurately translated from Denon's Travels into Egypt; it is one instance out of many which might be quoted from the same author. This book was published *under the patronage of the Chief Consul.*

"The situation of the inhabitants, *for whose happiness and prosperity we were, no doubt, come to* Egypt, was no better. If through terror, they had been obliged to quit their houses on our approach, on their return, after we were withdrawn, they could find nothing but the mud of which the walls were formed. Utensils, ploughs, doors, roofs, every thing, in short, of a combustible nature, had been burned for cooking; and the earthen pots broken, the corn consumed, and the fowls and pigeons roasted and devoured. Nothing was to be found except the bodies of their dogs, killed in endeavouring to defend the property of their masters.

"If we made any stay in a village, the unfortunate inhabitants, who had fled on our approach, were summoned to return, under penalty of being treated as rebels who had joined the enemy, and of being made to pay double contributions. When they submitted to these threats, and came to pay the miri, it sometimes happened that they were so numerous, as to be mistaken for a body of men in arms, and their clubs considered as muskets; in which case, they were sure of being assailed by several discharges from the riflemen and patroles, before an explanation could take place. Those who were killed were interred; and the survivors remained friends with us, until a proper opportunity presented itself for retaliation.

"It is true, that provided they did not quit their dwellings, but paid the miri, and supplied the wants of the army, they not only spared themselves the trouble of a journey, and avoided the unpleasant abode of the desert, but *saw their provisions eaten with regularity, and might come in for a portion of them, preserving a part of their doors, selling their eggs to the soldiers, and having few of their wives and daughters ravished.*" Vol. II. p. 44—46.

It would be difficult to find a stronger instance of combined inhumanity, cruelty, and insult.

If I were capable of wishing the destruction of my native country, I would endeavour to lull my countrymen into a fatal security, by telling them that the apprehension of an invasion is groundless; I would endeavour to seduce their generous passions, by exclaiming, that desperate as France may be, she will not be so mad as to make an attempt, that must end in disappointment, defeat, and disgrace: I would amuse them with false hopes, and high sounding declaration.

Such language may be uttered by indolence, ignorance, or folly, but if ever heard, should be received with distrust; but let suspicion attach to every voice that murmurs at the measures adopted for general security, or arraigns the indispensible impositions for defraying the expences of preparation, and of just and defensive war. Sacrifices of social comforts, domestic convenience, and personal ease, must be made: but for what? To repel an enemy, whose extortion, if unresisted, would leave us nothing; who professes to arm for *vengeance*, and offers to us the choice of slavery or extermination. Burthens are inevitable, and must be borne; but remember that we owe them to *France and Bonaparte*. Under the pressure of every exigency, let this consideration perpetually remain, and direct our resentment to the proper objects of it: I would say vengeance, but I dare not arrogate a dispensation which the Almighty reserves for himself.

I see with joy the spirit of my countrymen rising with alacrity to repel the threatened invasion of a foe, who insults us with the language of intimidation. I hear them with pleasure applaud the prudence of ministers in having anticipated the hostility of France. This spirit proclaims the affections of Britons for their king, their country, its laws, constitution, and religion, and I hail it as a happy omen of victory, and security. But let us not forget that to give it force and effect, it must be embodied, and assume the form of actual preparation and array.

Administration, with a proper sense of the impending danger, and with a wise confidence, trusts the defence of the nation, *to the nation at large*. The same administration that made the peace and so anxiously laboured to preserve it, disappointed in their hopes by the restless spirit of French hostility and ambition, appeal to the loyalty and principles of the country, to second their measures and arrangements to chastise the foe. Let every man then be prepared to perform his share of duty, that he may repair with alacrity to his post, at the first notice of approaching danger. The robber selects the unguarded hour of repose for his assault. Vigilance with due preparation, will alone prevent or defeat the schemes of the enemy; without these, alarm, confusion, and dismay will ensue, and the period of preparation once neglected, might never be recovered. Let the plunderers of nations then learn that the people whom they affect to despise are *ready* to oppose them, by day or by night, *single handed*, and that devoutly imploring the blessing of God upon their arms, they will employ them with unabating resolution to the destruction of the invaders of their country.

AN ENGLISHMAN.

Christian Observer.

GRAND

GRAND EXHIBITION.

Mr. VERITAS begs leave to inform the Inhabitants of Norwich, that he is about to Exhibit in their City, a superb and valuable Collection of Pictures, illustrating the Character of the FIRST CONSUL of France; and having had the honor of exhibiting his Collection in the Cities of London and York, and many other places with the most unbounded applause, he doubts not of giving equal satisfaction to the inhabitants of this ancient city.

The following are among the most striking scenes:

FIRST.

View of Toulon after its Evacuation by the English.

Bonaparte is here seen directing the slaughter of One Thousand Five Hundred Merchants and Tradesmen, who were brought into the open Streets, and Fired at with Grape Shot on Christmas Day, 1793.

SECOND.

THE DUNGEON IN THE GAOL OF NICE.

In which Bonaparte was confined *for Murder*, until released through the friendship of Barras, whose quondam Mistress, Bonaparte had lately married.

THIRD.

The Massacre at Paris on the 4th of October, 1794.

By the Order of Bonaparte, Grape Shot were fired in the principal Streets, by which Seven Thousand Citizens of the Metropolis were murdered, for daring to exercise a Constitutional Right by the Election of their own Representatives.

FOURTH AND FIFTH.

Views of the Town of Pavia and Lugo in Italy.

At the former of these places, the people were massacred by order of Bonaparte, their churches plundered of the Gold and Silver Ornaments, Pictures, &c. At the latter, One Thousand of the Inhabitants were put to the Sword, and the town given up to pillage.

SIXTH.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE VILLAGE OF TENASCO, BY FIRE.

" One of Bonaparte's Soldiers instigated by brutal lust, (in the unconstrained gratification of which, his troops were, and *still are systematically* indulged,) entered the Cottage of a Peasant, and proceeded to take the most scandalous liberties with his Daughter, scarcely arrived at years of maturity: the resentment of which by the Father, produced a scuffle that ended in the death of the military Ruffian—Bonaparte whose head quarters were close by, revenged this deed of justice, by ordering *the whole Village of Tenasco to be reduced to ashes, and its innocent unprotected Inhabitants to be put to the Sword without discrimination of age or sex*; an order which was instantaneously and most mercilessly obeyed."

SEVENTH.

SEVENTH.

BONAPARTE RENOUNCING HIS REDEEMER.

" On invading Egypt, Bonaparte repeated his promises to respect Religion, Property, and Persons, and the more effectually to disguise his purposes, he issued a Proclamation, declaring himself and his Army to be true Mahometans; and boasting of having made War upon the Christians, and destroyed their Religion."

EIGHTH.

The Massacre at Alexandria in Egypt on the 14th July, 1798.

" One of the first deeds of General Bonaparte after the Act of Apostacy just mentioned, was to massacre almost all the inhabitants of the populous City of Alexandria, *merely for the purpose of striking terror into their Countrymen.*"

NINTH.

Bonaparte rejoicing at the Slaughter of 3800 *Prisoners of War.*

" Bonaparte being determined to relieve himself from the Maintenance and Care of Three Thousand Eight Hundred Prisoners, ordered them to be marched to a rising ground near Jaffa, where a division of French Infantry formed against them—when the Turks had entered into their fatal alignment, and the manifold preparations were completed, the signal Gun fired—Vollies of Musquetry and Grape instantly played against them; and Bonaparte who had been regarding the scene through a Telescope, when he saw the smoke ascending, could not restrain his joy, but broke out into exclamations of approval." " Sir R. Wilson's History of the Expedition to Egypt."

TENTH.

The Scene which occurred at the French Hospitals at Jaffa.

" Bonaparte finding that the Hospitals at Jaffa were crouded with sick, sent for a Physician, whose name should be inscribed in Letters of Gold, but which from twenty reasons, cannot be here inserted: on his arrival, he entered into a long conversation with him respecting the danger of Contagion, concluding at last with the remark, that something must be done to remedy the evil, and that the destruction of the sick in the Hospital, was the only measure which could be adopted. The Physician alarmed at the proposal, bold in the confidence of virtue and the cause of humanity, remonstrated vehemently, representing the cruelty as well as the atrocity of such a murder; but finding that Bonaparte persevered and menaced, he indignantly left the tent with this memorable observation: " Neither my Principles, nor the Character of my Profession, will allow me to become a human Butcher; and General, if such qualities are necessary to form a great Man, I thank my God that I do not possess them." Bonaparte was not to be diverted from his object by moral considerations—he persevered, and found an Apothecary, who dreading the weight of power, (but who has since made an atonement to his mind by unequivocally confessing the fact) consented to become his agent, and to administer Poison to the Sick—Opium, at Night, was administered in gratifying food—the wretched unsuspecting victims banqueted; and in a few hours Five Hundred and Eighty Soldiers, who had suffered so much for their Country, perished thus miserably by order of its idol." Sir R. Wilson's History of the British Expedition to Egypt."

NAKED TRUTH.

BONAPARTE says——"England cannot fight France single-handed."

WE have ever maintained that One Englishman is equal to Three Frenchman, and it is a fact, clearly established by the histories of both countries. Read the following proofs: At the glorious

Battle of Cressy,

won the 26th of August, 1346, Philip the French King, had 133,000 men; King Edward only 30,000, *Odds more than Four to One.* In this battle, 2 Kings, (the King of Bohemia, and the King of Majorca, the French King's brother) 15 Princes, 1,200 Knights, 1,500 Gentlemen, and 36,000 French soldiers were slain. It took the English army *Three whole Days* to bury the Frenchmen they had slain. At the

Battle of Poictiers,

won the 19th of September, 1356, John the French King, had 80,000 men; Edward the Black Prince, only 8,000; *Odds Ten to One.* Yet, with this handful of men, posted among bushes, hedges, ditches, and vineyards, did the Black Prince so entirely beat the French army, that he took the French King prisoner, and brought him to England; slew 52 of the greatest men in France, 1,700 Gentlemen, and above 30,000 common men; and all this without the loss of a man of distinction, on the side of the English, and scarce any soldiers. Eight days together were spent throughout all England, in giving Glory and Thanks to God. At the

Battle of Agincourt,

won the 25th of October, 1513, French and English historians agree, that the French army amounted to nearly 150,000 men; Henry V. had only 9,000; *Odds more than Sixteen to One.*—Though the English army was much weakened by famine and disease; yet their spirits were roused to the highest pitch; they wholly disregarded the superiority of mere numbers, and wished only for the opportunity of signalizing their courage, and of proving themselves Englishmen. This was evinced in the answer given by David Gam, (a Welsh Captain) to the King, who had sent him to take a view of the enemy, and bring an account of their numbers. When Gam returned, the King asked him the question: he replied, "*there were enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away;*" which pleased the King mightily. The French made wonderous merry in their camp, holding themselves sure of their victory; and so vainly confident were they in their numbers, (like as they are with us now)—that they even played at dice for the English prisoners, before they were taken; and on the morning of the engagement, their insolence and presumption rose to such a height, that they sent an herald to King Henry, to know *what he proposed to give for his* RANSOM? What answer our noble King made is uncertain; for "all who were privy thereunto (saith a French historian) were slain, except the Duc D'Orleans, who was carried prisoner to England." Yet after all this vain boasting, the brave English killed the French Commander, with one Prince, three Dukes, six Earls, 90 Barons, 1500 Knights, and 10,000 Privates, taking also 14,000 Prisoners. The English lost only the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk, 4 Knights, 1 Esquire, and 40 soldiers. The King's first care was to render God thanks for so signal a victory, and to publickly acknowledge that it was wholly owing to his all-powerful arm.

It would be endless to recite all the numerous battles, in which for the most part, the English have constantly beaten

beaten the French, *in all quarters of the World*, for the last *Five Hundred Years*, notwithstanding their great superiority in numbers. It is impossible, however, to pass over a few entirely, without naming them; they were such distinguished victories. For instance the

Battle of Verneuil,

where the French had scarce an officer left to head them, the English having killed them all; and but for night coming on, would have destroyed the French army.

The Battle of Guinegaste,

humorously called the *Battle of the Spurs*, because the French were so frightened that they made more use of their spurs than of their swords.

The famous Battle of Blenheim,

where all Marshall Tallard's army was either killed in the action, drowned in the Danube, or taken prisoners, to the amount of 40,000 Frenchmen; the Duke of Marlborough had only 4,485 killed.

The Battle of Winnedale,

won by General Webb, 1708, was so signal a victory, it must a little be dwelt upon. The French army amounted to 24,000, and 40 pieces of cannon. General Webb only 6,300, not a Gun. *Odds in number four to one*, General Webb posted his men in coppices which he lined well. The French cannonaded them with forty pieces of cannon. General Webb, not having any, made his men lie flat upon the ground. As soon as the cannonade was over, and the French advanced, our soldiers sprung up, and fired from the coppices, with such a close fire, and with such success, that the French soon began to run, notwithstanding their great superiority in numbers; leaving between 6 and 7,000, men killed in the field of Battle. General Webb had only about 900 killed and wounded.

The Glorious Battle of Minden,

was gained by only six English Regiments of Infantry, the 12th, 20th, 23d, 25th, 37th, and 51st, aided by two Hanoverian Battalions. This small body (not more than 5,000 men) withstood the repeated charges of the whole French army, of 100,000, with steadiness and expertness in their manœuvres, never exceeded, and perhaps never equalled. *Odds Twenty to One.* They cut to pieces or entirely routed, all the French troops that opposed them, who seemed (as it were) to vanish before the English Infantry. The French army lost 8,000 men killed, and considerable numbers taken; the Six English Regiments, only 966 killed and wounded.

The Battles which have been fought between the English and French since the Revolution, fully prove the truth of the saying that *One Englishmen is equal to Three Frenchmen.* They are so fresh in our memories, it must be unnecessary to enumerate them. There is one contest however, of so very extraordinary, and so very gallant a description and nature, that it cannot be passed over without some notice: not only from its being an instance of the French having been more *humbled* by the English of the present day, than they have ever been at any other period; but as it will stand in proof to posterity, that England in the nineteenth century, gloriously maintained her great distinguished heroic pre-eminence and superiority over France, for valorous conduct in every clime.—France, unhappy wretched France! by her mad and wicked revolution, by the murder of all her best men and citizens had fallen so low, that she could not produce one man able to cope with England, by land

land or sea. She has been, therefore, driven into the hard and cruel situation of suffering a poor native of Corsica to trample down all her rights, privileges, and liberties; to wanton and sport with the lives and happiness of her whole people; and at length has been compelled to bend beneath the tyrannous weight of his iron yoke. Yet this Corsican, too strong for France, exhibited nothing but weakness itself when opposed to Sir Sidney Smith, an English naval officer. This English hero put an absolute stop to the infamous march of this boasted—boasting—Corsican—Gallican—Mahometan—Bonaparte, to Palestine; who was going upon the avowed profane project and wicked purpose of taking possession of Jerusalem, in order to rebuild the Temple, that he might, as he daringly and impiously said, "give the lie to the prophecies of the Divine Founder of the Christian Religion!"

At the head of a chosen band, exceeding 12,000 men, the Mahometan Bonaparte arrived at the small

Town of Acre,

which was wretchedly fortified, and had in it only a few Musselmen. Bonaparte laid siege to Acre, in form; and the Governor would have surrendered it unconditionally, as upon all calculation it seemed utterly impossible to withstand such a force. But the English Hero, Sir Sidney Smith, prevented him from yielding, and gallantly undertook to repel Bonaparte, his 12,000 men, and all his artillery! Our Countryman was not to be bribed with money, nor corrupted with French philosophy, which had been the principal weapons by which Bonaparte had got hold of Holland, Malta, Italy, &c. Craft and intrigue could here avail him naught. Military qualifications, were alone to decide. Sir Sidney Smith with no army at all, only a part of the fatigued crews of one line of battle ship, and a single frigate, a few Mussulmen, (in all 2,000, not one-half English) so kept at bay for 69 days, so harrassed, and so beat that Mahometan Bonaparte, at the head of 12,000 men, and an immense well served train of artillery, in 12 different assaults, (one of which he actually made, during a truce, which he had himself solicited the English hero to grant him, under the *pious* pretence of burying the dead —so great is the Corsican's craft, and so little his faith to be trusted)—that at length, the English Hero obliged the Corsican to run away, having killed 8 of his Generals, 85 of his Officers, and one half of his chosen army.

When our Edward III. crossed the Channel in 1340, the French attempted to intercept him with a fleet of 400 sail; but the English so fell upon the French, that they sunk and destroyed 230 of their ships, with 30,000 men, most of whom were drowned; for not being able to abide the vollies of the English arrows, great multitudes of them jumped into the sea and perished; the news of which great loss, the French King's courtiers being perplexed how to communicate to him, his jester took upon him to do it, and going into his presence, breaks out in the most violent exclamations of—"O the cowardly English!——Paltry English!——faint-hearted English!" whereupon the King inquiring why such cowards, what had they done? why, replied the jester, for not daring to *jump into the sea,* as your Majesty's *brave Frenchmen have done.*

May such French bravery be always opposed by such English Cowardice!

ALFRED.

Bath Herald.

ADDRESS

ADDRESS

TO THE

VOLUNTEER CORPS,

By Mr. Wickes.

MY brave Brethren in Arms, it is *you* whom I have such heartfelt pleasure in addressing, the Faithful Guardians of *all* that is held dear and sacred by the sons of Albion—you, whose exalted souls can feel the great effects that must result from a real love of England's truly boasted and unequalled Liberty.—You who are the brave defenders of this stubborn rock, firm as itself; you, who to preserve its ancient glory, and its honour by your arms, against the vain ambition of an invetérate foe, would, like the salamander, exist but by fire, and even dare to live in flames, to hurl a justly deserved and tenfold vengeance on all who would dare attempt to usurp your dearest rights, or in an hostile posture approach your envied shores.—It is now ye Britons that your injured and much insulted country calls on you, and now the proudest days of England's brightest glory is at hand, reserved and singled out for you to share the glorious combat, and the casting honors of a great and general display of Britain's martial ardor in the awful moment of tremendous warfare.—Your manly fortitude, your native ardour, and your generous glowing soul, bespeak the terrors which you will incessantly hurl on Albion's, nay, on Nature's impious and universal foe—the bounden duty which is owing to your Maker, as a grateful return for your preservation and all the innumerable blessings you so happily enjoy, is alone sufficient to inspire a British soldier to deeds of endless fame—the honor that is due from us all to our good old King, and the sacred love you owe to your native country, and every thing that is dear and valuable to yourselves as husbands, as fathers and as sons, as pillars of the nation's wealth and commerce, and the noblest protectors of all who glory in the happy enjoyment of British Freedom. Surely these sacred duties will fire your willing souls with emulation in the day of trial, should the unhallowed tyrant ever vainly dare attempt to invade on Britain's peaceful land.—To you is every Briton's eye with confidence directed—to you, inspired with all that can enliven and endear the soul of man—to you, who most eminently inherit all those virtues which so nobly adorned our victorious Sires in former days of dreadful peril, does this exalted nation look with confident success—to you, who pant for glorious conquest, the Briton's great and sure reward—to this great and desirable end (under heaven's all-ruling guidance) you will prove to surrounding nations how illustriously your exertions shine as the happy instruments in endeavouring to yield to bleeding Europe, an universal repose.—Where is, where can be left one single ray of hope of the treacherous and most degenerated enemy's successful stand in the event of an invasion?—Surely with British soldiers it is lost in the recollection of a thousand former victories in every quarter of the globe: and cannot Britons now again, with all the "Cloud capp'd towers" their deadly bomb-proof bulwarks, and their well formed *line*, like the laws of the Medes and Persians *never to be broken*—Cannot these, with every heart and hand united and in terrible array, boldly exhibit an invulnerable defiance, competent to awe the most terrible of invading foes.—Thus happily may you, the pride of every loyal Briton, spare an immense effusion of human blood. But if compelled at last to brave the conflict dire, and hurl your

your sad destructive woes of endless terror on their devoted heads, then with impetuous fury hurl them with ten times double energy in well directed fire, till heaven forbids the impious host to live, and leaves the murderous foe a sacrifice to Briton's mighty power. A foe, whose blood-stained soul would sacrifice one half of wide extended France, to have complete possession of your native land.—Britons be ready! fly to your arms with native fervor, nor cease to fire, till fire rewards your glorious toil with universal peace.—Thus while I boast of such exalted British valour, and bring to recollection those vast atchievements and recount the matchless deeds of our venerable forefathers, the heroes of those immortal days of peril and of blood, let me view the many invaluable services which is rendered, in the present most auspicious day, by an unprecedented variety of voluntary sacrifices made, not only to support the realm in its native dignity and splendor, but triumphantly to preserve it spotless for posterity, and to secure the endless tranquillity of the united kingdom, chearfully to render every grateful tribute that can flow from the hands and the hearts of a British people, blessed with boundless means and godlike souls, to those intrepid and gallant brethren in arms who nobly signalize themselves in this their country's cause—to render the surviving relations of those, whom Providence in this arduous and lamentable contest permits to fall, every balmy comfort which humanity can claim from the sympathizing hearts of unbounded generosity, the distinguished characteristic of the British Empire.

Who, that loves their native country, their family and their friends, can cease to admire the glorious manifestation of such a zealous and universal attachment of each British soul to England's highly favoured Constitution, a Constitution built on the rock of ages, a Constitution equally the long dreaded envy, as it is the unceasing praise of the universe, or cease strenuously to support a Sovereign universally revered for his incessant regard for the continual welfare of his faithful and patriotic people.—View but the sincere and ardent desire of the free, the true born Briton for a glorious conquest, view but the eager and universal assemblage of an anxious and well armed nation, happily united in this arduous cause, inspired with truly British ardor, the pride of antiquity, and every way becoming a great and exalted nation, and a people, born only to be free—thirsting as it were for the tremendous conflict, to hurl the keenest vengeance of their insulted country, on all those, who are not only traitors to their God, but execrable rebels to all mankind.—View but the chearful acquiesence and willing perseverance of Britons in their glory.—No sooner does their Sovereign tell them "the country is in danger," than each individual is instantly at his post, and an universal training to the use of arms for its permanent protection and security, pervades the land. View but their increasing firmness and undaunted magnanimity in this glorious cause, and if possible, more completely securing the choicest of all those blessings which man can wish to enjoy.—This, brave comrades, is the inherent birthright of us, who wish happily to live under the exhilarating banners of British Freedom, and who, like our loyal and patriotic forefathers, would prefer death in the field, rather than make a disgraceful sacrifice of that, which for our own and for our country's good, was so dearly bought with such a lamentable profusion of their blood.—Will not

not reflection on all the horrors that every where has marked the ever to be execrated character, and never to be forgotten rapacious conduct, of the infernal Fiend you have to contend with, rouse you to an immediate and real sense of the protecting duty which you owe to those bright patterns of human excellence, *the British Fair?*—What! and shall the numerous, prattling, helpless Offspring of your mutual love, plead with you, with purest innocence for your protection, and shall they plead, and plead with you in vain? Heaven forbid it.—Look, look at Great George's standard! that glorious pile of British liberty, the envy of the universe, reared in the days of purity and virtue, and now so proudly upheld by the generous support of a people, fired with the noblest spirit of loyalty and love.—Look, look again, you to whom we all so gratefully flee for safety, you, my brave and dauntless comrades, look with a Briton's heartfelt pride, at that venerable bulwark, our great and glorious Constitution, the Sovereign protector of the innocent, and never failing instrument in the hand of Providence, to bring down punishment on every traitor to his King and to his Country, and then ask yourselves, if that is not "the one thing needful"—if that is not "the pearl of great price"—if that is not, what every true born Englishman, so earnestly protects, and still so firmly holds as his Magna Charta, his great Sheet Anchor, his well placed hope, his rallying point in the moment of most imminent danger, and in supporting which, his animating and irresistable courage, in boldly repelling force by force, will shine forth with the most resplendent and unparelleled lustre, nobly enblazon those wreaths which have for so many ages decorated the brilliant and victorious laurels that so eminently dignify his hallowed brow, and leave surrounding nations ever after, awfully to contemplate on the fearful and insurmountable danger, ever attached to the resistless fury of Albion's ever memorable bulwarks and proudest pillars of her well earned fame, whenever her honor, her independence, her commerce, her wealth, her religion, her liberty and her laws, her every thing that is held so sacredly dear, shall be attempted to be sullied, invaded or disgraced, by the daring menaces of an implacable, perfidious, execrable and deadly foe?

A LESSON FOR LABOURERS.

THERE are some labouring people so deluded, as to think they have nothing to lose if the French should conquer this Island. Money, they say, they have none; their goods are not worth an enemy's taking; work must be had, whoever is master; ploughing, sowing, harvesting, threshing, must go on; there must be carpenters, masons, smiths, taylors, and shoemakers, in villages, manufacturers in towns; so that their case will be the same as before; and the wisest thing they can do, is to keep in a whole skin, and leave the rich to fight it out, if they will, in defence of their property.

What is a day-labourer's condition at present?

If he is industrious and careful, he has always a little money beforehand.

He can afford to subscribe to a benefit club, and secure a comfortable provision for sickness and old age.

If he chooses rather to throw himself upon the parish, the laws provide for his maintenance, whenever he is unable to maintain himself.

It

It is his own fault if he has not a tight dwelling over his head, warm cloathing, and plenty of wholesome food. If he is a good manager in the main, he can afford a pot of beer on a holy-day upon occasion, without needing to go hungry for it afterwards.

If one master treats him amiss, he has his liberty, and can go to another.

If a rich man uses him ill, he can make him pay damages.

He can sit down at night with his wife and children, and nobody to molest or disturb him: he can breed them up in duty and affection to him, and look forward to seeing them married and settled round him, for the comfort of his old age.

These are things worth defending: they are all that this world has to give; the rest is fancy and vanity, not happiness; as those know too well who have tried it.

But wherever the French come, nothing escapes them. What is not worth taking, they destroy out of wantonness and mischief. If a poor man has money, they seize it. If he has none, they think he has buried it, and torture him to make him tell where. The cottage is set on fire, the inhabitants pushed back with pikes into the flames: if they escape, who is to relieve them? the invaders mock their distress. Their former rich neighbours, who used to relieve them, are as distressed as themselves.

Employment there will be, no doubt; but of what kind, and how paid? The manufactures will be carried to France, but the manufacturer will be left behind, that their own people may have all the profit. The English will be forced to turn out, and work like galley-slaves, in gangs, with a guard to keep them to it. The weak and infirm will be goaded on with the bayonet; and whoever dares to look surly, knocked down with the butt-end of a musket. For wages, they will have abuse, insults, blows, boiled horse beans, just enough to support life, with water from the nearest ditch. Many will die of bad feeding, many of hard labour. "So much the better," the French will say, "the rest will be more easy kept in order." For fear English blood should rebel, the prime of our sons will be draughted into their armies, placed every where in the front of danger, but without hope of promotion; and those that escape the sword, transported to perish like rotten sheep, by the climate of St. Domingo. Our wives and daughters—alas! what has been the practice of these monsters wherever their arms have penetrated?—a complication of lust and cruelty too horrid, and too well known, to be recited here. Is this exaggeration? Is any man, after twelve years experience, duped by the insidious cry of "Peace to the Cottage?"

But put the Miseries of Invasion out of the question! suppose only that want of energy in the mass of the people at this momentous crisis enabled France to impose a peace which should cripple our commerce; who would be the sufferer? every artificer, every ploughman, and shepherd, throughout the kingdom. For what, but the tide of wealth, that flows into this island from every quarter of the globe, supplies the labourer with real and substantial comforts, unknown to persons of the same rank in any other country under Heaven. Does France enjoy these, after all her boasted victories? So far, at least, she is what she always has been—frippery without, and beggary within. But she is perfectly acquainted with the sources of our prosperity, and all her movements are directed to wrest them from us, and transfer them to herself. In England,

England, the merchant finds capital, the artificer finds hands, the farmer and husbandman provides food; all share the profit. Wages are at a height unheard of in former periods. All must crumble to nothing, all be reduced to indigence, unless the efforts to preserve such advantages are redoubled in proportion to the treachery and violence employed to deprive us of them.

What the emissaries of our enemies inculcate most earnestly, because it involves the irretrievable ruin of a country they hate and fear, is equality of possessions, a specious name for univesal plunder. Thank God! they address themselves to Britons, to men neither ignorant nor unprincipled enough to adopt a scheme, of which it is hard to say the wickedness or folly is the greatest. It is the boy whose impatience led him to kill the goose that produced him a golden egg every morning. The men with great capitals are the goose; the millions whom they employ directly or indirectly, partake daily of the golden egg; without great capitals, no gainful or extensive trade can exist for a single year. The credit that attaches to them, attracts an abundant and unceasing supply of riches; divide them among a multitude, your credit is gone; trade takes another course, regain it if you can.

Let us forget for a moment the enormity of the crime, and inquire only what the poorest man has to get by plunder and confusion. To an invader, whatever he can carry off is gain. Mischief is gain; for if it does not enrich him, it distresses you, whom he hates: but where a man is to pass his life, the case is different. What can he expect to find in the richest house in London! Notes, perhaps, and bills of exchange, of immense value while the circulation of them is supported by credit and social order; but the instant that a tumult is begun, not worth the paper on which they are written. Plenty of ready money, suppose; but certainly not a week's wages a piece for the plunderers; and when it is gone, where will they look for more? A cellar full of wine, a larder full of provision; two days at most will see the end of them. When the phrenzy of pillage is over, they will look dismayed and aghast on the desolation they have made; they will regret, but in vain, that quiet constant supply of all that is really necessary to happiness, which is unattainable without industry, patience, and subordination.

The mischief may be done in a week, ages will not repair it; it would never be repaired. *Bonaparte* will take care of that. If we are false to ourselves, and fall, he will keep us down. While all ranks are zealous and unanimous, he has nothing to hope: when they cease to be so, the poorest mechanic in England has every thing to fear. What keeps the people of France, who are wretched, whom he harrasses and rules with a rod of iron, in subjection to him? —The army and the bayonet. What makes the army obey him?—The promise of being led across the Channel to uncontrolled plunder and carnage. The danger to which the poorest man can be exposed in resisting them, bears no proportion to what he has to suffer from their success.

EPIGRAM.

Some think the INVASION will take place,
I deem it all a joke:—
Yet, if it prove a serious case,
'Twill surely end in *smoke!*—

IN BRITAIN'S FAM'D ISLE,

At the Theatre Royal,

Where ACTORS of SPIRIT are found *True* and *Loyal!*

A PLAY

WILL BE ACTED,

CALL'D,

BRITONS STRIKE SURE!

OR,

Fam'd DOCTOR BULLET'S

INFALLIBLE CURE.

A *Nostrum,* whose TOUCH will at once ease the *Pain,*

WHICH

FRENCH GASCONADERS

May feel in the *Brain!*

AND MAKE

GALLIC DESPOTS,

Who think themselves clever,

REMEMBER THE ARMY OF ENGLAND

FOR EVER!

At the End of the *Play,* when the *French* are struck mute,
British Cannons will then fire—*a Royal Salute!*
And *new Martial Airs,* whose *Effect* must be grand!
Will be *play'd* quite in Style—by the *Duke of York's Band.*

INSTEAD OF

A FARCE,

When the *French* are laid low,

AND

BRITONS TRIUMPHANT

Have *vanquish'd* the FOE!

Returning from CONQUEST—they'll all do their *Duty,*
And join with their *Monarch,* and each *British Beauty!*
To *Heaven* a Tribute of Incense they'll raise,
Ascribing to GOD—all the *Honor* and *Praise!*

TE DEUM

With Fervor, by Old and by Young,
In all *British Churches*—with *Zeal* will be sung.

AND THEN, TO CONCLUDE,

ALL OUR BRAVE VOLUNTEERS,

WILL JOIN ENGLISH SAILORS

In three Loyal Cheers!

THE WHOLE

BRITISH EMPIRE

In CHORUS will sing,

The Blessings of Freedom! and "God Save the King."

☞ *Admission gratis to British Patriots; but none, except Privy Counsellors, will be admitted behind the Scenes.*

A BRITISH FARMER'S LETTER TO *HIS COUNTRYMEN.*

MY COUNTRYMEN!

IT may seem to you somewhat extraordinary that a man, who holds the plough with one hand, should presume to take up the pen with the other; but occasion will make the illiterate eloquent.

We are now threatened with a powerful Invasion; and, were it possible for the Enemy to succeed, the consequence to us would be the same as if the whole frame of Heaven and Earth was thrown into its first darkness and confusion.

When I walk abroad, and behold the lands that I have so diligently fenced and improved; when I reflect that the lordliest 'Squire in the land dares not touch my person, my character, or my property, with impunity: when I return home and am met by my wife; when my children spread their arms around me, and pledges of my happiness,—is it possible that I can think with patience on the threatened ruin? To see my fields destroyed; my house a heap of rubbish; my wife torn from my bosom, and my children murdered: I will never survive such a day of horror; and I only wish for a thousand lives, that I might die as many deaths in their defence.

Have you, then, my countrymen, no such property to preserve? Have you no parents to protect; no wives to cherish; no children to defend? Your properties and Liberties depend, under God, upon yourselves: they may be weakened by Luxury, or destroyed by corruption, but not by arms: they may be undermined by treachery, but cannot be wrested from you by force.

Let the nation be numbered; let that number be divided into three parts; leave (incredible as the supposition may be) two thirds to the timid; but sever to us one third as the protectors of the country: again divide that third, and one half of it shall be amply sufficient to crush Invasion.

Fear ye to die, my countrymen? It is a necessary debt to nature? and nature has made nothing necessary that is to be feared. It is in ourselves alone to make death dreadful, or desirable; to make it desirable by a life of virtue, or dreadful indeed by a death of dishonour.

Would ye be safe, my countrymen? Be valiant. Danger pursues the wretch that flies from it, but flies itself from a courage that dares the encounter. Life is short; death is certain; time is nothing; Action and virtue are all: it is by these alone that life ought to be measured, and his is the longest who falls for his country.

But, if there are any of you who fear to die, behold yon gathered armies, and learn that the only means to save life is to slay the enemy.

Is any one a coward? Let self-preservation inspire him with courage. Is any man a patriot? Let him fight for his Country. Is any man a parent? Let him fight for his family. Has any one affection? Let him fight for his friends. Does any man feel in his bosom the glow of loyalty? Let him fight for a King who is the father of his people.

Observe, my countrymen, the degree of ascent to public happiness. A single person——a family——society——government—law—security—perfection of liberty. Here should be our rest: this is like the sun rising from the first dawn to his meridian; but mark well the descent: usurpation—tyranny—slavery. This is like the sun declining from his meridian, 'till he sets in utter darkness. This it is with which we are threatened.

To

To Britons the love of their king and country, and of that liberty the extinction of which is the object of our implacable enemy, are subjects to which the ear would listen untired; but action is instant, and cuts expression short: be it sufficient that liberty includes all that is estimable; which no power shall take from us, or invade unpunished: it is ingrafted in our nature; it is supported by our Government, and confirmed by our Constitution; it is the source of happiness; it is dearer than life, and 'till death we will retain it.

Then let invasion come, we will stand its utmost fury. The eyes of mankind are upon us, and they expect their safety from our valour. Look back, my countrymen, to your forefathers; look round to your families; look onward to posterity: We will live with honour, or fall with our country; DIE WE MAY, BUT WE WILL NOT BE DEFEATED.

G.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

BRITISH RESOLUTION.

LET Nations crouch beneath the Tyrant's sway,
Where proud ambition soars above all bound;
The SONS OF BRITAIN wait the wish'd-for day
To check him on their coasts or native ground.

On hostile shores in distant burning climes
Their ancient valour hath been fully tried;
On desert sands ensanguin'd by French crimes,
Where Abercromby fought and bravely died.

This might a lesson teach to Mankind's foe,
If pity could find entrance in his breast,
How vain th' attempt if he the gauntlet throw,
From them their Laws or Liberties to wrest.

In such a strife unaided and alone
They may with confidence on Heav'n rely,
Where power now shields their much-lov'd Monarch's throne
And dares the mighty Vaunter's hosts defy.

A PATRIOTIC SONG.

BY GEORGE BIGGS.

ROUSE! Rouse! ev'ry Briton! awake at the call,
'Tis your Country invites you to arms one and all,
In a contest so glorious we all must unite,
Nor regard what our foes may attempt in their might.

Shall a Plebeian Usurper our coast dare invade
And we not repel the foe that would degrade?
No! No! cries each Briton our country we'll save
And his legions of slaves beat like Englishmen brave.

CHORUS.

Magna Charta we boast, British Laws will maintain,
And ride still triumphant, the Lords of the Main.

Shall the French now come here and our laws abrogate,
Make a province of Britain, and bondage our fate?
Shall we crouch to a Despot, a Corsican knave,
Whose ambition now prompts him the world to enslave?
Shall the loud British thunder for e'er cease to roar,
All our prowess be gone and a nation no more?
No! No! cries each Briton; our King we'll support,
And fight as our sires fought at fam'd Agincourt.

Magna Charta, &c.

Bonaparte, we know, could he gain his desire,
Would plunder us all and our towns set on fire;
Our wives, sisters, daughters, his armies defile;
No quarter afford---at destruction would smile;
Lay waste the whole nation, our race extirpate,
And thus glut his spite, so inveterate his hate:
But Britain on GOD and true valor relies
And will gloriously fall or triumphantly rise.

Magna Charta, &c.

Without resolution our all is at stake,
Then shall we neglect our best efforts to make?
Be supinely remiss, and believe all secure?
No, no! cries each Briton, *prepare and be sure.*
Rank and file let's together as brethren unite,
For our King, for our laws, for our country to fight:
We'll transmit to our children the rights we possess,
And millions unborn will our memories bless.

Magna Charta, &c.

FRENCH INVASION.

THOUGH haughty Gaul invasion threat,
And boast she'll make us slaves,
With due contempt her wiles we'll treat,
For still we rule the waves.

And if in winter's mist and rain,
By stealth they pass our fleet,
Still will they find their boast is vain,
For BRITONS here they'll meet:—

Who

Who true to Liberty's fair laws,
True to their country's good,
Will fight till death in Freedom's cause,
For it will spill their blood.

Then Britons rouse your martial fires,
The tyrant to oppose;
Be brave as were your ancient sires,
Like them receive your foes.

Arouse, then, Britons, rouse to arms!
And never be it said
That Gallia, by her vain alarms,
E'er made our isle afraid.

N. B

SELECTED POETRY.

SONG OF DEATH.

BY THE CELEBRATED ROBERT BURNS.

When the pressing nature of public Affairs called in 1795, for a general Arming of the People, Mr. Burns appeared in the Ranks of the Dumfries Volunteers, and employed his poetical talents in stimulating their patriotism; and at this season of alarm, he brought forward the following HYMN, which he had originally composed in 1791, worthy of the Grecian Muse, *when Greece was most conspicuous* for genius and valour.

SCENE—*a field of battle—time of the day, evening—the wounded and dying of the victorious army, are supposed to join in the following Song:*

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies
Now gay with the bright setting sun;
Farewell love and friendship, ye dear tender ties,
Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go, frighten the coward and slave;
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
No terrors hast thou for the brave!

Thou striks't the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark!
He falls in the blaze of his fame!

In the field of proud honour—our swords in our hands,
Our King and our Country to save—
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
Oh! who would not rest with the brave!

THE FROGS AND CRANE.

ÆSOP, strange fabulist! what tiny frog
Dares leap the giant bulk; with lying prate
Seduce the squalid multitude—elate
To crush distinction and contemn King Log?
Like lunatics, bid Stranger rule the bog;
Themselves, allies, subscrib'd to anger sate—
Whose subjects, deaf, dumb, blind, sculk round *in-cog.*
Sees human sacrifices wait his word;
Crippling, from Holland's dykes to Egypt's springs,
Stadtholders, Pope, Electors, Beys and Kings;
Mocks half the globe, a self-created lord?
Why on such man her cap would Folly place,
With, "*Hail, dread Emperor of the croaking race.*"

J. H.

DEFIANCE TO BONAPARTE.

To subdue the Armadas of France and of Spain,
Neptune gave us his trident as lords of the Main;
Bade our cannon's dread thunder in loud peals to roll,
From the banks of the Thames, to the furthermost pole:
Then enrol, my brave Lads! to chastise them prepare,
And the Corsican Tyrant may come, if he dare!

Though by slaughter or threats, from the Elbe to the Po,
With his Iron and Gold, he has silenc'd each foe;
Both his Gold and his Iron he soon shall see broke,
By the all-conquering force of our firm Heart of Oak.
Then arouse, my brave Lads! their destruction prepare,
And the Corsican Tyrant may come, if he dare!

Not content with the Blood which in Europe he shed,
Still he hop'd to advance, where the Nile hides his head:
But Aboukir and Acre, beheld his dismay,
When defeated, he fled, and his fleet was our prey;
Then let Nelson and Sidney new triumphs prepare,
And the Corsican Tyrant may come, if he dare!

Yet

Yet against us, he vaunts his base myriads to bring,
Who obey an Usurper,—who murder'd their King;
Impious wretches! in terror, who kiss the vile rod—
But we fight for our Laws, for our King, and our God!
Let us all then, united, for Battle prepare;
Let the Corsican Tyrant then come, if he dare!

From their coasts, by the winds, should our Navy be toss'd,
And in spite of our Tars, should the Channel be cross'd;
Frenchmen never our dear native land shall explore;
If not sunk in the Sea, they shall die on the shore!
See! already we march, and to crush them prepare;
Let the Corsican Tyrant then come, if he dare!

Of our Wives and our Daughters, protecting the charms;
And our Country defending, our cry is "To Arms!"
To blasphemers and slaves, Britons never will yield,
For Religion's our Bulwark and Freedom our Shield.
Our Invincible Banner they wave high in air,
And the Corsican Tyrant may come, if he dare!

As a Comet descends, that has blaz'd from afar,
While he scatters around desolation and war;
So this merciless Despot who makes the Earth groan,
Let her wake from her trance, shall be hurl'd from his throne
Wake the earth at our call—rise, our glory to share;
And the Corsican Tyrant o'erwhelm with despair!

Morning Herald.

ENGLISH, SCOTS, AND IRISHMEN.

A PATRIOTIC ADDRESS

TO THE INHABITANTS OF

THE UNITED KINGDOM.

To the tune of King Robert the Bruce's March, at the Battle of Bannockburn. By John Mayne, *Author of Glasgow, a Poem just Published.*

English, Scots, and Irishmen,
All that are in Valour's ken!
Shield your King; and flock agen
Where his sacred banners flee!
Now's the day, and now's the hour,
Frenchmen wou'd the Land devour—
Will ye wait till they come o'er
To give ye Chains and Slavery?

Who wou'd be a Frenchman's slave?
Who wou'd truckle to the knave?
Who wou'd shun a glorious grave
For worse than death—for infamy?
To see your Liberties expire—
Your Temples smoke, your Fleets on fire!
That's a Frenchman's sole desire—
That's your fate, or—Liberty!

Robb'd of all that sweetens life,
Tranquil home, and happy wife!
Reeking from the villain's knife,
Yonder harmless Peasant see—
Prostrate near him on the heath,
A ruin'd Daughter grasps for breath!
Frenchmen riot in their death—
That's to them a luxury!

In fancy'd conquest over you,
The Tyrant tells his tyger-crew—
If chains will not your minds subdue,
Nor exile, stripes, and poverty,
Then, when the Land is all defil'd
He'll butcher woman, man and child—
He'll turn your gardens to a wild—
Your Courts to caves of misery!

Mothers, Sisters, Sweethearts dear,
All that VIRTUE gives us here!
Can your Sons or Lovers fear
When Frenchmen threaten slavery?
O! no!—In hosts of VOLUNTEERS,
The GENIUS of the ISLE appears!
With dauntless breast, BRITANNIA rears
Her arm, and points to VICTORY!

IRISH, SCOTS, and ENGLISHMEN,
All that WORTH and VALOUR ken!
Shield your KING; and flock agen
Where his sacred Banners flee!
Now's the day, and now's the hour,
Frenchmen wou'd the Land devour—
To arms! to arms! and make them cow'r,
Or meet their certain destiny!

CONQUEST OR DEATH;

Written on the *Return of War.*

HARK! 'tis the cannons' horrid roar
The frighted Earth again alarms;
The martial bands from Gallia's shore
Excite all England's sons to arms!

The thund'ring tube was scarcely cold,
The fatal hail scarce ceas'd to fly,
When Mars—"To arms, ye brave and bold;
"'Tis your's to conquer, or to die!"

Scarce had the soldier and the tar
Inhal'd a breeze of native air,
Or mother wept o'er Henry's scar,
Or lover kiss'd his constant fair,
Or wife enjoy'd a mate's embrace,
Or child a father's beaming eye,
When thro' the airs unbounded space
Th' alarm was—"Conquer, or we die."

Scarce had the "Drum's discordant sound"
Forborne the ambient air to rend,
Or lovely Peace, with olive crown'd,
Been welcom'd as a long-lost friend:
Commerce again, with fav'ring gales,
Had scarcely brought her treasures nigh,
When cruel war again assails;
And we must fight, or basely die.

The sword scarce sheath'd from bloody fight,
Again meets sword with hideous clang;
Again maintaining England's right,
The soldier feels the dying pang.
Ceres' rich stores, that strew'd the plains,
Now mangled heaps of slain supply;
And hills, re-echoing shepherds' strains,
Resound—"We'll conquer, or we'll die."

Then since 'tis by the fates decreed,
That war shall fill th' ensanguin'd plain,
Let us not tamely drooping bleed,
But fight, and beat them once again.
Rous'd by a Howe's—a Nelson's fame,
Let's scorn from Gallic slaves to fly;
While England's shores shall still proclaim,
"We'll conquer, or we'll nobly die."

THE

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

Tune, "*Push about the Jorum.*

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the loons beware, Sir,
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, Sir,
The Nith shall run to Corsincon*
The Criffel† sink in Solway,
E'er we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally!
Fal de rall, &c.

O let us not like snarling tykes
In wrayling be divided;
Till slap come in an unco loon
And wi' a rung decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Among ourselves united;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrongs be righted.
Fal de rall, &c.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
Perhaps a claut may fail in't;
But deil a foreign tinkler loon
Shall ever ca' a nail in't.
Our fathers blude the kettle bright,
And wha wad dare to spoil it;
By heaven the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it.
Fal de rall, &c.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own.
And the wretch his true-born brother,
Who would set the *mob* aboon the *throne*,
May they be damned together,
Who will not sing "God save the king,"
Shall hang as high's the steeple;
But, while we sing "God save the king,"
We'll ne'er forget the people.
Fal de rall, &c.

BURNS.

THE GENIUS OF BRITAIN.

Tune, *The Marseilles Hymn.*

YE British Sons awake to glory,
Hark! hark! what myriads round you rise,
Your Children, Wives, and Grandsires hoary,
Behold their Tears and hear their Cries.

Shall BONAPARTE mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts a ruffian band
Affright and desolate our land
Our peace and liberty lie bleeding,
By a Savage Tyrant's hand?

To Arms, to Arms! ye brave!
Th' avenging Sword unsheath,
March on, march on, all hearts resolv'd
On victory or death.

Now, now the threaten'd storm is rolling,
Which our foes have dar'd to raise;
The Dogs of War let loose are howling,
And in their *wish* our cities blaze.

And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force with guilty stride
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands embruing?
To Arms! To Arms, &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despot dare
His thirst of power, and gold unbounded,
T' invade a people free as air.

As beasts of burden he would jade us,
Like God would bid us him adore!
But Man is Man—and who is more?
Then shall he longer threat t' invade us?
To Arms! To Arms! &c.

O Liberty! can we resign thee,
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?
Can a Tyrant's threats confine thee,
Or whip thy noble spirit tame?

* A high hill at the source of the Nith.

† A well-known mountain at the mouth of the same river.

Too

Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That Murder's Dagger Tyrants wield:
But Freedom is *our* sword and shield,
And all their threats are unavailing.
To Arms! To Arms! &c.

ON HIS MAJESTY's SHIP BRITANNIA.*

Tune—"RULE BRITANNIA."

WHEN first the fam'd Britannia's prow
Dash'd thro' the foaming waves along,
Sea-Gods and Nereids round her bow,
Swell'd lovely this inspiring song:
"Long, Britannia! shalt thou reign,
The pride and terror of the main!"

Tho' squadrons—tho' the hostile force
Of Nations—thy career impede,
Resistless still, thy daring course
To conquest and renown shall lead:
"Long, Britannia! shalt thou reign,
The pride and terror of the main!"

France, Spain, th' united naval world,
Quell'd by thy pow'r shall yield alike;
While your imperial flag unfurl'd,
No human force shall ever strike;
"Long, Britannia! shalt thou reign,
The pride and terror of the main!"

Still shall some gallant Chieftain lead
To Victory, thy fearless band;
Heroes to Heroes shall succeed,
And each a braver crew command;
"Long, Britannia! shalt thou reign,
The pride and terror of the main!"

Yon sacred Isle, whose name you bear,
Shall ever "great and free" survive;
And thou, her noblest guardian, share
The glories thy achievements give;
"Long, Britannia! shalt thou reign,
The pride and terror of the main!"

And when (a day the fates design,)
A proud Usurper threats her coasts,
Thou, foremost of the British line,
Shalt hurl destruction on his hosts;
"Long, Britannia! shalt thou reign,
The pride and terror of the main!"

Then shall thy rescued country breathe
To thy brave chiefs her grateful vows;
And Britain's fairest daughters wreathe
Fresh laurels to adorn their brows;
"Long, Britannia! shalt thou reign,
The pride and terror of the main!"

But when at length, the solid oak,
That form's thy beauteous fabric, lies
Consumed by Time's resistless stroke,
From thee a Phœnix shall arise;
"Who thro' succeeding years shall reign,
The pride and terror of the main!"

PHILO-NAUTICUS.

Morning Post.

MENACES TO TALLEYRAND.

Thou perjur'd priest that mock'st thy God,
Thou traitor to a virtuous king,
Hop'st thou beneath the iron rod
Of thy dread sway this land to bring:
Dost hope proud Briton's e'er will give
Their daughters fair to feed thy lust,
Or pay thee gold to let them live,
When low they're trampled in the dust?
No, base Traitor! No!
To guard a Briton's sacred rights
His dearest blood shall flow.

No Briton that a sword can wield
Will ever from the fight retire;
The smiling infant from the field
His father's manly breast will fire;
The lover for his lovely maid,
The husband for his blooming wife,
The children in their parent's aid,
Will burn to join the glorious strife.
Weak slave, then, dread our arms,
For Britons will their rights maintain,
While Life their bosom warms.

* Commanded by the Earl of Northesk.

THE *ANTI-GALLICAN.*

NUMBER VIII.

ODE.

By H. J. PYE, Esq.

POET LAUREAT.

I.

O'ER the vex'd bosom of the deep,
When, rushing wild, with frantic haste,
The Winds, with angry pinions, sweep,
The surface of the wat'ry waste;
Tho' the firm Vessel proudly brave
The inroad of the giant wave,
Tho' the bold Seaman's dauntless soul
View, unappall'd, the mountains roll;
Yet still along the murky Sky,
Anxious, he throws th' enquiring eye,
If, haply, through the gloom that round him low'rs,
Shoots one refulgent ray, prelude of happier hours.

II.

So ALBION, round her rocky coast
While loud the rage of battle roars,
Derides Invasion's haughty boast,
Safe in her wave-encirc'd Shores;
Still safer in her DAUNTLESS BAND,
LORDS of her SEAS, and GUARDIANS of her LAND,
Whose patriot zeal, whose bold emprise,
Rise, as the storms of danger rise;
Yet, temp'ring GLORY'S ardent flame
With gentle MERCY'S milder claim,
She bends from scenes of blood th' averted eye,
And courts the charms of PEACE mid shouts of VICTORY.

III.

She courts in vain—the ruthless Foe,
Deep drench'd with blood, yet thirsting still for more,
Deaf to the shrieks of agonizing woe,
Views with rapacious eye each Neighbour-Shore;
" Mine be th' internal sway," aloud he cries,
" Where'er my Sword prevails, my conqu'ring Banner flies."

IV.

Genius of ALBION, hear!
Grasp the strong Shield, and lift th' avenging Spear,
By wreaths thy dauntless Sons of yore,
From GALLIA's Crest victorious tore,
By EDWARD's Lilly-blazon'd Shield,
By AGINCOURT's high-trophied Field;
By rash IBERIA's Naval pride,
Whelm'd by ELIZA's Barks beneath the stormy tide;
Call forth thy Warrior Race again,
Breathing, to ancient mood, the soul-inspiring strain;
" To arms, to arms, your Ensigns straight display!
Now set the battle in array;
The Oracle for War declares,
Success depends upon our hearts and spears!
Britons strike home, revenge your Country's wrongs,
Fight and record yourselves in Druids' Songs!"

ORDERS OF BONAPARTE
TO THE
ARMY OF ENGLAND,

Respecting their Conduct when they shall have captured London, and subdued Britain.

SOLDIERS!

In sending you to Britain I send heroes to cope with raw pedlers and shopkeepers. History bears witness that whenever French and British have met, that British effeminacy has always yielded to Gallic prowess. If ever the French appeared to have the worst of the battle, it was from a great scheme of policy, as may be seen in detail in the admirable productions which have issued from the pens of Gascon historians. The battle of the Nile was lost, by my express orders; that, deprived of our ships, we might the more energetically display our military heroism; and in Egypt wonderful were our works. There we overthrew those renowned heroes the Copts; there we adventured to meet the wandering Arabs; there we battered down the walls of mud; there we made the inhabitants slaves; there you, my soldiers, had the full and unrestrained command of all the wives and daughters of the country, unmolested by your General—whose pursuits do not lie that way; there you made yourselves greater than Romans and Macedonians, and exalted me far beyond a Cæsar and an Alexander. At Acre we could have been victorious; but a General should, sometimes, consult the ease and accommodation of the

soldiers;

soldiers; I therefore, chose to bring you back to Egypt, to your favourite pastimes, that if either women, or other moveables, had before eluded your search, you might now have them in possession; and, to diminish the number of your competitors, I employed a short *recipe* at the hospital. But, why boast of my own atchievements? These —Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, and Holland can attest; and, for a true and impartial account, read the Moniteurs, and addresses. On my general character I need not expatiate—for my beneficence and piety I appeal to the bishops—those devout and disinterested worshippers of the powers that be. They, good men, liken me to the Saviour of the World; and bear testimony that I am the right hand of God, for effecting the regeneration of mankind.

To complete this purpose of my mission upon earth, it is necessary that I should subjugate those infidel Britons who dare to question my authority to dispose of all liberty, property, and power, as shall seem good in my eyes. —These islanders I employ you to conquer, or rather authorize you to reap the spoils; since there will be no contest. The great body of you is to land in Sussex, Kent, and Essex, that you may be near London; within two days of your landing you are to reach the metropolis. There are two articles in which England is before France—money and women—and these were two with which you have always been accustomed to make free in every expedition that has been undertaken for regenerating mankind. I resign all the women, and one half of the other moveables to my conquering heroes. At this season the coasts abound with objects that will agreeably reward the toils of the soldier. I permit detachments to file off to Brighton and Margate; at the former there is a place called the Steyne; there you will find numbers of beautiful creatures, far beyond your acquaintances in Italy and Egypt—they are yours; it will to you be a pleasant scramble; for myself, as I said, that is not in my way. The same may be done, at other places, only that at none you are to lose time. You are all to sail on Saturday the 1st of October. Monday, you may be completely landed; you may amuse yourselves in the manner I prescribe at the watering places, in the evening, and take your partners with you in flying caravans. The next day set off to London. The last division is to have its head-quarters at the Treasury, and in that part of London that is called Westminster; the right to pitch the General's tent in the Bank, and the troops to possess the city. The wives and daughters are your own; the men will make no resistance; you may do with them as you please. Though I think I have given you a good precedent at the hospital, you will be securest of your ladies when you have no rivals to fear. There is, I am told, a village near town, famous for its number of *old maids*—there your *invasion* may be received with equanimity, as you will have no competitors to dread. With regard to the property, I have taken pains to be minutely informed: on Wednesday I suppose all the arrangements made: Thursday you are to employ in inspecting and packing up the cash in the Treasury and the Bank: to send detachments from your respective head-quarters to examine and collect the money, and all that is to be found in all the banking-houses. Other detachments are to have the care of the goldsmiths' and silversmiths' shops, and all most portable articles. Let them all be sent, with due expedition, to

our Exchequer, to which they *naturally belong*; and there your shares shall be safely kept for you—unless I should happen to have occasion for them myself. Send me, from the Tower, all the arms; give orders for burning Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham; but first send me all the ammunition and portable stores. Do not burn the ships; send the men of war to Brest; and let the rest be employed in conveying moveables to the Great Nation. Burn London to the ground. Massacre, I leave to your own discretion and choice, with some particular injunctions and exceptions. Let all those who have endeavoured to rouse their countrymen to oppose my will, be sacrificed. Let all promoters of volunteer corps be brought into great squares; and, according to the revolution mode, from mouths of cannon cease to be, or send them to the hospitals. Let a lingering and torturing death recompence the reviler of the conquering hero, Pizarro, the stirrer up of the people to rebellion against my authority over the whole world, derived from God—as the bishops aforesaid are ready to bear testimony. Let Sir Sidney Smith experience a double portion of torment for his insolence, in daring to oppose me. Let Nelson, and Duncan and Jervis, experience no mercy. They are sworn enemies to my regeneration of mankind. Spare not Dundas; he has always been a thorn in our side. There is one man that did more against my regenerating authority, than any in the island. I did abominate that man, but I am half inclined to forgive him, for not being at his *own post* when I send you over. There is another very great man—a *personal acquaintance of my own*—I can hardly think he likes me; but as he has made little active opposition to my authority, you may let him alone while he is quiet. There is a Lord who severely reviled me, and I was once very angry with him; but of late he has strongly opposed those men and measures which attempted to stimulate resistance to my power; him therefore I will forgive. There is another that was wont to abuse me without mercy or moderation, but lately endeavoured to prevent every scheme of the opponents of any power; let him be spared, and also his seconds. There is a singular fellow, that I hardly know what to make of. Sometimes he will abuse me and mine, and call us all the robbers, and thieves, and murderers, that could be thought of; merely for taking what naturally belonged to us, and removing obstacles to such occupancy; but lately has been no less strenuous in abusing every man or measure, that was calculated to oppose my power. On account of his late and present conduct, I shall forget the past, and he shall even have an employment that will suit his taste—Let him be literary associate to the executioner: behold the last pangs and tortures of the victims; make a narrative of what passes; and give to it the title of the Register of the Hangman's Helper. With what delight he will record the agonies of my arch enemy Sheridan. You may besides give him another job; he is as keen an advocate to a free Press as myself: let him have the burning of all the Printing-houses. At the Stock-Exchange and Bank too, he will very readily bear a hand; there he will have no objection to an illumination. Send me Sir Robert Wilson bound in chains; him I will have the delight of instructing personally in my medical practice. You shall have further directions, before the appointed day of sailing, to take possession of the island of Pedlars. I hate every thing that belongs to those Pedlars—especially Pedlar's Acre.

BONAPARTE.

BOB

BOB ROUSEM'S
EPISTLE TO
BONYPART.

THIS comes hoping you are well, as I am at this present; but I say, Bony, what a damn'd Lubber you must be to think of getting *soundings* among us English. I tell ye as how your Anchor will never hold; it isn't made of good Stuff, so luff up Bony or you'll be *fast a ground* before you know where you are. We don't mind your palaver and nonsense; for though 'tis all Wind, it would hardly fill the Stun'sails of an English Man of War. You'll never catch a Breeze to bring ye here as long as you live, depend upon it. I'll give ye a bit of Advice now; do *try* to Lie as near the *Truth* as possible, and don't give us any more of your *Clinchers*. I say, do you remember how Lord Nelson came *round* ye at the Nile? I tell ye what, if you don't take Care what you are about, you'll soon be afloat in a way you won't like, in a High Sea, upon a Grating, my Boy, without a bit of soft Tommy to put into your Lanthorn Jaws. I'll tell you now how we shall fill up the Log-Book if you come; I'll give ye the Journal, my Boy, with an Allowance for *Lee-way* and *Variation* that you don't expect. Now then, at Five, A. M. Bonypart's Cock-Boats sent out to amuse our ENGLISH MEN OF WAR with *fighting*, (that we like). Six, A. M. Bonypart lands (that is if he can), then we begin to blow the Grampus; Seven, A. M. Bonypart in a pucker; Eight, A. M. Bonypart *running away*; Nine, A. M. Bonypart on board; Ten, A. M. Bonypart *sinking*; Eleven, A. M. *Bonypart* in *Davy's Locker*; MERIDIAN, Bonypart in the North Corner of ———, where it burns and freezes at the same time; but you know any Port in a Storm Bony, so there I'll leave ye. Now you know what you have to expect; so you see as how you can't say I did'n't tell ye. Come, I'll give ye a Toast: Here's Hard Breezes and Foul Weather to ye my Boy in your Passage; Here's may *you be Sea Sick*; We'll soon make ye *Sick of the Sea*; Here's may you never have a Friend here or a Bottle to give him. And to conclude; Here's the FRENCH FLAG where it ought to be, under the ENGLISH.

HIS
BOB ⋈ ROUSEM,
MARK.

P. S. You see as I coudn't write, our Captain's Clerk put the Lingo into black and white for me, and says *he'll charge it to you.*

IMPROMPTU—JOHN BULL AND HIS MAN.

"*O Measter*" said Thomas—"the French *zay as how*
To England they mean to come over"—
Says John "if they do their fine Armies we'll mow
All as one as we cut down our Clover."

J. B.

A NEW TE DEUM,

IN HONOUR OF

NAPOLEONE BONAPARTE,

BY W. KEEGAN.

Ordered to be Sung in all Places of Worship throughout France, Spain, Italy. Switzerland, Holland, Egypt, &c.

N. B.—No Monk or Nun should close their Eyes, but after a Repetition of this Devout Offering.

TE Consulem Gallicum damnamus.

Te Tyrannum confitemur.

Te cœdis et hæresis Patrem omnis Terra detestatur.

Tibi omnes Diaboli, et Serpentes incessabili voce proclamant:

Satan, Satan, Satan, terribilis es Domino Deo tuo.

Pleni sunt Cœli and Terra horrendæ stragis et vastationis tuæ.

Te Dominum et infernorum chorus,

Te impiorum sordidus Numerus,

Te Diabolorum acclamant exercitus.

Te per orbem Terrarum sancta anathematizat Ecclesia,

Patrem immensæ Temeritatis,

Execrandum tuum verum & unicum Nomen,

Tetrum quoque Spiritum tuum.

Tu Rex gloriæ Diaboli.

Tu Satanæ sempiternus es Filius

Tu ad perdendas Naturæ Leges non horruisti tollere veneno miseros.

Tu devicto mortis aculeo aperuisti credentibus portas infernorum.

Tu ad dexteram Luciferi sedes in gloriâ suâ:

OH Chief Consul of France we curse thee!

We acknowledge thee to be a Tyrant.

Thou Murdering Infidel all the World detest thee.

To thee all Nations cry aloud, Bonney, Bonney, Bonney.

Thou art universally execrated!

Holland, Italy, and Switzerland are full of the Measure of thy Crimes.

To thee the infernal Host of Hell,

And the whole Army of Sinners and Devils

Raise their hideous Notes.

The Army of Jaffa damn thee!

The Pope, Cardinals and Catalogue of Bishops excommunicate thee;

For thou art the Parent of infinite Sin.

Thy fictitious and thy true Name are equally accursed;

And thy black Spirit maketh Mankind to shudder.

Thou art the Kernel of Infamy O Nappy.

Thou art the everlasting Son of Tyranny and Avarice.

Thou hast not scrupled to violate the Laws of God, of Nature, and of Man.

Having unhappily, escaped the Dangers that have awaited thee, thou hast opened thy Prison Doors to shut them again on the Innocent.

Judicem

Judicem credis non esse venturum.

Te ergo, quæsumus, tuis famulis subveni, quorum sanguinem iniquè effudisti.

Æternâ fac cum Diabolis tuis in glorìâ numerari.

Salvum fac Populum tuum Gallicum, et maledic Hæreditati tuæ;

Et damna eum, et obrue eum in æternum.

Per singulos dies, maledicimus te,

Et blasphemamus Nomen tuum in seculum, & in seculum seculi.

Dignare, Diabole, die isto cum pecato eum custodire.

Miserere ejus, Satan, quoniam speravit in te.

In te, Diabole, speravit, crucietur in æternum.

Thou shalt sit at the Right Hand of Lucifer, ornamented with thy impious Spoils, where thou shalt judge in Favor of those who pay thee best.

We therefore recommend to thee to have some Mercy on those whom thou hast robbed of their Peace and Property.

Let thy Ministers be numbered with thee in eternal Damnation.

May thy Subjects guillotine thee, and thereby spare the People whom thou oppressest with thy Corsican Yoke;

And may thy Heritage suffer in a like Way.

May they be not simply damned, but damned to all Eternity.

Day by Day all Nations reproach thee, and adjudge thy Name to be detested from Generation to Generation.

Deign, O Nappy, to leave the World in Peace and Quiet; and at least spare those Fools who have put their Trust in thee.

Oh Satan give him a good warm Corner in Hell, for he has been thy faithful Servant.

And as he has relied on thee, let him partake of thy Torments now and for evermore.

PATRIOTIC ADDRESS

FRIENDS and Neighbours, you are threatened with Invasion by a Tyrant, who is known, by experience, to be cruel and revengeful, sparing neither age nor sex. Is your Life? is your Property? are your Wives and Children dear to you? They may, and most likely will, be sacrificed, if the enemy should reach your home. Do you not burn with indignation at an attempt to violate such precious rights? The government, it is true, has wisely provided defence against the first attempt; but shall we, who remain, be still and inactive till the enemy comes to our doors? All would then be lost! No! rather let us rouse our courage, and give our aid to the efforts of government. That government might enforce its right to proclaim Martial Law, which would drive every man to the battle; but it has, with a prudential regard to our comfort, devised a milder plan for

THE DEFENCE OF THE COUNTRY.

Let us then second its intentions, and enroll ourselves, for our mutual defence, in parties of neighbours, under a neighbour of our own choice for our officer, all knowing and having confidence in each other; that in case the enemy should (contrary to all expecta-

tion) get an absolute footing on our shores, we may do all in our power to stop his progress. This we may help to effect, by firing on his advanced guard or straggling parties; and then, from our better knowledge of the country and of the roads, we may retire with very little hazard to ourselves, but with great annoyance to the foe.

We may also, by conveying away the women and children, the aged and infirm, to a place of security; by removing property of any kind, in case of need; by carrying provisions to the army, either by waggons or barges, do essential service; so that no one, of even the lowest degree, should think himself of no consequence, but may, by the exertion of his strength and ability, in some way be useful, and prove himself, in so alarming a moment,

A True Friend to his Country.

THE MENACES OF BONAPARTE.

What Strange Things are come to pass!

A Little insignificant Man, not more than fifty inches high, with an half-starved Army, that would faint at the sight of an English Bull, has dared to say that he will *Conquer Four Millions of Englishmen!* Englishmen, whom the brave Romans themselves, that subdued the rest of the World, could hardly conquer!! Englishmen, whose name is feared and respected over the whole Universe.

Conquer Four Millions of ENGLISHMEN!! What can this mean? Why it means that this presumptuous little man, conceives that Englishmen are dead to every sense of Virtue; that the love of their Country, no longer animates their breasts; that the courage for which heretofore they have been so pre-eminent, has forsaken their hearts: and that, without a struggle, they will tamely and basely lay down their arms upon the Tyrant's approach. In short, that the BRITISH LION is become as docile and tame as a Lady's Lap-Dog, and that he will allow himself to be kicked, buffeted, and trampled upon, without even a growl to shew that he feels the foot of his oppressor. Good Heavens what an imputation!! Can you set down with an appetite to your meals, can you retire quietly to rest, can you follow your daily occupations, under such a charge, and not move one step to express your indignation? Does not your blood boil at the very idea of Englishmen's patriotism being so questioned? Can you indifferently allow yourselves to be accused of forgetting the enjoyments of your mild laws, which equally affords to every man protection to his property and person; of your fertile soil which rewards the labourer's toil with plenty; of your extensive commerce which conveys to your hands riches, and all the luxuries of the world; and of your beautiful Women, who to every domestic comfort, bring you strong and virtuous children, to hand down to posterity the honourable name and qualifications of Englishmen? All these, and a great many more blessings will you lose, if you do not hastily step forward to prove, that you have hearts to vindicate the charge, and hands to protect your country, and its rights, against all aggressors. But if you can quietly sit down with such glaring insults, then shall I say that Englishmen are CONQUERED? then may the USURPER sheath his sword, and put by the implements of destruction, with all the paraphernalia of war, and with a few of HIS BANDITTI only, come over to receive the degraded submission of CONQUERED BRITAIN!! But this shall never happen. Sooner may the avenging hand of heaven avert the disgrace, and by one grand concussion destroy every vestige, that could hand down to posterity, the name, or recollection of such a race, as ENGLISHMEN.

THE BRITISH LION.

AN ADDRESS

TO THE

MECHANICS, ARTIFICERS,

MANUFACTURERS, *and* LABOURERS *of* ENGLAND, *on the subject of the* THREATENED INVASION.

BY GEORGE CLARK, ESQ. *Brentford.*

THERE is an opinion unhappily prevailing among some persons, as to the probable consequences of this country being overcome by France, which opinion has a fatal tendency, and ought to be done away. It is most prevalent amongst those whose lot it is to gain their daily subsistence by the sweat of their brows, such as manufacturers, mechanics, and labourers. The opinion alluded to is, that men of this description would be in no worse situation, if the conquest of this country should take place, than they are at present. This is indeed a most dangerous opinion, and one that should be opposed with all the zeal, the importance of the subject demands.

It is certainly right, that before an opinion is opposed, or those who hold it are condemned, it should be made certain that the opinion is false. If it were indeed true, that such an alteration could not possibly make the situation of the labouring part of the community worse, but might possibly better it, then nothing would be left to move them to defend their country, but mere patriotism. It would in that case be ridiculous to urge them to it, by any other motive than a love of their country. And if the high and independent spirit of Englishmen, and their ardent and distinguished patriotism be considered, we may, I conceive, even upon this principle, look for their most strenuous exertions to save it. Englishmen love liberty, and they love their country. They love their country, because it is the parent and nurse of liberty, and because its constitution and government secure to them the enjoyment of it.

The good sense of the people of this country will convince them, that its laws and constitution give to the people as great a share of LIBERTY, as is really and truly useful to them. Every man living must know and be satisfied, that ten or fifteen millions of people cannot be kept in order, without laws to restrain and regulate their passions, and punishments to deter them from doing mischief. Let any man who is the father of a family look into his own house, and say, whether he can preserve order in it without exercising the authority, which his situation, as the head and governor of that little society, intitles him to use. He is obliged to admonish, to restrain, and to punish. If then laws and punishments are necessary to keep a family in subordination, how much more must they be necessary to the government of a country! How much more to govern millions of families, millions of persons! Persons, who would otherwise be the destroyers and the victims of each other. It is by the law and its punishments that the peace and happiness of the people are preserved. It is by those they are saved from the violence of their stronger neighbours, and from the snares laid for them by their weaker but more designing ones. It is the law that saves our PROPERTY from rapine, our PERSONS from assassination, and our WIVES and DAUGHTERS from ruin.

Having thus gone a little out of the way, in order to shew how necessary laws and punishments are for the welfare and happiness of society, we will proceed to shew, first, that the labouring part of the British community would,

would, in all human probability, be in no better condition under a French, than they are under an English government; and secondly, that there is every reason to believe, that their situation would be much worse. And both these points appear to be so evident, that very little pains will be necessary, to convince the most obstinate of the truth of them. First then, we will shew, that it is by no means probable, that our mechanics, manufacturers, and labourers, would be in a better condition under the government of Bonaparte, than they are at present under that of George the Third. And here let it be asked, what is the situation of the people under the government of this country, and what just cause they have to complain? The answer will be, that the dearness of provisions makes them unhappy and dissatisfied; that the taxes they pay render their situation miserable; and that both of those circumstances united, render them unable to maintain themselves and their families. This, it is admitted, is in some measure, and in some instances true, but it is not universally so. In many instances, where there are families of children, the pressure of the present times is necessarily heavy, and grievous to be borne. The present high price of all the necessary articles of life, is greatly to be lamented; but it must be admitted, that generally speaking, the price of labour has been in some measure increased. But independent of that fact, two things ought to be considered. 1. That it is not the fault of government, that articles of the first necessity are so dear. Government (it is well known) has used its most strenuous exertions to prevent it; but it has appeared after the fullest investigation, that the evil has arisen, much more from the natural course and order of things, than from any combinations to injure the community. 2. It should be recollected, that the burden complained of, is not exclusively an evil to the persons who are the objects of this address. It is not an evil suffered by them alone. It is an evil in which other ranks of society in great measure partake, and particularly petty tradesmen and shopkeepers, and persons whose means of support are derived from small annual incomes. These persons are in a situation far more deplorable than the labourer and manufacturer. They are much more pressed by taxes, and are obliged to contribute to the church and the poor, when they themselves would be proper objects of charity. But the grand question is what probability there is, that, if those who complain, were under a French government, they would be in a better situation? Whether it is likely, that under the tyranny of Bonaparte, they would be better clothed, or better fed? It is to this point the mechanic and the labourer should direct their attention. Let them honestly and fairly put the question home to their own hearts, and say, whether they really think, that if Bonaparte were to wield the sceptre of this great nation, their situation would be bettered? Whether in that case, there is any reason to believe, that the quantity of food would be increased, or money become more abundant. Whether they think that if an hundred thousand French soldiers were quartered in this country, in order to rivet our chains, it would have a tendency to make bread and beef cheaper? They would doubtless take the plunder to themselves, and every article of life would rapidly increase in price, by its quantity being lessened. And of that which should remain, our

enemies

enemies would take the best for their own use. They would live upon the fat of the land, and leave poor John Bull to be satisfied, if he could, with that which they would deem not good enough for themselves.

Again, if the French were to possess themselves of this country, (which God forbid!) one of their first steps would be, to destroy our commerce, and ruin our trade, by transferring them to France. It is to our trade and commerce that we are indebted (under Providence) for the high rank we hold among the nations of the world. It is to these we owe our superior prosperity and our national glory. And it is this that has excited the jealousy and spleen of our enemies. It is in order that they may transfer to France the manufactures of this country, by destroying our naval and commercial superiority, that they wish to possess themselves of this great and happy country. And what must and would be the consequence? They would first remove from this country just as many manufacturers as would be sufficient to teach Frenchmen our arts and manufactures, and then the whole body remaining of them, would be turned adrift, to starve, or to get their living by some other means. It cannot then be denied, that a change such as we are speaking of, would be fatal to our MANUFACTURERS and ARTISANS.

The DAY LABOURER may, on reading this, bless himself, that the evil does not reach him. He may fancy that if the manufacturer is ruined, he will be safe. And that if the mechanic is out of employment, he shall quietly cultivate the fields. But he is miserably mistaken. The very contrary would be the case. Is it not plain, that if two or three hundred thousand manufacturers are turned loose, they will be looking out for other means of providing for themselves and their families? Would they submit to be starved, or would they not rather turn from the *loom* to the *plough*? Would not this great increase of hands lower the price of labour? And would not in this case the present field labourers partake of the ruin attendant upon the loss of our commerce? Beyond all doubt these would be the dreadful consequences, there is therefore no hope that their condition would be bettered.

But there is another class of workmen, who may say, those evils would not affect them: I mean JOURNEYMEN CARPENTERS, JOURNEYMEN BRICKLAYERS, JOURNEYMEN MASONS, and other ARTIFICERS, who certainly form a respectable and valuable part of the community. But this is equally a mistake. Let it only be asked, what it is that gives to them employment? The answer is the RICHES of the country.—And what is the cause of those riches? The answer is, our TRADE and COMMERCE.—Ask them what would be the consequence of removing that trade, and that commerce to France? They must answer you, NATIONAL BANKRUPTCY, POVERTY and RUIN.—Who then will there in that case be, to build palaces, to raise mansions, to enlarge our cities and our towns! The answer is, NO ONE. Where then it may be asked, is the likelihood, that the condition of our mechanics would be bettered? The answer is, NO WHERE!

How wretchedly then are those men misled and mistaken, who suppose that their condition could be bettered, if the change should take place! Or who are even careless whether a change takes place or not! How necessary is it, that they should rouse themselves from the madness into which they have been

betrayed, by the artful insinuations of desperate men! With what zeal and energy ought every English heart to beat against those, who would, under pretence of doing them a service, lead them on with false hopes to certain and most horrible ruin!

There are two regulations existing in this country arising out of its happy constitution, which place the labouring part of the community in a situation much to be preferred to that of the poor of any other country in Europe. By the one of these I mean, the provision that the law makes for the helpless poor. In England we have establishments for the poor which are unknown to every other country, and which are unknown even in a portion of the united kingdom. For in Ireland no such thing as a poor's rate is known, and those who are poor and wretched, must pine away in want, unless the voluntary bounty of their neighbours should perchance relieve them. God grant, that the day may not be far distant when that country shall be blessed with a like establishment. Let us look at OLD ENGLAND with an eye to this circumstance, and then say, what would be the probable consequence, if Bonaparte were to govern us. From what has been said, it is evident, that there would be a great increase of poor, and a great decrease of the means of supporting them. The fact then is, not only that this country is honourably and happily distinguished from all other countries in Europe, by the care it takes in providing for those who are unable to provide for themselves; but the truth also is, that the fatal change would, at one stroke, destroy all the blessed effects of this kind and humane institution, by taking away from the people the ability to support it.

The other regulation I allude to as distinguishing the poor of this country from those of every other, is, the protection the laws afford to them. I mean the equal distribution of its favours, and its severities, to the poor and to the rich. And in another circumstance calculated to give full effect to this protection, which perhaps may not be generally known; but which ought to be known to every individual in the kingdom, which is, that if a man is so poor that he cannot either prosecute a claim, or defend a right, the courts will take such a man under their own immediate care, and will actually appoint an able attorney and an able counsel to undertake the management of his cause, and they are bound to perform it without fee or reward. This is a fact within the knowledge of every professional man, and is frequently practised.

Having in this manner, as shortly as possible, pointed out the great improbability there is, that the condition of the manufacturer or labourer would be benefited by a change of the government of this country, we will now take a short view of the probability there is, that such a change would produce to them an infinite sum of evil. This has already in some measure appeared in the foregoing observations, but what has been said gives a faint and imperfect view indeed of the evils which such a change would produce; and in order to a further view of it, let us look to the conduct of Bonaparte and the French troops in the countries they have unhappily conquered. In a commercial view of this part of the subject, let us for a moment turn our eyes upon the once rich and happy, but now poor and distressed States of Holland. Before the French revolution, the Dutch nation was amongst the most rich, prosperous, and important of European states;

states; but if we look at them since the conquest of the country by the French, we shall see it reduced to a state of comparative beggary, and most deplorable misery.

Who then that loves HIMSELF, that loves his FAMILY, that loves his FRIENDS and his COUNTRY, could endure to see this happy island in like manner depressed and degraded? But such would be the wretched state of it, if the ambition, the malice, and the indignation of Bonaparte, should be glutted with the conquest of it.

The conduct of the French in the countries they have conquered; particularly where they have conquered after having been opposed, will hold up to our eyes a spectacle so shocking, so inhuman, and so distressing, that the heart sickens with a view of it. So horrid have they been, that the benevolent heart of an Englishmen need only hear them recited to be roused to the highest pitch of indignation. I shall present those who either wish for, or are indifferent about the invasion of this country by the French, with a short detail of their cruelties, founded on the most unquestionable authorities.

We will begin with an observation or two concerning the want of good faith in the Chief Consul, to shew that there is no reliance to be made on his promises. So notorious is he for giving by his actions the lie to his words, that his *name* and that of *liar* might well become convertible terms. No man living is more free to promise; no man living more ready to deceive. There is scarcely a country thathe has entered, where he has not proclaimed his determination to protect the *persons* and *properties* of the inhabitants; and there is not a country he has entered where he has not most grossly and most infamously acted in direct opposition to it. The people of Milan, of Genoa, of Modena, of Tuscany, of Rome, and of Venice, of Holland, and of Egypt, can bear full witness to the fact of his never ceasing to violate the solemn pledges he has made. Their PERSONS have been BUTCHERED, their PROPERTIES SEIZED, their WIVES and DAUGHTERS VIOLATED. In the small territory of *Milan* he broke through the most solemn assurances. He promised "respect for property," but he exacted from them near six millions sterling! The churches were plundered, and every charitable fund was confiscated. And because the people were roused by these oppressions to shew an inclination to demand justice, he poured out upon that unhappy country *the vials of his wrath.* The town of Benasco was burnt, and eight hundred of its inhabitants butchered. 'He then marched to Pavia, took it by storm, and delivered it over to general plunder; and published at the same moment a proclamation, ordering his troops to shoot all those who had not laid down their arms and taken an oath of obedience, and to burn every village where the tocsin should be sounded, and put its INHABITANTS to DEATH.'

On his entry into Venice he solemnly proclaimed that he 'came to deliver the finest country in Europe from the IRON YOKE of the proud House of Austria.' But alas! how hard was their fate. A revolution took place; the influence of the House of Austria was destroyed. Bonaparte entered into a treaty, which he sanctioned by his own seal, signed in May 1797. Venice, as the price of this boon, paid three millions of livres in money, three millions more in naval stores, and agreed to furnish three ships of the line. 'Immediately after the signature of the treaty, the arsenal, the library, and the palace

palace of St. Mark, were ransacked and plundered, and heavy additional contributions were imposed upon the inhabitants. And in not more than four months afterwards, this very republic of Venice was by Bonaparte given up to that *iron yoke of the proud House of Austria*, as they were pleased to term it, to deliver it from which he had represented in his proclamation, to be the great object of all his operations.'

So much for his GOOD FAITH, for his PERFORMANCE OF PROMISES, and RESPECT for TREATIES. We will now put his character into a true light, by adding to the atrocities already enumerated, some instances of his conduct in Egypt.

And in order to this we will consult the book of a Frenchman named *Denon*, who was an eye-witness of what he relates. And his testimony will not be doubted, when it is known, that *Denon* was one of Bonaparte's great admirers, that he accompanied him on his Egyptian expedition, and that the very book in which it appears, has had the sanction and approbation of Bonaparte himself.

After having spoken of the treatment of those who were found in arms, he goes on to state, that the situation of the unresisting, defenceless inhabitants was *no better*. He tell us, that when they returned to their villages they found nothing of their houses but the *mud* of which their walls had been formed. Utensils, planks, doors, roofs, every thing, in short, capable of being burnt, was burned. The earth pots broken, the corn consumed, and the fowls and pigeons roasted and devoured. Nothing was found but the *dead bodies of their dogs*, killed in defending the properties of their masters. If, says he, we made any stay in a village, and the inhabitants fled, they were called upon under the penalty of rebels who had joined the enemy, and were made to pay double contributions. But if they returned and submitted, and paid what was demanded, coming in a body, they were sometimes mistaken for armed men, and killed by the rifle men and patroles; but if they remained, paid their contributions, and supplied the wants of the army, they saw their victuals eaten with regularity, and had *but few* of their wives and daughters ravished.

This detail is sufficiently dreadful, but we may be assured, bad as it is, that it has been told with as much favour to the French as possible. We will now hear what our countryman Sir Robert Wilson has to say as to his conduct in Syria. He tells us, that ——— Bonaparte having carried the town of *Jaffa* by assault, many of the garrison were put to the sword, and three thousand eight hundred were taken prisoners. Bonaparte being determined to relieve himself from the maintenance and care of so great a number, ordered them to be marched to a rising ground near *Jaffa*, where a division of the French infantry formed against them. When the Turks had been put into a proper situation, and the mournful preparations were completed, *the signal gun fired*. Vollies of musquetry and grape shot instantly played against them; and Bonaparte, who had been viewing the scene through a telescope, when he saw the smoke ascending, could not restrain his joy, but broke out into exclamations of approval. When the Turks had all fallen, the French troops endeavoured to put a period to the sufferings of the wounded, but some time elapsed before the bayonet could finish what the fire had not destroyed, and probably many languished whole days

days in agony. The bones still lie in heaps, and are shewn to every traveller who arrives*.

But we have not done, one more instance of the abandoned cruelty of this monster in human shape, shall close the account.—Bonaparte finding that his hospitals at *Jaffa* were crowded with the sick of his own army, sent for an apothecary, and gave him directions to dispose of them. In consequence of this command (which the apothecary dared not refuse) opium was put at night into pleasant food in such quantities, that in a few hours *five hundred and eighty* of his own soldiers, became the victims of his villainy, and died.

Judge then my countrymen, what chance there is of bettering your condition under the government of Bonaparte. Judge what trust can be placed in his promises; what hope can be founded on his humanity, He is alike the enemy of truth, and of human nature. Think for a moment, what the dreadful consequences would be, if he should succeed in his threatened invasion! If enough has not been said already, let the threats that he has bellowed out against this country awaken you to a resolution, with one hand and one heart to oppose his designs, and to overturn his plans of desolation. Can you endure that Frenchmen shall threaten, and insult you with impunity? Can you bear to hear them threaten destruction to the country and your families, and not step forward to meet the boasting tyrant? Can you sit still and be told by a Corsican, that in a few weeks ENGLAND SHALL BE NO MORE? The French call you *proud islanders*, and say, THEY WILL DESTROY YOU†. But BRAVE ISLANDERS, if you are united, your country is saved. If you look on carelessly and unconcerned, the country is ruined: but Englishmen united, may brave the world. By your present exertions you may save yourselves, your wives, and your children from destruction. He is unworthy of the name of an ENGLISHMAN: He is unworthy of the name of a MAN: He is unworthy of the name of a FATHER, of a HUSBAND, of a BROTHER, who does not at this important moment, STEP FORWARD TO SAVE HIS WIFE, HIS DAUGHTERS, HIS SISTERS, HIS COUNTRY, AND HIS KING.

AN ENGLISHMAN.

July 8, 1803.

P. S. In addition to what I have already stated, one more circumstance has occurred to me, and though *last*, will certainly not be found the *least*. It is this—admit for a moment, (though God forbid that so dreadful and improbable an event should ever happen) that this country, or even the smallest part of it, should be conquered, what would be the inevitable consequence, in addition to the horrid miseries I have before described? It would, beyond all doubt, be this: Bonaparte's first object would necessarily be to recruit his army, in order to replace the many thousands that he must have lost. For, should the tyrant have conquered but part of

* Sir Robert Wilson tells us, that it was *Bonn's* Division that executed this bloody order. If the charge is false, why have not the officers of that division rescued the character of their general from so foul an aspersion? Their not having done so is an evident proof of its truth.

† He has been base enough to declare, that no quarter shall be given to the soldiers who may fall into his hands, and that the country shall be given up to general pillage.

England,

England, he will feel the absolute necessity of raising fresh troops to incorporate with his own, in the hope of being enabled to subdue the remainder; and should he have conquered the whole, what finer troops could the world afford to this cruel and insatiable monster of ambition, for the conquest of Austria and Prussia, than an army composed of Britons—a nation which experience has taught him is the bravest and most formidable he ever had to cope with. Here then would be no *volunteering*, no *ballotting*, unless, indeed, such *volunteers* as were raised in France for the conquest of St. Domingo. And how were these raised? Why by every man having a bayonet put to his breast, being seized by force, and then *chained in couples like dogs*, and drove down in a string to the coast for embarkation, like so many *galley-slaves*. This, though it may sound incredible to an Englishman's ear, is a fact known to all Europe.

Such, my brave Countrymen, would be your dreadful fate, could this blessed island be once subjugated to that haughty and merciless Tyrant, the Corsican Bonaparte. Where then is the man who would not die a thousand and a thousand deaths sooner than submit to so cruel and unnatural a fate?

Think well of this, brave Britons, ere it be too late; and if it be our lot to fall individually in this glorious cause, let us remember that we shall have, at least, contributed our part to save our Country, and that we shall die with the blessings of our dear Countrymen.

COMPARISON.

THE difference of national character is strongly illustrated by the different expressions of feeling in this country and in France since the declaration of hostilities. In France the people, without reasoning for a moment on the subject, but yielding to the force of mere prejudice and passion, entered into the views of the Government. The conquest of England was a prospect which dazzled their fancy. They never passed a thought on the difficulties and dangers of such an enterprize. In imagination they beheld our independence destroyed, and had added England to the immense territories already under the dominion of the Great Nation. They hastened with their addresses of congratulation to the Government, and besought their illustrious Ruler to lead the armies of the Republic to this last and greatest of the French victories. In this country the course pursued by the nation was of a very different description. Hardly relieved from the pressure of a long war, they looked forward to the renewal of hostilities with the utmost anxiety and regret. Their feelings, their interests, and their reason, were all enlisted on the side of peace. When they were informed that war had become inevitable; when they were assured that it was essential to the preservation of our existence to have recourse to arms, they did not rashly declare their assent, or form any resolution till after very mature deliberation. It was observed accordingly that while addresses were pouring in from all quarters in France, the evidences of public spirit here were neither frequent nor animated. When the public voice began to be heard, it was at first comparatively feeble. It extended itself gradually through the country. The language of the people was the result of reflection, and all ranks joined in the expression of their determination to stand by the country at a crisis when its inde-

independence was threatened by an enemy, who had given the most unequivocal evidences of his unconquerable malignity. This spirit was constantly receiving new accessions of strength, till it became the soul which animates the mass of the people. In France the picture is now reversed. The agitation produced in the first instance has ceased. The delusion which gave rise to it has vanished; and the conquest of England no longer appears an enterprise unattended with difficulty. The present is not, and cannot, in the nature of things, be a popular war with the great body of the French people. It is for them without object or utility. Here, on the other hand, the war has become a national one, because every man feels that on the issue of it depends the safety of national independence, personal liberty, and domestic comfort. The French fight to gratify the ambition of one individual. The English fight as the champions of the liberties of this country and of the world.

The Courier.

PRATT's ADDRESS
TO
HIS COUNTRYMEN
ON THE
TRUE-BORN ENGLISHMAN's CASTLE.

WHICH of you, my Countrymen, does not feel, that you have property in your GOOD OLD CASTLE UPON THE ENGLISH ROCK, encircled by the sea? And, while the idle foam dashes against it, every billow adds to its security; and the Ocean, which is your own also, my brave Friends, is at once its pride and protector. Which of you does not feel, that, in this sacred edifice, you have an interest, and an inheritance? Which of you does not exult in the thought that it is your *home*, and, that it remains, amidst the convulsions of the earth, an object of *glory* to its friends—so of *despair* to its foes? And were the arrogant enemy to take a survey of it, he would find that the foundation is good, and that the fabric still stands majestically on the rock, whereon our ancestors have placed it!

That CASTLE, my Countrymen, holds whatever in life is most precious to you; it contains the *cradle of your infant babes*, whose slumbers are undisturbed and sweet; it contains your *wholesome beds*, unpolluted by the RAPINE OF INVASION; it receives you, after the honest labours of the day, whether of body or of soul; and not even the *battle and murder of other nations*, nor any thing but guilt, or the visitation of heaven, which happens to all men, can prevent your enjoyment of unbroken repose. The apartment individually allotted to you, whether spacious or otherwise, incloses a thousand blessings; which, if you that duly appreciate these, will not, as with one voice, exclaim, I WILL LIVE OR DIE, FIGHT OR FALL, IN DEFENCE OF MY CASTLE?

Under these happy emotions, look, then, my dear Countrymen, at your *still-peaceful* cottage, and *chearing hearth*, and at your *beloved children*, playing innocently round it—cherish your little gardens—dress your smiling fields—or if you have none of the latter, consider what your culture of them for others produces to you, in *comfort*, *health*, and social *love*; and, as you survey these objects of the social and kindred heart, with numberless others, that twine, like its fibres around them, you will be *proud* of your Country;

will feel yourselves, more than ever pledged to support her; you will bless her fruitful soil, which so many envy; and detach your thoughts from every thing that would annoy your comfort in your GOOD OLD CASTLE ON THE ROCK.

And shall a daring Threatener suppose it is in his power to lay this, your venerable pile, in ashes?—Shall the general Devourer think you will permit him to take possession of the sacred ground, that surrounds your Castle?—Shall he vainly suppose, that you will barter your wives, your children, your friends, your neighbours, your country, your reason, your religion, your good faith, and your freedom, for dishonoured poverty, and infamous slavery? And, shall the crimson banner of tyranny ever be reared, where the *real* Tree of Liberty has been planted?—O, NO! pride! shame! glory! love! friendship! and duty! forbid!!

My Countrymen! an honest exertion shall preserve your CASTLE and Inheritance. UNION shall make your fixed and floating Castles indeed triumphant; but the union must not only be GENERAL, as, praise be to the British character, it now is—it must be UNIVERSAL—THE WHOLE PATRIOT SOUL INFORMING AND ANIMATING THE WHOLE PATRIOT BODY.

The best, bravest, and most wise amongst you, of ALL parties, agree to call the defence of your native land, against an invading foe, whether foreign or domestic—true patriotism. In the name of the Patriot, then, I conjure you to encourage it. My friends, it is the ardent, active, and sacred principle, that has already led you to suspend all your accustomed pleasures; all gainful pursuits; or, at least, to consider them as secondary. The more you contemplate, the more will you be convinced, that UNION is *the one thing immediately needful*; without it, indeed, nothing, either of heaven or earth, could preserve its beauty or its use. A few discordant parts would unsettle the whole system of the spheres; the planets would rush furious on each other; the moon be hurled from her orbit, and the earth be shrivelled, like a scroll, by a spark from the sun!

My Countrymen! imitate that which holds the heavens themselves together! UNITE! PRESERVE ORDER! BE FAITHFUL TO YOURSELVES! and secure in your GOOD OLD CASTLE ON THE ROCK, and in your GOD, you may BID DEFIANCE TO THE EMBATTLED GLOBE!!

ADDRESS TO BRITONS.

Friends and Fellow Countrymen,

YOU are threatened with Invasion by a daring and inveterate enemy; one who impiously boasts that he has chained fate to his chariot wheels, and that the winds and the waves are at his command. He promises you fire and sword, and declares that he will lay in ruins the palace and the cottage. Your sons he gives up to be murdered, your daughters to be polluted by his soldiers, and your property to be plundered. The very name of Englishmen he says shall only live in books and records, as his purpose is to destroy them all from the face of the earth.

Now if there be any among you, my brethren, who can doubt these threatnings, let them reflect on the desolating system pursued by the French in Holland, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Hanover, and through almost every country in Europe. In every part such atrocities have been committed as would disgrace man in his most savage state, such as women ravished in the public streets,

streets, in the presence of their husbands or fathers; every thing valuable seized on by these merciless wretches: defenceless men, women, and children murdered, and their houses and property committed to the flames. This has been done where they pretended to come as friends; what then must Englishmen expect, when they avowedly come as implacable and exterminating enemies?—Bonaparte himself, in a public proclamation, declares, that *no quarter shall be given to the English who fight for their government, that they shall be put to the sword, and their property distributed among the soldiers of his victorious army!*—And one of his Generals says, "*I will not peremptorily assert, that I can conquer Great Britain, or that I shall be able to keep it; but I pledge myself to make it unfit for an Englishman to live in!*"

Reflect seriously, my Countrymen, on your situation, and then determine whether you will sit down quietly and see these calamities brought home to your doors, or rise and join your brethren in arms, to drive these merciless wretches from the shores of this happy and favoured nation!—You cannot hesitate. Rich and poor, single and married, will, I trust, immediately unite, and obey the call of your Country, by turning out as Volunteers. The Duke of Clarence, a son of your beloved Sovereign, with that brave and experienced General Lord Moira, many other Members of both Houses of Parliament, and Gentlemen of the greatest property and influence in the country, have set you a noble and praise worthy example, by joining the different Volunteer Corps as privates! Unite, then, my brave Countrymen, and march to meet the foe; and you may, I think, foretell the consequence. With the Blessing of Heaven, when united, you may defy the whole world; but if you give yourselves up to indolent apathy or causeless jealousies, then your blood must be upon your own heads. For my part I will live and die

A FREE AND LOYAL BRITON.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

BONAPARTE'S SOLILOQUY.

A Parody on Hamlet's Soliloquy.

TO invade, or not invade?—That is the question—
Whether 'twere better policy to bear
The discontented spirit of my Army,
To whom I've promis'd plunder; or to make
A grand attack on Britain?—To invade,—to fight,
On their own shores, a people fam'd for valour;
And by that fight to put an end
To the eternal jealousy and strife
Subsisting 'twixt the French and English Nations;—
And what is most desirable to me;—

England's complete o'erthrow!—To invade—to fight,—
To fight?—perchance to *beat!*—aye, there's the point
That shakes my Resolution most; besides,
When the French fleet shall brave the English Thunder,
How soon a ball or bullet may decide
The premier CONSUL's fate,—must give me pause.
Here is the reason of my long delay
To execute my threat:—Fear holds me back,
Tho' desp'rate motives urge.—Else who would bear
Unsatisfied, the strong desire I feel
To conquer ENGLAND; desolate her towns;
Her bulwarks burn; and drench her plains with blood?
Who could endure the mortifying sight
Of English cruizers, impudently bold,
Blockading e'en the very ports of France;—
But that the dread of Britain's dauntless sons,
(That free unconquer'd race!) "puzzles my will;"
And makes me rather all the dangers brave,
That hover round my present slipp'ry state,
Than heedless rush on almost certain ruin
On hated ALBION's shores?—Thus prudence, fear,
And policy combin'd, can change the hue
Of Resolution; and thus serious thought
Can alter plans of greatest "pith and moment,"
And make th' INVASION I so long have threaten'd,
—All end in *Nothing!*—

R. P. C.

This Country never was engaged in a War, which Literary Men, as well as the People at large, more unanimously and zealously support, than the present. Among others, whose Muse contributes to the common cause, is Mr. COURTENAY. M. P. From this source the following National Song originates.

JOHN BULL's CALL TO THE SAILORS.

YE guardians of Britain, ye Sons of the Waves,
Who've conquer'd the French o'er and o'er;
You've heard, my brave boys, how these insolent slaves,
Now threaten to land on our shore.

CHORUS.

Then let the Ocean be their grave,
And sink the plund'ring band;
Their bodies wafted by each wave,
May this way reach the land.

How

How oft has our fleet spread with terror their coast,
And this nation of boasters dismay'd;
While our soldiers victorious have routed her host,
And the Standard of England display'd.
Then let, &c.

Britannia now calls on her true hearts of oak,
Who danger and death still disdain;
And dare vanquish'd Frenchmen her vengeance provoke,
And skulk in their boats o'er the main!
Then let, &c.

The Genius of Britain, with bright piercing eye,
Their wake ev'n in darkness will find;
And vain their attempts from a Navy to fly,
That move on the wings of the wind.
Then let, &c.

When PHILIP array'd his Armada of Spain,
Our QUEEN the proud Tyrant withstood;
Dispatch'd her brave sailors to watch o'er the main,
And dy'd the old Ocean with blood.
Then let, &c.

In LA HOGUE's glorious log-book your RUSSELL still shines,
Where Invasion was baffled with shame;
While trembling with terror, tho' hid in their lines,
The French saw their ships all in flame.
Then let, &c.

In the annals of conquest, that mark GEORGE's day,
And Fame still his glory displays;
The light'ning of HAWKE shone at Quiberon Bay,
And set LOUIS's fleet in a blaze.
Then let, &c.

We've VINCENT and NELSON, the dread of our foes,
Britain's heroes triumphantly sing;
By conquest renown'd, for by merit they rose,
The pride of their Country and King.
Then let, &c.

Britannia still flourish! exultingly smile!
Fam'd for Valour, and Beauty's sweet charms;
While Navies victorious encircle your Isle,
Rest in safety, nor dread vain alarms.

CHORUS.

Then let the Ocean be their grave,
And sink the plund'ring band;
Their bodies wafted on each wave,
May this way reach the land.

Morning Post.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE DEVOTED AND VICTORIOUS BRITISH SOLDIER.

The Music by Lieut. WM. ABINGTON, *of the First Regiment of Royal East India Volunteers, for a Regimental Band.*

TO battle let Despots compel the poor slave,
His country for him has no charms;
But the voice of fair Freedom is heard by the brave,
And calls her own Britons to arms.
Our Country and King may triumphantly rest,
Encircled by Loyalty's bands;
For the spirit of Liberty glows in each breast,
And her sword shall ne'er drop from our hands.

How glorious to fall in youth's early bloom!
For Britain life's joys to resign:
The voice of bright fame will be heard from our tomb,
And our names be enroll'd in her shrine.
Raise the song to the Heroes of Britain's proud isle,
Whilst in strains proudly flowing we tell—
How the soldier's lov'd Chief, by the blood-streaming Nile,
Triumphantly conquer'd and fell.

Then, Britons, strike home to the French, on our shore,
Their Invincible Standard display;
By our Monarch array'd, on their vain legions pour,
And rival fam'd Aboukir's day.
Whilst proudly the banners of Victory wave,
The soldier exultingly dies;
The trophies of glory shine over his grave,
And his spirit ascends to the skies.

THE FRENCH IN A FOG.

Tune—"*Hearts of Oak.*"

AGAIN of their prowess our enemies boast,
And again we are told, they will visit our coast!
But with vaunting a Briton was never dismay'd,
For when Bobadil blusters—pray who is afraid?
"*Hearts of Oak,*" &c.

They say they no longer our pride can endure,
And talk of our conquest, as if it was sure;
And, as sure as the day owes it's light to the sun,
If talking were fighting, we should be undone.
"*Hearts of Oak,*" &c.

It

It *seems* in a FOG these *great heroes* confide,
When UNSEEN o'er the sea they think safely to ride;
For taught by our sailors, they know to their shame,
With Britons to see and to conquer's the same.
" *Hearts of Oak*," &c.

All their art, and their cunning, they know are in vain,
If they once chance to meet our brave sons of the main,
And if in a fog they escape safely o'er,
Still a fog they would need to preserve them on shore.
" *Hearts of Oak*." &c.

Perhaps they will tell us, we are not yet free,
And 'tis true we are not—*a la mode de Paris*;
For tho' with French fashions we've oft been disgrac'd,
This new-fashion'd freedom is not to our taste.
" *Hearts of Oak*," &c.

Their protection and freedom we know would be such,
As they kindly bestow on the Swiss and the Dutch;
They embrac'd them with accents fraternal and mild,
But hugg'd them to death as the bear hugg'd the child.
" *Hearts of Oak*," &c.

Then cheer up, my lads! let us fly to the field;
And nobly determine to die ere we yield;
And when we have conquer'd, as Britons we know,
A foe *at our feet* is no longer a foe.
" *Hearts of Oak*," &c.

THE ISLAND OF BRITAIN.

Tune—HEARTS OF OAK.

MY friends, ye have heard, in the late British wars,
Of our navy—our admirals—brave British tars!
But the ship I would bring to your notice and view
Is the ISLAND OF BRITAIN, her Captain and Crew.

Heart of oak is this ship,
Hearts of oak are our men;
We always are ready, steady boys, steady;
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

For ages safe moor'd, in the Channel she's laid,
Made fast to a rock, of no danger afraid;
But now she is threaten'd to stay there no more,
To be boarded and plunder'd, or driven on shore.
Heart of oak, &c.

Her

Her CAPTAIN; God bless him! is lov'd by us all;
With HIM we 're determin'd to stand or to fall;
United in hand and in heart we await
The lot which great Providence seals as our fate.
Heart of oak, &c.

But the means in our hands we will ardently use;
We'll fight and no danger or hazard refuse;
For our lives---for our property---children and wives
We'll fight---for the old British spirit survives.
Heart of oak, &c.

The ship is staunch good, and her timbers are sound:
Still fast to the rock we trust she'll be found;
Her hull, stores, and rigging, all malice defy;
I name not her sails---*for she don't mean to* FLY!
Heart of oak is this ship, &c.

Then clear ship, my boys! and each man to his gun;
If they board us, UNITE, and we'll soon make them run;
And ages to come shall still have in view
THE ISLAND OF BRITAIN, her Captain, and Crew
Heart of oak is this ship, &c.

HEARTS OF OAK;
OR, *THE BRITISH EMPIRE.*

NOW the French threaten loudly—those terrible foes,
Alarm all our women, and scare all our beaux:
Let us fervently join in one common petition,
That Old England may ne'er undergo requisition.

English oak are our ships, brave and loyal our men,
All eager and ready,
With hearts firm and steady,
To thrash our invaders again and again.

Our sailors are faithful, our soldiers are brave,
Their King and their Country all anxious to save;
And whilst life shall remain to no traitors they'll yield,
For Virtue's their safeguard—Religion their shield.
English oak, &c.

No taste have we Britons for frogs fricaseed,
No want of French Doctors our bodies to bleed:
Our land, thank our stars! flows with milk and with honey,
Which the French want to taste, and to pilfer our money.
English oak, &c.

The

The treacherous Dutch are in terrible fear
That the French will not leave them one stiver to spare;
The proud Dons of Spain look as small as a rat,
Lest their friendly allies from their mines skim the fat.
English oak, &c.

Let us arm with all speed both ourselves and our hosts,
Nor suffer *French tyrants* to land on our coasts:
Such tygers, my friends, we'll not trouble with words,
But end their exploits with the *points of our swords.*

English oak are our ships, brave and loyal our men,
All eager and ready,
With hearts firm and steady,
To thrash these invaders again and again.

DIE OR LIVE FREE.

A New Song, respectfully inscribed to the ASSOCIATED VOLUNTEERS *of the* BRITISH EMPIRE.

BY J. BISSET, MUSEUM, BIRMINGHAM.

Tune—Hearts of Oak.

I Sing in the praise of each brave VOLUNTEER,
Whose name in Fame's annals inroll'd shall appear;
On Glory's proud scroll they recorded shall be,
As Britons resolving to—"*die or live free.*"
To honour and glory, my boys, then advance,
With bold British thunder
Strike Gallia with wonder,
And humble the pride of the Tyrant of France.

No tyrant o'er Britons in England shall reign,
Great GEORGE and our RIGHTS we will ever maintain,
Let the loud trump of Fame then proclaim our decree,
That Britons resolve or to die or live free.
To honour, &c.

What glory they'll share who return from the wars,
If for King or for Country they gain honour'd scars;
Their friends, wives, and sweethearts will welcome with glee,
The brave who resolv'd, or to die or live free.
To honour, &c.

Though death may appal ev'ry coward and slave,
No terrors has death for the valiant and brave!
Then haste, Gallic despot, in England you'll see,
That Britons resolve, or to die or live free.
To honour, &c.

O hasten the day, then, proud Tyrant of France,
To invade British isles let your prows now advance;
For conquest you're arm'd, and your legions shall see,
That Britons resolve or to die or live free.

To honour, &c.

If they fail to invade us, ye Britons, what then?
We'll cross o'er the seas—strike the pard in his den;
Since the fam'd BRITISH LION is rous'd, you shall see,
That France from this tyrant shall soon be set free!

To honour, &c.

THE TRUE BRITON.

Tune—"Hearts of Oak.

COME, cheer up, my friends, let's together unite,
For our Country, our King, and our Altars to fight;
Whilst our Tars sweep the ocean, our troops line the shore,
Let the Frenchmen but face us—we'll ask for no more.

Hearts of oak are our ships, jolly Tars are our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
To fight and to conquer again and again.

If we to ourselves and each other prove true,
Those pretenders to reason we soon shall subdue,
And the Consular grampus may threaten in vain,
For Britannia will ever rule over the main.

Thus the glory of England we'll ever maintain,
In her defence always ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
To fight and to conquer again and again.

With *Religion to guide us*, with *Laws we revere*,
With a *Monarch we love*, and a *God whom we fear*;
Shall the despot's vile slaves with freemen contend,
Who've such blessings to fight for, such rights to defend?

And these blessings and rights with our lives to maintain,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
To fight and to conquer again and again.

Let them boast, as they please of some victories gain'd,
Of murders committed, and plunder obtain'd;
'Twas by gold or by art they such triumphs atchiev'd,
Help'd by traitors they paid, or by fools they deceiv'd;

But no longer in Britain such wretches remain,
One and all we are ready.
Steady, boys, steady,
To fight and to conquer again and again.

Then give for OLD ENGLAND a loud hearty cheer:
Here's a *halter* for those who would welcome them here;
Let us join hearts and hands then, and merrily sing—
"*Rule, Britannia, for ever!*" and "*God save the King!*"

And may he long continue o'er the Empire to reign,
And his subjects be ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
To fight and to conquer again and again.

THE VOLUNTEER.

THE true Briton who's staunch to the King, Church, and State,
When enemies threaten, and dangers await,
With zeal patriotic will throw aside fear,
And cheerfully enter a brave Volunteer.

A brave Volunteer, a brave Volunteer,
And cheerfully enter a brave Volunteer.

Look all over the world, North, South, East, and West,
Great Britain's the country above all the rest;
No nation is richer, or happier, or freer;—
This it is which inspires the brave Volunteer;

The brave, &c.

George the Third is not King by his sceptre alone,
In the *hearts* of his people he sets up his throne;
His goodness, his virtues, we love and revere,
To his standard, when rais'd, flies the brave Volunteer;

The brave, &c.

Each man's house is his castle, though palace or cot,
Oh say what can equal the Englishman's lot!
Sure, sure he has all that to mortal is dear,
And this warms the heart of the brave Volunteer;

The brave, &c.

Remember we're Christians—our altars are pure,
The Ground of our hope is a rock most secure.
Religion makes patriots true and sincere,
Religion inspires the brave Volunteer;

The brave, &c.

One farther inducement my muse must declare,
A strong one, I vow, 'tis the dear British Fair;
For sense and for beauty renown'd far and near,
Our Girls, they give life to the brave Volunteer;

The brave, &c.

Of his strength, tho' the Corsican tyrant may boast;
Tho' thousands, nay myriads, may cover his coast;
Yet with all his great prowess he wants something here,
(Striking the breast)
Which strengthens the arm of the brave Volunteer;
The brave, &c.

But if verse succeeds verse, and line thus follows line,
On a subject so endless—you'll lose all your wine;
Then a bumper fill up to my toast with three cheers,
"LONG LIFE and SUCCESS TO OUR BRAVE VOLUNTEERS!!!"
Our brave Volunteers, &c.

SONG

IRISH AIR.—"*All for my Frolicksome Cruize—O!*"

THE Corsican cut-throat loud threatens Invasion
If his demands we refuse—O!
Let him come—He shall sorely repent the occasion
Of his fell desperate cruize—O!

Our Isle he would ravage—our beef he's for eating,
To scramble our Cash he would chuse, O!
But he'll lose his character, and get a big beating,
All for his desperate cruize—O!

He humbug'd the Dutchmen, the Swiss, and Italians,
And got them all fast in his noose—O!
But if e'er he comes here with his *Tatter-demallions*,
We'll make him repent of his cruize—O!

His loud threats of massacre, plunder, and rape,
His meagre *Baboons* may amuse—O!
If they come we will not let one Monkey escape,
To tell the sad end of their cruize—O!

He thinks he can bully by Gallic bravado
Our brave Volunteers, and *True Blues*—O!
But we'll tip him the fate of the Spanish Armado,
And soon put a stop to his cruize—O!

This Corsican Chief and his grim *Sans Cullottes*,
Their ill-gotten fame shall soon lose—O!
If they dare venture here with their flat-bottom'd boats,
Sweet Sorrow they'll sup for their cruize—O!

Bear a hand then my lads, and about push the jug,
And cheerily each take the booze—O!
But the rascally French we will heartily flog,
If e'er on our our shores they dare cruize—O!

The Times.

A PITIFUL BALLAD,

OF

ENGLISH DEFEATS

AND

FRENCH VICTORIES.

Showing how *Englishmen ought to stand still and suffer themselves to be beaten, after the example of their forefathers.*

WOULD you hear what deeds of wonder
Once by British Arms were done;
How the British Sons of Thunder
Made the Gallic squadrons run;

Deeds I sing renown'd in story;
Listen, every Briton's Son,
Hark to your forefathers' glory,
And match it, match it with your own.

EDWARD* first his English Bowmen
Pour'd upon the plains of France;
Full twice sixty thousand Foemen
'Gainst him rais'd the Gallic lance.

Five to one the Frenchmen vaunted,
To one Briton five Mounseers;—
But by that was EDWARD daunted?
Cressy, say; and say, *Poictiers*.

Cressy saw him single-handed
Make the nimble Frenchmen fly,
With half his troops against them banded,
While the other half stood laughing by.

When proudly summon'd to surrender
Poictiers saw him bold advance,
Hurl back Defiance on the sender,
And captive lead the Crown of France.

Rival of EWARD's fame and power,
Next young HARRY† show'd them sport;
Long did Frenchmen rue the hour,
When they met at *Agincourt*.

Tho' Dukes and Counts and Princes muster'd
'Gainst our troops with sickness worn;
Tho' the vaunting Dauphin bluster'd,
And our HARRY laugh'd to scorn;

Soon his threats and mockery fail him,
Soon his lofty spirit slacks,
Nor Princes, Dukes, and Counts avail him,
'Gainst the English battle-axe.

Of his vaunting Nobles plenty
Are by English force down borne;
But not of Englishmen twice twenty
Perish'd on that glorious Morn.

But when many an age succeeding
Now had changed the face of fight,
Yet still they saw our Foemen bleeding,
And still they saw our conquering might.

Danube, thy waves beheld and wonder'd,
With heaps of slaughter'd Frenchmen swoln;
While as MARLB'ROUGH onward thunder'd,
LOUIS trembled on his Throne

Such was of old the daring spirit
That our great forefathers bore;
Their gallant Sons the same inherit—
This *Egypt* knows, and *Syria's* shore.

There ABERCROMBIE triumph'd over
Our unconquerable foe;
(Brave Chief! the Bays, thy brow that cover,
Bathed in thy own blood brighter show!)

Here SMITH, a second heart of lion,
Saw Gallia's haughty Lord advance,
Met him with fury onward hieing,
And sent him skulking back to France.

* The Black Prince.

† Henry V.

And

And now shall that thrice beaten Nation,
Who oft at home has felt our might,
Menace our coasts with fell invasion,
And find us laggarts in the fight?

Shall her proud Lord with ruin threat us,
Nor we arise his threats to meet?
And shall he on our own land beat us,
Whom we on foreign lands have beat?

And shall our stately towns be shatter'd,
Our hamlet's spoil'd by this dire foe,
By him our gather'd wealth be scatter'd,
By him our holy fanes laid low?

And prey to lawless violation
Shall our lov'd wives and daughters lie?
And shall the dogs of desolation
Roam through the land in revelry?

And to a Despot Tyrant bending,
Shall we our freedom yield, and laws?
And shall we tamely fail defending
Alike our King's and Country's cause?

O! let it not be told in story,
That (when a fierce invader came)
Forgetful of their father's glory,
To interest dead, and dead to fame,

Britons by sordid fear disbanded,
Or stupid with indifference lay,
Saw unprepared their foemen landed,
And fell disjoin'd an easy prey!

Nay rather let the bloody quarrel,
Which threats our Realm with overthrow,
Crown us with wreaths of fresher laurel,
With fouler rout o'erwhelm the foe.

Then onward, onward to the battle!
Hark the shrill-voiced clarions call!
Hark the drum's loud thunders rattle!
Rise, ye Britons, ONE and ALL!

Now let the vaunting foe invade us:—
Thus prepared, our word shall be,
"With GOD and our good arms to aid us,
United Britons will be free."

A SONG,

On the threatened Invasion by Bonaparte.

BRITONS, have you heard their boast?
Frenchmen will invade our coast.
Nay, to rob you quite of rest,
From his lofty Alpine nest,
BONAPARTE HIMSELF shall come,
And fright you with his Fe, Fa, Fum.

Wantley's Dragon crack'd the stones
Like hazel nuts? just so your bones
This redoubtable Italian,
With his Army, all Rapscallion,
Swears he'll crack, when he CAN come,
To fright you with his Fe, Fa, Fum,

Like the mighty HANNIBAL,
Marching on with great and small,
He shall sweep away thro' France,
And come to lead you such a dance,
As soon shall make you cry—he's come
To eat us up!—Great Fe, Fa, Fum!!

XERXES' army drank a river,
Tho' but arm'd with bow and quiver;
What then, with his thund'ring cannon,
To BONAPARTE is Thames or Shannon?
Woe betide us, should he come,
This blust'ring Blue-Beard, Fe, Fa, Fum.

From his vengeance, tho' to screen,
The pathless ocean roll between,
Tho' its billows vainly roar,
Broken by a rocky shore;
Yet SECURE, he swears, he'll come,
To scare us with his Fe, Fa, Fum.

True that HOWE their naval pride
Humbled on the briny tide;
True that BRIDPORT too *his* dance
Taught the vapouring fleet of France;
BONAPARTE they vow shall come,
And grind us with his Fe, Fa, Fum.

Say,

Say, ye Dons, can naval story
Rival brave St. VINCENT's glory?
Own, ye Dutch, that all your spirit
Strove in vain vith DUNCAN's merit;
Yet both must crouch, when he shall come,
This Giant Grim, this Fe, Fa, Fum.

Such the vaunt of Frenchmen vain,
Conquer'd on the boundless main;
Such the projects they are brewing,
Reeking with their country's ruin;
But, Assassins, let him come,
Your Corsican, your Fe, Fa, Fum.

Let him come!—He soon shall know
Britain rises to the blow:
Let him come!—He soon shall feel
Our hearts of oak, our hands of steel!
Yes, ye Atheists! let him come,
And do his worst, your Fe, Fa, Fum.

The laurels he so long has worn,
From his brow shall soon be torn:
Soon shall sink, to rise no more,
His fame, upon our favour'd shore!
We are ready!—Let him come,
This fierce Italian, Fe, Fa, Fum.

L'INVASION DE L'ANGLETERRE:

COUPLETS, *sur l'Air de Marsellois.*

ALLONS, enfans du fier Neptune,
Voguez, braves Marins, vogues,
Pour venger la cause commune,
Voguez, frapper et triomphez; *Bis.*
Contre votre chere Patrie
L'Etendart Sarglant est levé!
Entendez-vous de toute Coté
Déjà mugir la tyrannie?
Aux armes, fiers Anglois,
Arrêtéz leurs complots,
Marchez, voguez,
Qu'un sang impur rougisse au loin nos flots.

Ah! oui, combattez pour la Gloire,
Pour vos Loix et pour votre Roi,
Volez au Champ de la Victoire,
Loin de vous la crainte et l'effroi; *Bis*
Un vil ennemi vous outrage,
Et vous défiez au champ d'honneur,
Sachez réprimer sa fureur,
Et dans fon sang noyez la rage.
Aux armes, fiers Anglois, &c.

Cui, vaillant peuple Britannique,
Peuple outragé, resemblez vous,
De votre renommée antique
Plus que jamais soyez jaloux; *Bis.*
Foudroyez les hommes feroles;
Defendez vos propriétes;
Vos femmes, vos fils égorgés!!!—
Prevenez les forfaits atroles.
Aux armes, fiers Anglois, &c.

Quand on combat pour sa patrie,
Pour les fiens, et pour ses foyers,
Et que la force est reunie,
L'on marche à travers les brasiers; *Bis.*
Des lors on devient invincible:
Couverts de honte et de mepris
L'on foule aux pieds ses ennemis;
A leurs yeux on devient terrible.
Aux armes, fiers Anglois, &c.

Quand pour nous le Ciel se declare,
Contre l'oppresseur de nos Rois,
Contre cette horde barbare,
Contre leurs barbares exploits; *Bis.*
Chantons, chantons, à pleine gorge,
Victoire au bon Roi des Anglois,
Au diable, au diable; les Francois,
Vive à jamais le bon Roi GEORGE!!!
Aux armes, fiers Anglois, &c.

Par un AMI DE L'ORDRE.

The Traveller.

LOYAL

THE LOYAL BRITON's SONG.

TUNE—"*Cease rude Boreas.*"

BRITONS! fam'd in antient story,
For your warlike deeds of old,
Now maintain your Country's glory,
Like your great forefathers bold:
When for Battle *they* assembled,
Rang'd along the tented field,
At their presence *Frenchmen* trembled,
Forc'd to bend their necks and yield.

Dare they threaten to invade us,
Fir'd with rage, with fury arm'd?
All the world shall ne'er persuade us,
British hearts can be alarm'd.
From our fathers we inherit,
Love to Country, King, and Laws;
Show we then a martial spirit;
In the just and righteous cause.

Should the foe, with malice burning,
Venture near our native shore,
All their wild endeavours spurning,
Let the British cannons roar.
If their proud flotillas, sweeping
O'er the seas, insult our coast;
They shall find us far from sleeping,
Each attentive at his post.

When the English balls can reach them,
Flying o'er the ruffled waves;
They, in language strong, shall teach,
them,
"*Britons never shall be slaves.*"
Our presumptuous foes defying,
Let us draw the conqu'ring sword;
To our loyal standards flying,
"*Rule Britannia,*" is the word.

J. B.

WAR ODE.

MARK, on the brink of Gallia's coast
Rapine on tip-toe stand;
And eager hordes, with ev'ry gale,
In fancy bear the matron's wail
From Britain's fated land.

But know, ye fierce rapacious crew,
Ere the red spoil ye gain,
The British youth must low be laid:
Before ye grasp one shrieking maid,
Each must be slain.

The road to yonder cottage-house
Lies o'er a father's breast;
And see impatient by his side,
Stands a brave son in armed pride,
The thistle on his crest.

This emblem of his country dear,
Fix'd by a sister's hand,
Shall fire his soul to deeds of might,
And drive him furious in the fight,
Through many an hostile band.

But if with glorious wounds all gash'd,
Fainting to yield his breath;
This sacred pledge—shall meet his eyes,
On the green sod as pale he lies,
And cheer the bed of death.

The helmets gleam along our shore,
Each Briton grasps the spear;
He longs to meet th' insulting foe,
To dare the field, to lay him low,
To make the sands his bier.

The slaves may threat—the British heart
Disdains to feel alarms;
Inspir'd by Freedom's sacred flame,
We dare defend the British name
Against a world in arms.

The Times.

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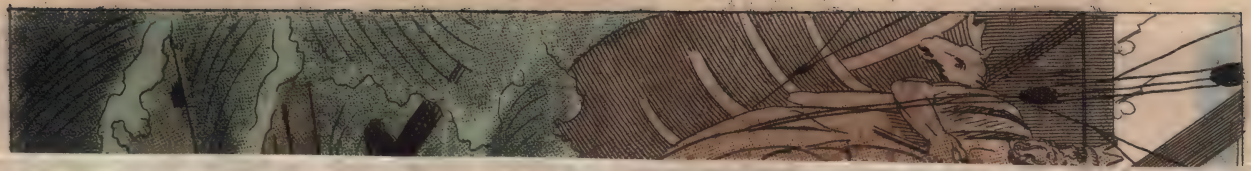

THE ANTI-GALLICAN.

NUMBER IX.

BRITISH VOLUNTEERS.

Patriæ volumus vivere cari.

FREEDOM, all hail, endearing name,
Thou soul of bliss, and standard of renown:
Thy charter to each warlike ear proclaim,
Let ev'ry tongue thy sacred influence own,
And all thyself the patriot heart inflame;
And ever o'er our favour'd clime
Let thy protecting sceptre wave sublime,
And triumph o'er the storm and mock the rage of time.

To thee we consecrate our arms;
To thee, our hope, our guardian, and our guide:
For while we gaze on thine auspicious charms,
The life-blood marches in majestic pride,
Responsive to the sound of fierce alarms.
Hark! tis our country's voice we hear:
Shame on the dastard soul that dares to fear,
When her resistless call impels our bold career.

Should danger summon to the field,
With conscious worth our breasts are steel'd,
And to their purpose true,
The menaces of death we brave:
Life was the boon our country gave;
And Life our Country's due.
Twas thus our fathers stemm'd the tide of war,
Devout and loyal to their latest breath;
Exulting virtue hail'd their natal star,
And fame in radiance clad the lurid form of death.

Fold Out

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Their deeds the page of hist'ry grace,
And Freedom rears the trophies of their line:
Shall then their sons belie the glorious race?
Or shall we bow before our country's shrine,
And swear the kindred honours to retrace?
I hear the generous murmurs rise;
Your ardent zeal my feeble voice outflies,
And spurns the syren ease, and danger's rage defies.

Say, Britons, on your native coast
Shall frantic vice her hideous revels dare?
Say, shall rebellion's guile delude your host,
And dark oppression with pernicious glare
Wither the warrior's arm, the freeman's boast?
Oh say, from Gallia's blood-stain'd shore,
Say, will ye call Destruction's boundless store,
That Europe may revere the British name no more?

Britannia's thanks your worth shall crown;
Your pow'r the tools of faction shall o'erawe:
The pride of anarchy shall cease to frown,
And wild confusion own the curb of law,
And peace restor'd shall witness your renown.
Far hence I see the tempest driv'n,
To you the sceptre of controul is giv'n;
All hail ye chosen bands, ye delegates of heav'n.

Ye sons of loyalty, arise,
Ye heirs of glory by the name of free;
An anxious nation on your arm relies:
Far more than life, she gave you liberty,
And calls you to defend the glorious prize.
Arise, and let the high-born soul
Check the first factious thunders as they roll,
And with undaunted zeal the mingling storm controul.

Yes, warriors, while in distant lands,
Beneath the vengeance of our bands,
The Gallic legions bend;
Your might shall bid sedition cease,
And, faithful to the laws of Peace,
Your chartered rights defend.
Check'd in her furious course shall Gallia groan,
While on her pride the deathful bolts are hurl'd:
And Albion reign on her cœrulean throne,
Sole Empress of the main—the wonder of the world.

Unhappy

Unhappy Gaul! thine adverse hour
Relies on no protecting power,
But pines in cureless grief:
No comfort checks the bursting sigh,
No joy illumes the tearful eye,
Nor hope vouchsafes relief;
But irreligion stalks in loose array,
And tyranny devours the blasted plain,
And impious hands th' insatiate falchion sway,
And desolation foams o'er myriads of the slain.

LETTER,

To the Deputy Lieutenants and Magistrates, of the County of Norfolk, on the present alarming situation of the Country; also an ADDRESS *to the Norfolk Farmers, and persons of all descriptions, capable of bearing arms, by* MAJOR-GENERAL MONEY.

IT were a folly, Gentlemen, to suppose, that you are insensible of the actual situation of this Country; it were a still greater, to suppose that you look on with indifference—yet, from some cause or other, a supineness or indifference seems to pervade at this awful moment all ranks of people. Do you not know the enemy are now preparing to invade you? You may say you have been told they are, and have been told so often—and yet they have never dared to do it. But were the enemy ever until the latter end of the last war, in possession of such an extensive line of coast as they are at present? of harbours, and the means of wafting over an army? Had not the enemy occasion for all their troops to oppose the Emperor, &c. during the last war? and have they any declared enemy now in Europe but the English? and can they have any other object in view to annoy us but the invasion of England, or Ireland, or both? Indeed I have not the least doubt of their intentions to do it. I know that there is an army now formed or forming in Holland, whose object is Invasion; when I tell you this, believe me, I have good reason for telling you so. It is pretty clear that his Majesty's Ministers know it full well, and if they do not know it, and the force of that army destined for England, they are certainly not fit for their situations—how far they are fit, time will soon discover. I have been told, Gentlemen, it is for them to provide for the defence of the Country. But suppose they are not capable of bringing as many men into the field as the exigency of the times requires, which is certainly their present situation; are we to console ourselves with loading them with reproaches after all the evil has happened to us that is likely to happen? Pretty consolation that will be! when perhaps no blame attaches to them. It is not a question now, Gentlemen, whether we ought to have gone to war, or not, but the question is whether we shall tamely look on and see this Country made a Province to France, or even made the Theatre of War? I have no scruple in saying, this is an awful crisis; it may appear more so in my eyes than in yours, for I am perfectly of Mr. WINDHAM's opinion, that your Militia will at the first onset be unequal to a

contest with veteran troops, if of such the army of France be composed. I know what raw soldiers are, in any country; *when put in the situation of troops of the line*, they are not to be depended upon, a single cannon shot will sometimes send them to the right about; there are two descriptions of troops that are more subject to panic than any other, viz. Troops who have never been in action, and men accustomed to be beaten. It has been my lot to have been in three armies that have been beaten, that at Saratoga, that at Brabant, where we had 40,000 men, and not a man could be made to halt and form, in a retreat of 30 miles, also in the army under *Dumouriez*, in Champaigne, and nothing but the confidence they received from the junction of 30,000 men, under Kellerman, prevented them from disbanding altogether. These are reasons, Gentlemen, why I say this is an awful moment, should the enemy effect a landing in force.

Do you wish to have others? I will give you them. Look at our regiments, in both Cavalry and Infantry, and you will not see a man scarcely above 25 years of age, except those in foreign garrisons; most of them who had served in Flanders, &c. &c. are discharged; a man of thirty or five and thirty, has been and is considered an old man, and he is sent about his business to make room for a boy of 17. Believe me 10,000 old soldiers, or such as are now called so, are better than 20,000 young ones.—I am no alarmist, Gentlemen, or I could point out other causes of alarm of as great a magnitude; I wish only to confirm what has already been said in and out of parliament, that we are in a situation truly perilous, and probably on the eve of great events; but, Gentlemen, I wish to do away, in part, the alarm such a description of our military force may occasion; yet at the same time I wish to make you sensible of your danger. I have to tell you, that many of the French regiments I saw last summer in France and Flanders, were no better than ours; the enemy has also discharged most of those men who had been long on service, and claimed their discharge; many of their regiments were composed only of boys. Do not, Gentlemen, flatter yourselves with the notion that we are perfectly safe while we are masters of the sea; that is only one anchor, and who would think himself safe in a gale of wind, when he knew that there was not another to let go, if that, by which the vessel was held, gave way. What is there to prevent the enemy from coming over when the wind blows fresh from the east or south east, and your fleet is off the Helder? That wind that will bring the enemy from Flushing, from the Scheldt, will prevent your fleet working up the channel; but would it be safe for them to quit their station off the Helder, and let another division of the enemy's forces out?

Having in some respect corroborated the floating rumour, that this Country is in great danger from the enterprizing and determined spirit of the enemy, it would be great folly, Gentlemen, in us, patiently to wait till the roofs of our houses were on fire, before we thought of extinguishing the flames.—If I lived in the interior part of England, probably I should not have given my thoughts on this subject; not that I could justify myself in resting a quiet spectator of a public calamity; but we here in a very different situation from an inland country. Do not fancy that the sand banks off the coast, and our navy, is a sufficient protection: the enemy

enemy are not ignorant of the sea banks or of all the soundings. How many Captains of vessels were there brought into Yarmouth last war? They know all the coast as well as we do; what perhaps Gentlemen, you may think a little extraordinary, to my knowledge a plan of Yarmouth and all the environs, were sent to France by a Mons. Semonville, who was seven or eight years there: his description of Yarmouth was worth to him a recall from Hamburgh, where he then was when he sent it, and he not only recovered, after the absence of eight or nine years, all his property, but was made a Member of the Institute, &c. &c. This Emigré I saw at Paris, and there he did not deny but he obtained his recal, from the report and description he had given to the French Government of our harbours, &c. Now Gentlemen, to open your eyes to your danger, I shall bring probable events nearer your own doors. This Mons. Semonville was a naval officer, and of course not ignorant of those parts of the coast, where a landing might be effected; admitting that which cannot be doubted, he could not be ignorant that any body of men might land at Pakefield or Southwold Bay, commonly called Sole Bay, famous for the engagement in Charles the Second's time. I am aware, Gentlemen, you will ask me what are they to do there? my answer is, any thing they please, but march to London. If their force consists of 15 or 16,000 men, one half of them may the next day reach Norwich, the other half Lowestoft, which is or may be made the strongest military position in all England; here eight or ten thousand men may in a few days bid defiance to any force, that could be brought against them. Is there any force within sixty miles of us capable of preventing it? you may say what are they to do at Norwich? What they have done every where, carry off every thing portable and valuable, and hostages for any sum of money they choose to demand; then retire to Acle, which is nearly as strong a position as that at Lowestoft; of course Yarmouth would be theirs, and all the shipping in the harbour; all this we ought to consider is probably in the report of Mons. Semonville. Look, Gentlemen, at the present situation of your moveable force in this and the adjoining counties, and then say if you think there is a number of men sufficient to prevent such an army landing, and doing what I have represented them capable of doing. This descent on our coast would be only a secondary object to an invasion in force in order to draw your attention from an object of greater importance; but what mischief, Gentlemen, what devastation, may not this country suffer, if left to the mercy of 15 or 16,000 Frenchmen?

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The object, Gentlemen, of my addressing myself to you, is, if possible, to convince you of your present situation, by the picture I have drawn of the state of the Country, and the power of the enemy, and to infuse into your minds a due sense of the danger we are now in, and that nothing short of our own exertions can prevent great evils befalling us, that you may impress the farmers and all persons capable of bearing arms with the same idea; tell them the enemy is hourly expected; tell them to put their fowling-pieces in the best repair, to lay in a stock of gunpowder, to run a quantity of ball, to practice daily with ball at marks; tell them to associate and hold themselves ready to move to such place of rendezvous, as may be thought proper for them to assemble at. It is said,

Gentlemen,

Gentlemen, this would be unlawful; that you have no power to do it; I have heard of a vigour beyond the law; and if ever there was a period in the history of this country that called for energy beyond the law, this is that period. Let us arm—subscribe—associate—for the defence of this county, and leave to a future time the discussion on the legality of our proceedings. Necessity has no law, now I see that necessity; for troops that cover the capital cannot be spared to cover us, or prudently removed for our protection—if you see this in the same point of view it strikes me, you also see that necessity. Are we, Gentlemen, to wait for the Attorney General's opinion, after the French are landed, to know if we may associate and arm to defend our property before we can act? And can we act, Gentlemen, till we have associated, armed, and prepared, to meet the enemy? There is no losing time to argue points of law; necessity is our law, and on that ground, with hand and heart let us act: to burn a house or village is not lawful, but this, if the enemy were landed, I should make no scruple to do, to stop an enemy's march—but this is dry argument, and losing time; convince but the farmers, if you are convinced of the danger this country is in, and we shall find men and arms sufficient for our purpose—call to their recollection, Gentlemen, that the Americans, by their own exertions, established their independence, and they had not a single regiment formed when the Ministers here attempted to compel them to submission. Represent to them, Gentlemen, the present situation of the Brabanters, Flamands, Italians, Swiss, Hanoverians, &c. had they risen *en masse*, when they had a friendly army in their Country, they would never have been in their degraded miserable situation, under a French Government. Tell them, that had the Dutch armed and acted with zeal and spirit, such as men shew when they are fighting for liberty and every thing that is dear to them and valuable, they would not be now in so humiliating a situation, viz. a province of France—not an individual is there to be seen in these conquered countries, who is not mortified and concerned for the evils they have brought on themselves and their posterity; lamenting, but too late, that they had not turned out to prevent the country falling into the hands of the French, who are beheld amongst them with horror—with detestation—what is life without comfort, or property without security? These are lessons, Gentlemen, worth your attention—the misfortunes and imprudence of our neighbours ought to stimulate us to a lively sense of our present situation. Though I believe it impossible for France to conquer this country, yet they may do it a mortal injury, but how and where is not for me to point out—I shall confine my observations to our own local situation—let us prevent Norfolk being a theatre of war, at least for as short a duration as possible; and what can more effectually prevent it than our being united and all in arms. Though a great deal depend on our Generals, not only in their abilities, but in the opinion the army entertains of them, yet a great deal depends on ourselves—what are the calamities attendant on the country, that is the Theatre of War? The imagination can scarce describe them—every outrage is committed on property, and but too often by friends as well as by foes—every thing is in requisition, every thing is considered as belonging to the enemy which they can lay their hands on, your corn, your cattle,

cattle, your horses, your hay, your sheep, in short all that is dear to you. To be witty out of season is certainly a species of folly, but I have known instances were no respect has been shewn the sex; where neither age or ugliness have been their protection. The French are like monkies in some respects and tygers in others, as Voltaire justly describes them; and who would like to have, even for an hour, such monkies to gambol* with their wives and daughters, or such tygers in their sheep-fold. You have heard of the fable of the Idle Boy, who was constantly alarming the neighbourhood with the cry of the Wolf, the Wolf, when there was not one. I am not that boy, Gentlemen; I tell you there is every reason to believe that the Wolf is coming, and I only exhort you to be prepared, and on your guard, that you may destroy him when he does come. Though, Gentlemen, I have no mighty stake, such as men of large landed property, yet I have the welfare of my Country as much at heart as any man. I am a farmer, have my fat bullocks and sheep, which I do not wish should be at the mercy of a French General; for having been one myself before the last war, I know well what you have to expect from them; I know that troops will be fed if there is the werewithall in this country to feed them.

Driving this country is an absurdity, because it is impracticable, and is rarely attempted in any case—let us defend it, for we can never drive it. In God's name, Gentlemen, let us start up like men awakened with the alarm of fire—let us arm; let us associate, for the protection of our property, the safety of our country, and credit of ourselves—let us be prepared to defend our firesides. Though I have been an officer before half your Generals were born, I have no objection to receive their orders and serve under them; this is not a time to be nice; but why need we look for a chief to our association, the Noble Marquis, who is the Lord Lieutenant of our County, is a Field Marshall, and age has not impaired his mental abilities, who has seen much service, and till lately commanded this district; he will point out to us what is to be done; he will tell us how we can most effectually annoy the enemy. I have told you what is likely to happen even before this falls into your hands, therefore I shall repeat it, that there is no time to be lost—let this county set an example to all the maritime counties in England. I am perfectly aware of what may be said, that such men, so dispersed, or even in a body, could not prevent the enemy, after having made their landing good at Pakefield or Southwold, reaching Norwich; true, for without cannon the enemy cannot be stopped on Beccles Dam; this I agree to; but I will not suppose, Gentlemen, for a moment, that cannon will not be sent either to Norwich or the neighbourhood, to be a protection to so large a town as Norwich, when we are associated and armed, on a representation made by the Lord Lieutenant, Deputy Lieutenants, &c. &c. of their apprehensions for the safety of the place and the county at large—1st. From its vicinity to the enemy's coast—2dly. As no troops of any description seem to cover it or can be spared for that purpose—3dly. As we have entered into subscriptions, and formed resolutions to

* What feats the Lady in the tree might do,
I pass as gambols never known to you.——Pope.

arm

arm and enrol men, in the view to aid and assist in defending the country, and by sending four pieces of cannon here, at this moment, to be at the disposal of the Lord Lieutenant, would give great animation to their plan of arming and training persons of all descriptions capable of bearing arms, who are to hold themselves ready to rise *en masse*, when occasion may require such a measure to be adopted—4thly. That as there are two principal passes leading to this town from the coast, that cannot be defended for any length of time without cannon, an address to this effect would certainly be attended to at such a time as this, and if, Gentlemen, it be not, yet ways and means may be found to give a check to and retard the enemy's march; I mean at those passes, for some hours, as I shall shew hereafter. A great deal may be done in a short time if you will set about it with heart and good will, having a due sense of your danger.

I know very well, Gentlemen, that I shall be censured for the steps I am taking, and that it will be considered as an impertinent interference with the military arrangements of the troops of this country; but if I had thought any one had picked Bonaparte's pocket of his plan of invasion, and sent it to his Majesty's Ministers, and they knew it to a mile, where he intended to land, which one might think they did, you should not have had any opinion from me. Having, gentlemen, examined the coast of England, from beyond Plymouth to Berwick on Tweed, which I believe few or none of his Majesty's Generals ever did, it may not be any great presumption in me, to say, that I am capable of giving as near a guess, (without picking Bonaparte's pocket) where he will land as any man; and I have no scruple of telling you, that the County of Norfolk is more in danger of being invaded *first*, than any part of England, if Monsieur Semonville has actually made that report of Yarmouth and its environs, as he said he had; and what indeed can facilitate the enemy's grand object of an invasion, in force, more than obliging you to withdraw your troops from the capital, or occupying a large portion of your troops, at a distance from the posts, where he means to land in force, than by landing and occupying that strong position, at Lowestoft?

By effecting it, his purpose would be fully answered. It may be said, what use can three, four, or five thousand peasants do with their fowling-pieces, since it is acknowledged they are not capable of stopping the enemy at Beccles? I will tell you what use; we must suffer them first to pass without firing a shot, but the moment they enter the inclosed country, you must keep up a constant fire on their rear, and both flanks, till they reach Norwich, and by such a fire you will greatly retard their march, and give time for other troops to join, we may then pass the different ferries, on the Yare, and arrive at Acle before them; and while the enemy are amusing themselves with levying contributions, &c. &c. at Norwich, we may have time to break down the bridge, at Acle, and cut the causeway, and by dispersing all the vessels on the north river, the enemy, if hard pressed, would not easily form a junction with the troops, on the island of Lothingland; such essential service as this performed by our rangers, would be of more importance than if we had killed hundreds of the enemy.—On this march, and with cannon now and then firing on them in their rear, and by our rangers on their flanks, it might produce a capitulation at Acle. What

a glory,

a glory, Gentlemen, for the County of Norfolk, to have effected this without a red coat amongst us? Be it remembered, that at Saratoga, the finest army in the world, laid down their arms to an "undisciplined rabble." The enemy's cannon will not avail them between Beccles and Norwich; cannon and cavalry are of little use in an extremely inclosed country, for if they do use cannon, they may probably lose them, as we did, in our action near Saratoga; but that will depend on yourselves and on the spirit of your men; and if the enemy are much fired on during this march, they will not be fond of making any excursion to the right or left, from the main body, to plunder and commit depredations.—It would shew them that the country is armed, and convince them that the sooner they form a junction with the other part of their force, the better. I have now given you, Gentlemen, my opinion of the danger this Country is in, and you may act, or not act upon it, as you think proper. I have already informed the Commander in Chief, "That I neither expected nor wished to be employed; that I am now too old, and have infirmities that prevent me making those exertions that will be required of a General on actual service;" yet upon this occasion, if only one hundred brave and loyal subjects, will follow me, I will annoy the enemy as far as I am able; but if I see no energy in the Country, and no steps taken to rouse the spirit of the people to a sense of their danger; no associations formed for our mutual defence, I shall begin to think we are all paralized by the influence of that same demon, that has brought Flanders and Holland under the dominion of the French Government, and I shall remain, with my arms crossed, and patiently wait events.

When Gentlemen, I had the honour of meeting you on the 9th of July, I endeavoured to impress you with a due sense of our situation; and the Marquis Townshend was also of an opinion, that this county was more in danger of being invaded than any other part of England.—The little ardour that appeared at your meeting, was paralized by some observations, thrown out from high authority. This address to you was then in my pocket, and it should have gone forth to the public before, if I had thought it would have produced any effect; now I think it may, as "the plot begins to thicken," and we may have still time enough to associate and arm; and, surely, there is no law to prevent it, under the immediate direction of the Lord Lieutenant, and in that persuasion I have written an Address to the Norfolk Farmers.

To the Norfolk Farmers, and persons of all descriptions, capable of bearing arms.

MY address, Gentlemen, to the Deputy Lieutenants and Magistrates of this County, you have here before you; it now behoves me, to shew you, that whatever opinion they may entertain of the necessity of arming, at this alarming period, is of little consequence, unless they or I convince you of that necessity. It is not a time, Gentlemen, to argue whether the war we are now engaged in, is a just and necessary war. As I have observed, to the Deputy Lieutenants, our representatives in Parliament, have considered it so; we are now only to view our present situation, and the object of the enemy, which is manifestly to conquer this country, if they

they can, and make it a province of France, which we certainly shall be, unless you come forward in a manly manner, and arm, and associate for its defence.—We are now living under the best of all possible governments, and the alternative now before us is, to submit to become the slaves of the worst. I know the spirit with which you are all animated; all that is wanted, is to rouze that spirit, by shewing you your danger, and then I think, there would be but one opinion amongst you. —I have shewn it as far as I am able, in my address, to the Deputy Lieutenants and Magistrates, I have shewn that an invasion, and of this county too, will, probably, be the first blow that the enemy will strike.—Such an event will be to you, in your present supine dormant state, like a violent thunder storm, that makes your beds rock under you, and, when awakened, you think the house is falling on your heads.—My comparison is a poor one! For you would be more than thunder-struck, in the dead of night, to hear a party of French soldiers at your door, calling you up in a language which you do not understand, and firing a volley in at your windows, jealous of some resistance, if you delayed a moment to let them in, and when they are in, plunder you of every thing valuable, and commit outrages such as delicacy forbids me to name; you must follow them with your horses, which you would see perish in their camp, and, perhaps, perish there yourselves; beaten when you did not understand them; bayoneted if you made the slightest opposition.—This is but an imperfect sketch, Gentlemen, of all the calamities attendant on an Invasion. Do you wish to know more? The last scene frequently is, firing your houses, your stables and barns. Do you wish to know more still? I will not give you more; decency forbids it; I leave you to guess the rest.—Now Gentlemen, when I tell you this, you may think the piece a little overcharged; but I trust you will believe me, when I tell you, that I have been an eye-witness to some of these atrocities, when an enemy's country has been invaded, and I had it from an undoubted authority, that scenes more shocking, passed last war, in Brabant, and in the Province of Liege.—I really, Gentlemen, ought to apologize for supposing, (which this implies) that such a description of the consequences of an Invasion, was necessary to stimulate you to take up arms; yet this is all probable to happen, when the French land, how disposed soever their officers may be to prevent it; but, Gentlemen, what will prevent it? My answer is, to arm; to associate under spirited young men, of your own county, in order to confine the enemy to the great roads; to watch them and fire upon any that quit their column of march, and prevent parties straying off to plunder, &c.—It is a duty, Gentlemen, we owe to ourselves, our Sovereign, and our posterity; it is a duty that the existing circumstances of the times imperiously call upon us to perform.—In God's name come forward, meet together in your respective parishes; inform the Deputy Lieutenants nearest to you, how many there are of you, ready with your arms, to turn out, on the first moment of alarm; I am ready, Gentlemen, to join you, when a place of rendezvous is given.—But why need I talk of a place of rendezvous, it is given already; it is where the enemy may happen to be; there you will find me, if I first find you are disposed to defend your property, if not at my own house, lamenting that nothing that I can do will open your eyes to the

danger

danger now so near you, and your misfortunes then will only excite contempt. One word more Gentlemen.---Suppose the enemy should not come at all; that they are met sea, and their expedition frustrated, will you not have done a meritorious act by arming? Will you not be entitled to the blessings of those incapable of arming, to fight for their property? Will the expence be so great that you dare not engage to arm? Thirty rounds of balls and half a pound of powder will not cost you five shillings; the balls you carry loose in a leather pocket, and your powder in a flask. No drilling is required; no facing to the right, nor facing to the left, is necessary; if a man has sense enough to know a Frenchman when he sees him, and to kill him when he can. I shall make the same observation that Sir Andrew Agnew made to his men, in the year 1745, before he engaged the rebels, at the battle of Culloden:---"There said he, are your enemies, if you do na kill them, by G——, they will kill you."

If this, Gentlemen, should stimulate you to arm and associate for your own protection, which I hope in God it will, find out all the old soldiers there are in your neighbourhood, bring them into the Association, such men as those are invaluable; they have heard shot pass them; they will not mind the whistling of a ball; they will keep young men firm that have never been in action. The sort of war we have to make is firing from hedge-row to hedge-row, and waylaying the enemy in every direction they are likely to pass. When I see, Gentlemen, you are animated with the same sentiments with myself, viz. that I had rather lose my life in the contest, than live to see our government overturned, and this country become a province of France, I will then say the country is no longer in danger.

But, Gentlemen, there is no time to lose, you may be told the enemy will not be here yet, that they are not prepared, do not believe it, they may be here this very night—there are many instances of people breakfasting in Yarmouth and supping in Rotterdam—believe me this is as likely a moment for them to come as any; they know *you* are not yet prepared for them, either by sea or land. And you know too, the enemy have now 140,000 men on the coast opposite to you—what are they there for? Is it for the protection of that coast against any *probable Invasion* by us? No, believe me, their object is this country; and if you had the whole navy of England in the British channel, yet may the enemy make a landing good; they are at this hour making preparations all along the coast, your navy cannot watch every port that it is probable they may come from, nor can we lay at all times off their coast without the risque of losing our whole fleet. There are times, when it blows hard, that we must make for a safe harbour, what then will there be to prevent them crossing the channel, when your fleets are driven to the Downs, or into the North Seas? Lord Duncan, the immortal Lord Duncan, had not left his station but a few hours when the Dutch came out, and boldly risqued an action. While your fleet is off the Helder, the enemy, with an easterly wind, may sail from various ports in Holland and Flanders, and at the same time some of these ports are 100 miles, some 2 and 300 miles from the Helder, that wind which would bring them over will be an impediment to our fleet beating up channel to attack *the enemy before they are landed*, and it will take some hours before the Admiral at the Helder can know the enemy are out.

I am not singular Gentlemen, in thinking, that this county is more in danger than any other part of England;

if you believe me, who, if I cannot boast of any thing else, may yet pride myself in being an old officer, and one who has at least endeavoured to gain experience from service, you cannot hesitate a moment to arm in defence of your property; if you stay till you hear the enemy are landed, it will be too late to do any thing; you have nothing then to do, but to drive your cattle, if you can, and passively obey the orders given you by those, who at such a moment, will be compelled, not only to issue them, but to see them executed, however harsh and severe, or to be humble spectators of all the calamity that will then inevitably befal you; I must then, like yourselves, be also an humble spectator; but if you arm, I will attend you in a different capacity, not as your General, *for that I dare not presume to be*, but as one of your comrades, my rifle in my hand, to fight for my Country, my King, and our happy Constitution; to oppose the enemy as far as an individual is capable of doing it; and, till I have orders to the contrary, I will shew you how and where you can most effectually annoy them; and I will venture to say, that with one thousand well armed inhabitants of this county, having the salvation of the country, at heart, and stimulated with enthusiastic ardour to destroy the enemy, I would beat two thousand of the highest disciplined troops, in Europe, who are bent upon penetrating twenty miles into the county of Norfolk, and I will give them all the cannon they choose to have. In America, when Gen. Burgoyne's army, composed of some of the best regiments in the British service, were taken prisoners, a foreigner, (Koschiusko) asked me why we brought cannon with us into the woods? What, said he, did you think to frighten us with your noise? And of what was the army of Gates composed? Men trained to fight behind trees, inhabitants of the country, armed with fowling-pieces; they did not, it is true, dare to shew themselves in an open field; what is Norfolk, from the points an enemy may be expected, and must come, but inclosure and thick hedge rows, as well calculated for bush fighting as the woods of America; and therefore, I maintain, that one thousand good marksmen, which you may all be in one week's time, are more than a match for two thousand highly dressed regiments, who were never trained to act as irregulars; and, I pledge myself, would, in the same proportion, beat as many men as you pleased to name, placed in the same predicament, namely, obliged to penetrate twenty miles in so inclosed a country as this part of Norfolk. You would not, it is true, beat them in a position clear of hedge rows and trees; but leave that to the troops of the line, with artillery, to defend positions.—Prepare then for this service, for which you are so well calculated, from a perfect knowledge of the country: set the example, Gentlemen, to all England; put your fowling pieces in the best order possible; run balls; practise with them at marks; train all the boys in the parish, above 16 years of age, to be marksmen.—Boys, in irregular fighting, are infinitely more daring, and sooner learn to disregard shot than men unaccustomed to it, as boys a hunting will take more desperate leaps than men dare venture at.—Wait for no orders, but do it, and then report what you have done, and your number to the Deputy Lieutenants nearest to you.—Let no paltry consideration retard the operation an hour; do not wait for one another; praise worthy will he be, and much will he merit the thanks of his country, who begins first; but

but I hope not to hear that any man began first; I hope to hear that with one accord, you all begin together: do not run for advice from one gentleman to another.—Some of the first people in this country, think we shall be invaded; let that suffice, and that this county too, will be the first object, and this for reasons I have already given you. It is a folly to suppose, the enemy will not attempt it, who are now in possession of all Brabant and Holland.

Good God! do not let such a foolish notion enter your heads, that our navy is a sufficient protection to you. I shall now say to you, what the judge says to a jury, exercise your own judgment upon all that I have urged, and upon the reasons which I have given you, and if you then think that we are not likely to be visited soon by the enemy, go home to your wives and families, and tell them if you please, that I am a mad-man, in supposing that the enemy will soon be here, and you will tell them true in saying that I am mad—not in thinking we are likely to be invaded, but at seeing a supineness amounting almost to indifference to the situation this country is now actually in, though it is evident we are at the eve of a great event, and nothing but people feeling as I do, and acting as I would wish them to do, can save it!

I shall console myself with having done my duty; I have shewn you your situation, if you do not see it in the same point of view, go home and make your arrangements for driving off your cattle; it is a pity the frogs were not included, for a Frenchman can eat frogs as well as roast beef. I advised at the Meeting of the Deputy Lieutenants, on the 9th of July, fighting for our roast beef, not driving it, nor do I see how it is to be effected, unless you arm and press on the enemy, while the Yeomanry Cavalry drive the Country in your rear, then it may be done, and not otherwise.

It is not necessary for me to add a single syllable more, I am a plain man, and write plain language, and such as you can understand; but if you attend to your ease, your present comforts, your natural disinclination to stir out of your old beaten path in life, *you won't understand me*,—you must then remain in your torpid state, till some of you are awakened in the dead of night by a French patrole at your door, and then you will say that I am neither a mad man nor an alarmist.

ENGLISH BRAVERY.

AT a time when many persons seem to stand doubting and weighing the value, the utility of their own exertions, it may be useful to lay before your readers an account of the conduct of a column of English Infantry, in the Battle of Fontenoy, in which they were deserted by their allies, and with no other assistance than their own valour. The account is given by Vallaine, a Frenchman, who never lost any opportunity of traducing or vilifying the English.

"Notwithstanding this disappointment, the English marched boldly over the ravin, keeping their ranks, and drawing their cannon with them; they formed themselves into three lines close-wedged, and advanced towards batteries of cannon which kept a tremendous fire upon them; whole ranks dropped on the right and left, which were immediately replaced, and the cannon which they had brought with them against Fontenoy and the redoubts, returned the fire of the French artillery. In this order they marched undauntedly, preceded by six pieces

pieces of cannon; having six more in the middle of their lines.

"Over against them were four battalions of French Guards, with two battalions of Swiss Guards on their left, the Regiment of Courten on their right, near which was that of D' Aubeterre, and, a little further on, the Regiment Du Roy, along the edge of the hollow way to Fontenoy: it was a rising ground from the place the French Guards stood to where the English were forming themselves. The officers of the French Guards said to each other, "let us go take the English cannon;" towards which they ran up with their grenadiers, and were astonished to find an army drawn up before them; and having lost by their artillery and musquetry sixty, the rest returned to their ranks with precipitation. The English continued their march, and seemed a moving body of fire to the French, whose sight was dazzled with the continued blaze, and hearing deafened, &c. with the uninterrupted noise. Nineteen officers of the French Guards were killed at the first general discharge, and ninety-five soldiers; two hundred and eighty-five were wounded; great havock was made amongst the Swiss. The Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel, four officers and seventy-five soldiers of the Regiment of Courten, dropped, besides fourteen officers and two hundred soldiers wounded.

The first line of the French being thus swept away, the three remaining looked behind, and seeing no cavalry near enough to them, they fled. The Duke of Grammont, their Colonel, and the first Lieutenant-General, who might have kept them to their duty, were dead. The English still marched slowly on, as if they were only exercising; the Majors were seen levelling the soldiers musquets with their canes, that they might shoot low and straight.

The English army had now got clear of Fontenoy and the redoubt, though they had moved in three lines before: being here pinched by the disposition of the ground, they wedged themselves into a long and thick column, impenetrable by its mass, and much more so by its courage. This dreadful column marched towards the Regiment D' Aubeterre. M. de Lutteaux advanced with the Duke of Biron, at the head of the Regiment of D'Aubeterre, led on by the Colonel of the same name. The unfortunate Lutteaux received two mortal wounds; Biron had a horse killed under him; a hundred and thirty soldiers were killed, and two hundred wounded. The Duke de Biron with the Regiment Du Roy, by flanking the left of the column, stopped its progress; a regiment of English Guards detached itself from the column, advancing a few steps towards him, killed three of his Caplains, wounded fifteen others, and twelve Lieutenants; disabled seventy-nine soldiers, and killed two hundred and sixty-six. The Regiment de la Couronne, then but a little space behind that of Du Roy, presented itself to the English column.—Its Colonel, the Duke D'Havre, Lieutenant-Colonel, and in the whole thirty-seven officers, were disabled by their wounds, with about two hundred and sixty soldiers. The Regiment Soissannois, which succeeded to La Couronne, had 14 officers wounded; and lost one hundred and thirty soldiers. The Regiment Royal, which was with that of La Couronne, lost more than any other regiment at these attacks, having six officers and a hundred and thirty-six soldiers killed, with thirty-two officers and five hundred and nine soldiers wounded. The compact and resolute English column still gained ground. The Count de Noailles led on his brigade

and

and fell on with impetuosity! the Marquis of Vignacourt, Captain in his regiment, moved with his squadron to a flank of the column; it got amongst the English ranks, and but 14, with Mons. Vignacourt, escaped alive. During this disorder, the Brigades of the Guards de Corps, who had been in reserve, moved off themselves to the enemy. The Chevalier de Suzi, and Saumeri, were killed. Four squadrons of the Gens d'Arms arrived at the same time from Douay; and, notwithstanding the fatigue they had undergone in a march of seven leagues, they went to attack the enemy; but all those fresh succours, like those which preceded them, were received by the enemy with the same intrepidity, and the same continued fire. The English faced about to the several regiments, presenting themselves one after the other, pointed their cannon apropos, and, firing by divisions, still fed their fire while attacked, and ceased it with the attack ceasing.—What cannot English troops attempt, let them be but well commanded?"

Manchester Telegraph.

WHAT HAVE WE TO FIGHT FOR?

THERE is one question put to the unthinking and stupid, at this serious juncture, which exceeds all others in wickedness: "What have we to fight for?" Such a question might be expected from the most ignorant and besotted of the human species. It might come from idiots or traitors; from bravoes, smugglers, swindlers, and the whole tribe of public marauders, bankrupts in all honest hope, and destitute of all morals and of all character.

What have we to fight for? We have to fight for the preservation of a great community, which exhibits a finer spectacle of intellectual and moral worth, than has ever been exhibited, from the first "syllable of recorded time." A great community of labour, skill, industry, and enterprise, of intellect, learning, and science, of honour, courage, morals and virtue, which has transformed a little island, once covered with impervious forests, and peopled by rude, naked, painted savages, into a scene of cultivation and transcendent beauty; thrown bridges over all its rivers; worked its mines; cut canals from stream to stream; filled it with populous cities; enriched it with manufactories; adorned it with palaces; sanctified it with schools, hospitals, and churches; formed harbours all round its coast, where almost all the vessels of the globe pour into its bosom the treasures of the equator and of the poles; framed for itself a constitution of peculiar excellence; laws more just and equal than those of the neighbouring states; obtained liberties and blessings both civil and religious; a community that has produced men, the benefactors and ornaments of their species, in every branch of human attainment—Bacons, Newtons and Lockes, Miltons and Shakespeares, Russels and Sydneys, and a host of worthies from all parts of the empire, innumerable as the stars in the firmament; a community, in whose fate every quarter of the globe is essentially interested; sovereign of the East, and great part of the West; colonizer of half the new world, and at this moment nursing an infant state, near the antarctic circle; a community whose language, habits, manners, and principles, from their unexampled diffusion, must affect and influence the destinies of millions of human beings through all ages; a community

community now existing in the full sunshine of its excellence; with all the means of self-defence, from the number of individuals capable of bearing arms, from unbounded wealth, and honourable pride, and public spirit; from the ocean as a barrier, and from a navy, compared to which all others, in ancient or modern times, are as nothing; a community from which all of us have received our different advantages, be they more or less, of which every one of us is an integral part, and may become a distinguished feature?—for such a community we have to arm and to fight—for its protection, for its preservation. And what if, by your criminal indifference or traitorous disaffection, your mighty adversary should succeed in his daring attack upon this nation? What Englishman can bear to anticipate a detail of miseries and horrors, beyond all that orators, poets, and painters have described, of the extent of human woes? I dare scarcely touch on scenes "that beggar all description."

But look at your wives, your sisters, and your daughters, as yet inviolate from the brutality of ruffian French soldiers; at your sons, as yet undespoiled of the fair prospect of inheritance, which fatherly care has provided for their future happiness; at your aged, your sick, and your poor, yet able to solace their infirmities with many consolations: look at your friends and neighbours, yet decent and creditable, diffusing around you the charms of social intercourse: look at your dwellings, as yet sacred to domestic comforts; at all the various securities for your different kinds of property, and means of existence, as yet safe and untouched: look at your markets yet open; at your temples not yet profaned by wicked braggadocios and atheists; at your rivers yet unpolluted with English blood: look at your ships and boats, yet in your own harbours; at the trees in your hedges not yet marked for foreign uses; at the goods in your shops; at the coats on your backs, the shoes on your feet, and the food on your tables, not yet put into French requisition: and when you have looked at all these, and at your enemy, and pondered them well; then, if you are not blinder than bats and moles, you will have a tolerably correct notion of the nature and consequences of a French invasion.

You have all read the History of England. You have there dwelt, with patriotic delight, on the noble exploits of your illustrious forefathers. You have seen the progressive steps by which, during so many ages, this great country has advanced in her career of prosperity and glory; through what "hair-breadth 'scapes," and awful dangers, the British constitution has been handed down to us: how many wise and good men have laboured to frame it; how many brave men have bled for it. In what you are now doing, you are deciding (as far as in you lies) whether your history is to be closed for ever, as the history of an independent nation, in one short and last volume. With your own hands, you are now filling up the record of national honour, or national shame. You are perpetuating a people, which is to be an example and glory to the human race, or consigning your posterity to everlasting disgrace, and yourselves to indelible infamy. Are you really tired and surfeited of the good things of this world; of riches, and greatness, and power? Will you hasten to conclude your splendid annals, with a brief and melancholy account of your disgraceful submission, your political suicide?

It

It is true, this island has been conquered before: but it was in the days of rudeness, and in the infancy of its history. Our barbarous forefathers had only the love of independence to animate them against the Romans; but they made nevertheless a glorious stand: and we can scarcely hear of Cæsar and Agricola, without thinking of Cassibelan and Galgacus. In the Norman invasion their situation was far different, indeed from ours. But when assailed by the Invincible Armada of Philip, our ancestors fought with a courage, and a success, for their liberties, independence, and religion, such as we are now called upon to exhibit: though, even then, great and awful as the crisis was, there was less to fight for, than we have, at this most exigent of all moments. The emancipation of Europe from Papal tyranny did not, then, depend upon them in the same degree, as the emancipation of Europe and of the world, from existing and threatened subjugation, depends upon us, at present. There were, at that time, other great powers ready to take the field for the human race. But now, we are the only nation remaining, who dare to make a stand in arms against the worse than barbarian ambition of Gaul. Not even the conquest of Rome herself, by the northern nations, produced more miseries to the rest of the world, than would flow from our destruction. All their Attilas, and Alarics, and Genserics, would be fully equalled by the Massenas, and Augereaus, and Bonapartes of modern France, by the Luciens and others of the Consul's own family, by hosts of rapacious proconsuls and commissaries, by the intoxicated pride and incurable vanity of Frenchmen, by their contempt of all other nations, and their wolfish appetite for spoliation and blood. Even that, which men have been accustomed to think the great security of civilization, knowledge, and freedom, the *press* itself, would fall into danger of being extinguished, of being thrown back into the mass of long-forgotten inventions, which our antiquaries in vain explore among the remains of ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome. This mode of mental communication, which to pious minds has often appeared so wonderful, that they could attribute its discovery only to the benign and miraculous interposition of the Great Being who made and governs us, has in a peculiar degree attracted the hatred of him, with whom truth can never be accepted, till the monster casts his skin, regenerates his savage nature, and offers some atoning sacrifices on the altar of that humanity he has so dreadfully scourged. Literature, wherever moral or political truths are concerned, would be in as low and fallen a state, as during the darkest periods of Papal superstition. Soldiers would be substituted for priests; and the bayonet usurp the old dominion of the crucifix. Mankind, always more disposed to blame others than themselves, would then look back to the inglorious submission of a people, to whom they had before looked up for encouragement and protection, as, next to France, the cause of the general ruin: or, if they revived from their apathy and slavery, hold us up as a warning to others; putting our history into the hands of their youth, and pointing to our fate, as the natural and merited consequence of the most flagrant abuse of the choicest gifts of Providence to a people—numbers and wealth, strength and liberty.

In this unprecedented state of public affairs, the people of Great Britain must not hesitate to do themselves that justice which their situation demands.

This country is, at present, the last retreat of the liberty of Europe. It is the citadel of the civilization and order of all nations. It must be defended against the universal robber, for our own sakes, and for all nations. We are the *Army of Reserve*, in the cause of national independence, freedom of discussion, and public right. We must go to battle, exclaiming, Liberty, Britain, and the World! against Despotism, Ambition, and France. We have, though the reserve, the post of honour; for we alone are left on the field, to fight the battle of civil society. The interests of millions unborn are bound up in the issue of this great quarrel. It must be speedily decided: we must shrink from no perils by sea or by land.

We are acting a part in the greatest public drama ever represented. We are placed on an exalted stage. We have for spectators all the kings, governors, and people of Europe. Never was any public spectacle so august, and so awful. They are not looking at us for their amusement; but in the true spirit, and for the true object of the drama—for their instruction. The subject resembles one of ancient times. You have heard of Leonidas, the Greek, and of the narrow pass called Thermopylæ, which he defended against an immense host of Persian invaders; and that, in defending that pass, he defended the whole country. We are in a similar situation now. We are now defending Europe. Before us we have a countless host of armed and disciplined plunderers and murderers. Behind us, and in keeping, we have a greater treasure than all the rights and liberties of ancient Greece: we have the freedom, the honour, the laws, the morality, of Europe, perhaps of all mankind.

We must play our parts well, when so much depends upon us; or we are, one and all, ruined, past redemption. It is not by putting on fine clothes, and strutting across the proscenium, that we shall obtain applause. We must not merely *appear* heroes and conquerors; we must *be* heroes, and *become* conquerors. The reward of our success is glorious beyond measure. Not temporary approbation, not filthy lucre, not a petty suspension of dangerous rivalry. No! It comprehends every thing that can be worth having—PRAISE, PROFIT, SECURITY! For all are contained in the glorious recompense and prize that awaits the successful exertions of the preservers of the civil, political, and moral order of the world!

Loyalist.

EXTRACT *from the* SPEECH *of* ROBERT EMMET, *a late leader of the Rebellion in Ireland, and Member of the Provisionary Government.*

THE detestable nature of *French Politics*, *French Liberty*, and *French Alliances*, is so extremely apparent, that even the partizans of insurrection themselves, regard it with abhorrence. This is fully evinced by the following extract, which may be considered as expressing the dying sentiments of a zealous and determined enemy to the British Government. Though the sentiments above expressed, so far as they concern France, must be congenial to the feelings of every true born Englishman.

When called upon to know if he had any thing to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, this unfortunate Gentleman addressed the Court and Jury nearly in the following terms:

"I am asked if I have any thing to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon me. Was I to suffer

suffer only death, after being adjudged guilty, I should bow in silence—but a man in my situation has not only to combat with the difficulties of fortune, but also the difficulties of prejudice—the sentence of the law, which delivers over his body to the executioner, consigns his character to obloquy. The man dies, but his memory lives; and that mine may not forfeit all claim to the respect of my countrymen, I use this occasion to vindicate myself from some of the charges advanced against me. I am charged with being an emissary of France; 'tis false! I am no emissary. I did not wish to deliver up my country to a foreign power, and least of all to France.—No! never did I entertain the idea of establishing French power in Ireland—God forbid! On the contrary, it is evident, from the introductory paragraph of the address of the Provincial Government, that every hazard attending an independent effort was deemed preferable to the more fatal risk of introducing a French army into the country—small would be our claims to patriotism and to sense, and palpable our affection of the love of liberty, if we were to encourage the profanation of our shores by a people who are slaves themselves, and the unprincipled and abandoned instruments of imposing slavery on others.—If such an inference is drawn from any part of the Proclamation of the Provisional Government, it calumniates their views; and is not warranted by the fact.—How could they speak of freedom to their countrymen—how assume such an exalted motive, and meditate the introduction of a power which has been the enemy of freedom in every part of the globe. Reviewing the conduct of France to other countries, could we expect better towards us? No! Let not, then, any man attaint my memory by believing, that I could have hoped freedom through the aid of France, and betrayed the sacred cause of liberty by committing it to the power of her most determined foe. Had I done so, I had not deserved to live; and, dying with such a weight upon my character, I had merited the honest execration of that country which gave me birth, and to which I would have given freedom. Had I been in Switzerland, I would have fought against the French.—In the dignity of freedom I would have expired on the threshold of that country, and they should have entered it only by passing over my lifeless corse. Is it, then, to be supposed, that I would be slow to make the same sacrifices to my native land? Am I, who lived but to be of service to my country, and who would subject myself to the bondage of the grave to give her independence—am I to be loaded with the foul and grievous calumny of being an emissary of France?

"My Lords, it may be part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind by humiliation to meet the ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the scaffold's shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the imputation of having been the agent of French despotism and ambition; and while I have breath I will call upon my countrymen not to believe me guilty of so foul a crime against their liberties and their happiness. Though you, my lord, sit there a judge, and I stand here a culprit, yet you are but a man, and I am another; I have a right, therefore, to vindicate my character and motives from the aspersions of calumny; and, as a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in rescuing my name and memory from the afflicting imputation of having been an emissary of France, or seeking her interference in the internal regulation of her affairs. Did I live to see a French

army approach this country, I would meet it on the shore, with a torch in one hand and a sword in the other; I would receive them with all the destruction of war! I would animate my country to immolate them in their very boats, and before our native soil should be polluted by a foreign foe. If they succeeded in landing, I would burn every blade of grass before them; raze every house; contend to the last for every inch of ground, and the last spot in which the hope of freedom should desert me, that spot I would make my grave!—What I cannot do, I leave a legacy to my country, because I feel conscious that my death were unprofitable, and all hope of liberty extinct, the moment a French army obtained a footing in this island."

Imitation of the Epitaph written by Dr. Arbuthnot on Colonel Chartres; inscribed (by Anticipation) on a Gibbet, erected over a Dunghill, near Hastings, close by the Sea Beach.

Underneath this dunghill
Is all that remains of a mighty conqueror,
NAPOLEONE BONAPARTE;
Who, with inflexible cruelty of heart,
And unexampled depravity of mind,
Was permitted to scourge the earth, for a time,
With all the horrors of war:
Too ignorant and incapable to do good to mankind,
The whole force of his mind was employed
In oppressing the weak and plundering the industrious.
He was equally detested by all;
His enemies he butchered in cold blood;
And, fearing to leave incomplete the catalogue of his crimes,
His friends he rewarded with a poisoned chalice.
He was an epitome
Of all that was vicious in the worst of tyrants:
He possessed their cruelty without their talents;
Their madness without their genius;
The baseness of one, and the imbecility of another.
Providence at last, wearied out with his crimes,
Returned him to the dunghill from which he sprung;
After having held him forth on the neighbouring gibbet,
As a scarecrow to the invaders of the British coast:
This beach,
The only spot in our isle polluted by his footsteps;
This dunghill,
All that remains to him of his boasted conquest.
Briton!
Ere you pass by, kneel, and thank thy God
For all the blessings of thy glorious Constitution;
Then return into the peaceful bosom of thy family, and continue
In the practice of those virtues
By which thy ancestors
Merit the favor of the Almighty.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SLY REYNARD.

An old Song, being a Say *upon*
THE THREATENED INVASION.

THE Corsican Nero
That terrible Hero
Swears soon now to give us a call.
By my soul, we'll be glad,
To get sight of the Lad,
And we'll welcome him here one and all.

He'll come with his floats,
And his flat-bottomed boats
To visit our snug little Island,
But lest that should be,
We will drown him at sea,
And there he may dive to get dry-land.

These dastard French knaves
Sure are dealers in slaves,
That thus they 're to send them in cargoes,
But lest these rebell,
When they come here to dwell,
On their Ports our Fleets still lay embargo.

Shall slaves then so vile
E'er tread this dear Isle,
Where there breathes a whole nation so brave?
Let them come,—we're prepared,
But I fear they are scared,
For we know that it must prove their grave.

Thus cries Johnny Bull,
Who had longed for a pull
With a Consul so dapper and pretty,
" So then after all
" Bony won't come at all,
" Dear me, 'tis a woundy great pity.
" Poor man he's afraid
" That some trick will be played,
" If he should set his foot on our shore,
" And faith he is right,
" For he'll get a sad fright
" And he'll never see France again more.

Once a Lion, when sick,
(Old Æsop the Greek
I think that 'tis he tells the fable)
In his den staid at home,
Nor abroad chose to roam,
For his sickness had made him unable.

All the other beasts then,
Came to call at his den,
Only Reynard was absent that day;
For he sly and wise,
Had observed with surprize,
That all entered;—but none came away.

Now let us suppose,
(I'm not writing in prose
And in rhyme folks may feign as they please)
That the Lion is ours,
Who among British Powers
May chuse in his den to take ease.

Little Bon the Princox,
Like the cunning old Fox
Means slyly in Paris to stay,
Whilst the other French fools,
Who are merely his tools,
Will come here—but will ne'er get away.

And then on the beast
Our Lion will feast
Till he gluts himself deep with his prey.
But lest I seem long
I will here end my song,
After thus having said out my *say*.

T. L. D. Miles et Scotus.

LIBERTY'S ADDRESS TO BRITONS.

BY W. HOLLOWAY,

Author of the Scenes of Youth, &c.

ON Dover's tide-resisting clift,
That over-shades the subject main,
Of every other refuge reft,
Fair LIBERTY maintains her reign.

Her standard there she dares display,
There plant her heav'n-presented lance,
That glitt'ring shoots a distant ray,
Terrific, to the shores of France!

And, hark!—She hails her chosen bands,
Who rally round her steadfast throne,—
"Arise! and shew the trembling lands
"Ye stand undaunted, though *alone!*

"Let hosts of slaves, with rapine fir'd,
"Attempt your heav'n-defended coast—
"By me your gen'rous breasts inspir'd,
"Shall scorn the vaunters empty boast.

"In union firm, at Danger's call,
"Be Briton still to Briton true—
"Whate'er the wondering world befal,
"*With you I live—or die with you!*"

Th' attentive winds, from caverns still,
Rush'd eager forth in Britain's cause—
Obedient to th' Almighty will—
Old Ocean heard, and roar'd applause.

SELECTED POETRY.

DEATH OR VICTORY.

IN the cause of Religion and Liberty arm'd,
Shall a Briton, by France breathing war, be alarm'd?
By her menaces mov'd, shall he, seiz'd with affright,
Feel the Coward within, when he's call'd out to fight,
No, no, fellow soldiers, the French we defy,
We will face them, and fight them, and conquer, or die.

In the glorious defence of his Country and King,
Will a Briton disgrace on Old England e'er bring;
Will he shrink from the Corsican Tyrant with fear,
When he's rous'd to defend, what to all should be dear?
No, no, &c.

Can a Briton with freedom and property blest,
Unconcern'd, see his country by Frenchmen possest;
Can he tamely the thought of Invasion endure,
Without fighting, his freedom and wealth to secure?
No, no, &c.

Can a Briton, who knows what it is to be free,
For his slowness to fight, urge a plausible plea;
And to indolence wedded a sluggard remain,
When French blusterers threaten fair freedom to chain?
No, no, &c.

Can a Briton, who wishes throughout this rich Isle,
To see plenty and peace join'd with liberty, smile,
His resentment suppress, rising up against those,
Who with insolence aim to disturb his repose!
No, no, &c.

Can a Briton, regarding his child or his wife,
Who derive from his aid every comfort of life,
See his sword in his scabbard inactively sleep,
And the fruits of his labour French cormorants reap?
No, no, &c.

Can a Briton, supporting a feeble old sire,
Who, deserted by him, in a jail might expire,
Bear the thought of a Frenchman invading his land,
Which produces supplies to his bountiful hand?
No, no, &c.

'Tis enough, my brave comrades, whilst this is our song,
We may laugh at our foes, be they ever so strong;
We may laugh at their threats and their thunder defy,
For the valiant can always, or conquer or die—
We will laugh at their threats, for the French we defy,
We will face them and fight them, and conquer or die.

A NEW SONG.

TUNE—"*To Anacreon in Heaven.*"

WHEN from chaos profound, this bright orbit was form'd,
As Britannia triumphantly rose from the sea,
The Gods thus declar'd (as with freedom they warm'd)
That her sons should be valiant, her shores should be free.

The

The charter was hail'd,
And this order prevail'd,
Thro' the world be it told, nor e'er yet has it fail'd,
That Britons for ever shall freely entwine
The fruits of their Commerce round Liberty's shrine.

Thus thro' ages unrivall'd our country hath shone,
To the world brav'd defiance, oppos'd all alarms;
Let each bosom then glow, and each heart nobly own,
That Britons *insulted* can still fly to arms.
Yes—to Freedom we'll raise
Still our chorus of praise,
And shame to the man that should tarnish her rays;
For Britons, &c.

Shall Britannia submit Gallic Laws to confess?
Shall her honour be sullied, her sons basely fly?
No, by Heavens, she shall not, while Britons possess
Hearts of Oak, that can conquer, can rescue, or die.
Be your swords quickly hurl'd,
Your banners unfurl'd,
An emblem of Freedom—a sign to the world,
That Britons, &c.

Come souls, then, let's rouse, with one heart and one hand,
'Tis the cause not of nations, 'tis your's, and 'tis mine,
'Tis a cause which e'en cowards must rise to command,
'Tis a cause in which parties must meet and conjoin.
Let each Englishman's toast
Be—Success to the Host,
Who have boldly engag'd to protect Britain's coast;
For Britons, for ever, shall freely entwine
The fruits of their Commerce round Liberty's shrine.

Manchester Gazette.

THE VOICE OF THE BRITISH ISLES.

Tune—"Hearts of Oak."

AWAY, my brave boy! haste away to the shore:
Our foes, the base French, boast they're straight coming o'er,
To murder, and plunder, and ravish, and burn—
Let them come—we'll take care they shall never return;
For around all our shores, hark! the notes loudly ring,
United, we're ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
To fight for our LIBERTY, LAWS, *and our* KING.

They

They boast in the dark they will give us the slip:
The attempt may procure them a dangerous dip;
Our bold Tars are watching in Ocean's green lap,
To give them a long *Jacobinical nap.*
But should they steal over, with one voice we'll sing—
United we're ready, &c.

They knew that united, we sons of the waves
Would ne'er bow to Frenchmen, nor grovel like slaves;
So ere they durst venture to touch on our strand,
They sent black Sedition to poison our land.
But around all our shores now the notes loudly ring,
United, we're ready, &c.

They swore we were slaves, were all lost and undone;
That a Jacobin nostrum, as sure as a gun,
Would make us all equal, and happy, and free;
'Twas only to dance round their Liberty's tree.
No, no! round our shores let the notes loudly ring,
United, we're ready, &c.

'Twas only to grant them the kiss call'd fraternal—
A kiss which all Europe has found most infernal;
And then they maintain'd the effect could not miss—
We should all be as blest as the Dutch and the Swiss!
No, no! round our shores let the notes loudly ring,
United, we're ready, &c.

With lies, and with many a Gallican wile,
They spread their dire poison o'er Erin's green Isle;
But now each *shillalah* is ready to thwack,
And baste the lean ribs of the Gallican Quack.
All around Erin's shores, hark! the notes loudly ring,
United, we're ready, &c.

Stout Sandy, our brother, with heart and with hand,
And his well-try'd *Claymore*, joins the patriot band.
Now Jack, Pat, and Sandy thus cordial agree,
We sons of the waves shall for ever be free,
While around all our shores, hark! the notes loudly ring,
United, we're ready, &c.

As they could not deceive, they now threaten to pour
Their hosts on our land, to lay waste and devour;
To drench our fair fields and our cities in gore,
Nor cease to destroy till Britannia's no more.
Let them come, if they dare—hark! the notes loudly ring,
United, we're ready, &c.

My sweet rosy Nan is a true British wife,
And loves her dear Jack as she loves her own life;
Yet she girds on my sword, and smiles while I glow,
To meet the proud French, and to lay their heads low;
And chants 'tween each buss, while the notes loudly ring,
My Jack, thou art ready!
Steady, boys, steady,
Go fight for thy Liberty, Laws, and thy King.

And Ned, my brave lad, with a true British heart,
Has forsaken his plough, has forsaken his cart;
E'en Dolly has quitted, to dig in a trench,
All, all for the sake of a cut at the French;
While he sings all day long, and the notes loudly ring,
I'm ready, I'm ready!
Steady, boys, steady,
To fight for my Liberty, Laws, and my King.

Away then, my boys! haste away to the shore,
Our foes, the base French, boast they're straight coming o'er,
To murder, and plunder, and ravish, and burn—
They may come—but, by Jove, they shall never return;
For around all our shores, hark! the notes loudly ring,
United, we're ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
To fight for our Liberty, Laws, and our King.

THE SCOTCH VOLUNTEER.

O Wha will bleed for our king's right,
His crown and kingdoms thrie!
For France, wi' meikle pow'r and pride,
Is coming o'er the sea.

O we will fight for our king's sake,
As lang as life remains,
As lang 's the tide o' Scottish blude
Flows frae our ebbing veins!

We'll march to England, ane an' a',
Tho' 'twere as far again,
Never to see blythe Scotland mair,
If our gude king be ta'en!

Tho' faes on faes our king surround,
We'll cut a way out through!
We'll bring him hame to Scotland safe,
Tho' foot and horse pursue.

We'll set him on yon castle tower,
And on his head the crown,
Wi' ranked spears and faithfu' breasts,
We'll form a rampart roun'.

And there, for Scotland's crown and king,
We'll dig a noble grave,
Ere our king die a traitor's death,
Or live an exil'd slave.

CALEDONIA'S ADDRESS TO BONAPARTE.

STRANGE mortal o' the human race,
That cause sic din in ilka place,
Ye're surely void o' sense an' grace
As well as feelin;
But now ye 've nearly ran your race
I'll wad a shillin.

Invasion's

Invasion's unco easy said,
An' a' ye're gan-boats 'maist are made;
What tho wi' Dutch an'd Spanish aid
Ye shou'd come ore,
Each loon will meet a reeking blade
Upo' our shore.

We ken quite weel what ye've been doin,
In lands ye've laid in waste an' ruin;
Ye're mad career ye're still pursuin
Wi' eager speed;
Ye're vengeful head is a' construin
Some wicked deed.

At Jaffa what did ye do there—
Poor sickly Turks ye' did no spare,
But each of poison had his share,
By ye're command;
An' thousands sacrificed were
Upo the sand.

Ye also ken, on Egypt's plains,
When ye ran o'er wi' bluidy stains;
Poor widows, wives, an' helpless weans,
Did no escape
What feelin mortals a' disdain—
A lustful rape.

There ye went on in wanton plight,
Committing outrage day and night;
Wi' chiefs invincible to fight
Ye cut a swagger,
Till Highland lads gie ye a fright
Wi' sword an' dagger.

An' if ye'd no run awa ye're sell,
Ye ne'er wou'd ha' got lieve to tell,
How Highland Laddies bore the bell
Upo yon heath,
Where Abercromby nobly fell
A glorious death.

That's just a snatch o' highland game;
An should ye once more try their fame,
I'll wad a great ye'll be more tame,
No quite so hearty;
'T will end in thy immortal shame,
Oh Bonaparte!

Manchester Gazette. W.W.

THE VOLUNTEER.

Written by the Rev. W. Butler, M.A.

Vincit amor patriæ, laudumque immensa cupido.

HARK! hark! the martial trumpets sound,
And one and all the notes obey;
Undaunted myriads throng around:
Yes! We shall fight the foe to-day!
Thy Soldier parts.—But, why so wan,
So pensive grows my love with fear?
What! would'st thou have a loyal man
Refuse to prove a Volunteer?

Oh! 'tis a glorious call to strife!
Each individual fights the cause
Of parents, children, self, and wife,
Of friends, King, country, faith and laws.
What! would'st thou have a Briton bold
Consent the name of "Slave" to hear?
Ah! sooner far shalt thou behold
Low laid in earth a Volunteer.

For, what were England but a jail,
Encircled with her chain—the sea,
If, though I liv'd, I must bewail
The loss of Liberty and thee!
Say, what is life, when bondmen groan,
Bereft of all their souls hold dear?
I covet freedom and renown,
And, therefore, rise a Volunteer.

The purity thy truth display'd
Shall animate my constant heart;
Then, let the Battle rage! sweet Maid!
For thee I'll dare the foremost dart.
Oh! 'tis a gallant thing to die,
Preserving all we value here,
Come, dry thy sorrows;—here stand I,
My Susan's loyal Volunteer.

With

With steady looks, and breasts elate,
Marching our native plains to guard,
We leave to Heav'n the chance of fate;
But claim the hero's last reward:
For, trust me, love, howe'er we speed,
(Or *victory* or *death* is near)
Fame's greenest wreath shall be the meed
Of every British Volunteer.

Whoever meets the stroke of death,
Shall sleep recorded 'midst the brave;
His friends shall bless his parting breath,
And warriors deck a soldier's grave.
If SUSAN close my clay-cold eyes,
If SUSAN tend my humble bier,
No Monarch's gorgeous obsequies
Can equal mine, her Volunteer.

In life, in death, my love is thine:
But now our Country calls to arms,
I feel an energy divine
Add to that love ten thousand charms.
Now, SUSAN's sinks in England's name;
Now, private, public ties appear:
My loyalty is all on flame,
Dear girl! I'm England's Volunteer.

Hark! hark! the martial trumpets sound,
And one and all the notes obey;
Undaunted myriads throng around:
Yes! we shall fight the foe to-day!
Never their standard *tri-color*
Shall BONAPARTE's legions rear
In triumph on fair Freedom's shore,
Whilst ALBION boasts one Volunteer.

ENGLISHMEN & FRENCHMEN.

Our Englishmen they stood
On Egypt's burning sands,
And there the Frenchmen stood,
The bravest of their bands.

They had conquer'd Egypt's land
When Bonaparte was there,
But the sight of the English band
Made the Frenchmen pale with fear.

Our Englishmen they fought,
Our Englishmen they bled;
But our Englishmen they fought,
Till they left the Frenchmen dead.

And to those they did not slay,
When the battle raged sore,
Our Englishmen did say,
We are enemies no more.

So they rais'd the wounded men,
And set the pris'ners free;
And thus did our Englishmen,
In the land beyond the sea.

But the Frenchmen, what did they,
When Jaffa's town they won?
Three thousand men, next day,
They murder'd every one.

And now these base Frenchmen
Are coming here to fight;
So let the battle rage,
And God defend the right!

They have conquer'd the Swiss and Dutch,
They have conquer'd the nations around;
But they never yet have seen
A battle on English ground.

And never shall they say,
And never shall they boast,
That a battle on English ground,
By Englishmen was lost.

For we are the sons of men,
Who fought on Cressy's plain;
And what our fathers did,
Their sons can do again.

Morning Post. H. B.

TO

TO ARMS;

OR A CALL

TO THE VOLUNTEERS.

By Mr. Courtenay.

YE Volunteers, hark to my Song,
And the Spirit of Britons proclaim,
To the standard of loyalty throng,
And rival your ancestor's fame.

CHORUS.

Then wield the sword, and load the gun,
And hurry to the field,
We'll soon compel the French to run—
John Bull *will never yield.*

The *Tyrant* may embark his host
His slavish Conscript cheer;
With blood we've often dy'd their coast,
But when were Frenchmen here?
Then wield, &c.

And dare they venture now to come,
Or touch the British shore;
Awake the fife, and beat the drum,
And bid the cannon roar.
Then wield, &c.

Array'd in arms, rush on the foe,
Compel the slaves to fly;
For British hearts with Freedom glow;
We'll conquer, or will die.
Then wield, &c.

To rob and murder is their trade,
Such is the war they wage,
The matron and the beauteous maid,
Are victims of their rage.
Then wield, &c.

For all that's dear thy soldier fights,
His country calls to arms;
To guard her ancient glorious rights,
And beauty's sacred charms.
Then wield, &c.

The hardy Swiss, on Freedom's rock,
Defy'd the treacherous foe;
Out-number'd, brav'd the battle's shock,
And dealt th' avenging blow.
Then wield, &c.

Britain! in arms a million shine,
Your fertile plains to shield;
To guard your daughter's blooming charms,
And win the bloody field.
Then wield, &c.

While Vict'ry crowns our glorious toil,
Triumphantly we'll sing,
Our Liberty and native soil,
And England's glorious King.

CHORUS.

Then wield the sword, and load the gun,
And hurry to the field;
We'll soon compel the French to run—
John Bull *will never yield.*

Morning Post.

THE SPIRIT OF BRITAIN.

I See, as in the days of old,
Britannia's warlike Spirit rise;
I see him vigorous and bold:
"To arms! my gallant Sons!" he cries.
"Defy the ravening power of France:
Her threat'ning and her guile defy:
Bold in your steady ranks advance;
And on your righteous cause rely.

With you no nation can compare,
For freedom and for upright laws:
Ye know your rights, and knowing dare
Be valiant in your righteous cause.
Ye will, with ready heart and hand,
Immediate to your shores descend:
Ye will, your rights, and native land,
Your roofs and families defend.

From every hill and dale around,
My Britons! heirs of endless fame,
I hear your martial clangor sound;
I hear, with joy your loud acclaim.
My military youth behold!
Whom no assailant shall dismay;
How firm! how resolute and bold!
How graceful in their bright array;

How

How graceful is the gallant youth,
Whose heart with martial ardour glows!
The Champion of a nation's truth!
Th' avenger of our wrongs and woes!
On him our expectations wait,
His dear, dear country's hope and stay,
A pillar in our peerless state:
In glory's crown a brilliant ray.

Now while the martial danger sounds,
And wide the waving banners fly,
How eagerly his bosom bounds!
What light'ning flashes in his eye!
Awake, ye minstrels, wake the lyre;
Full let the mighty descant flow,
For him who breathes heroic fire;
And hurls defiance at the foe.

A gentler breath pervades the sky!
And soft the beam of orient day!
Was it a maiden's tender sigh?
Her melting blue-eye's dewy ray?
Cease, gentle maiden, cease to mourn;
Let no alarm your bosom move:
Soon will the valiant youth return,
Victorious, to your faithful love.

Go forth my gallant sons! and save
Your country from a cruel foe:
The rage of bloody conflict brave;
And lay the proud oppressor low.
Despise his menace; scorn his wiles;
And lay him spurning in the dust!
For HEAVEN on your endeavor smiles:
To HEAVEN for timely succour trust!"

SCOTCH SONG.

By J. H. M.

TUNE—*Cameronian's Rant.*

O What an unco noise an din there is thro' a the land man,
An' greater wark to face a foe auld England's fouks ne'er fand man:
But they the Deil a bit need care,
Nor a their wives an' weanies scare,
For if they come they'll rue it sair:
We'll gar them jump,
Wi' mony a lump,
An' clumsy thump,
An' steer their rump,
Anither road that day man.

An' do ye think that Scotland's lads will stan' an' see them come man,
An' file their breeks wi' scornfu' fear, or hide them up the lum man?
Anither story faith they'll tell,
I ken o' twa three lads mysell,
There's Andrew Smith and Tammy Bell,
An' Geordie Rae—sic lads as thae
Wad gar wee *Bonny* dance man.

Then Scotia's and England's lads may tak their cog an' gill man,
For while they haud the gither firm, let come what foe there will man;
Guid faith he'll prove a scabby tyke,
That puts his nose intill our bike,
Ilk bee wad be in sic a fyke,
That a' wad rin, wi' sword and gun,
The wark begun, 'twad be but fun,
To Scotch an' English lads man.

Then come sit down, neer fash your thumb', let's sing our sang at ease man,
An' let wee Bonaparte come whenever he shall please man;
The present moment still is ours,
Then let's before dame fortune lours
Strive to enjoy't we a' our powers;
An' if by chance, the chaps o' France,
Shou'd hither prance, we'll gar them dance
The Cameronian's Rant man.

Manchester Gazetteer.

FRENCH

FRENCH FOLLY.

Tune,

Come all Hands a-hoy to the Anchor.

French boasters by way of false cover,
Some desperate project to aid;
Would fain make it seem Europe over,
Old England they mean to invade;
As Madness is folly's attendant,
However by plunder allur'd;
If e'er they attempt it, depend on't,
They'll then of their madness be cur'd.

CHORUS.

With ourselves let what will be the matter,
At the helm whosoever may sit;
'Tis not in an Englishman's nature,
To Gallican Laws to submit.

What rock we soever may split on,
Whatever the Fates may decree;
He can't in his heart be a Briton,
French Rulers who wants here to see;
About their huge Rafts let 'em vapour,
And flourish away on dry ground;
But trust me 'tis only on paper
These terrible things can be found.
With ourselves, &c.

The Army of England—so christen'd,
To storm us pretensions may make,
But those who to secrets have listen'd,
Think Ireland they mean to attack;
Tho' some have with confidence said it,
Let who will sit down at the loss,
I ne'er to the tale can give credit,
That ever the Channel they'll cross.
With ourselves, &c.

'Tis said, those who know their prescriptions,
No soul that has tasted reveres,
Are going to plague the Egyptians,
And humble the Dey of Algiers.
The banks of the Nile they may scour,
And plant what they please on the soil;
Like locusts the country devour,
But ne'er shall subdue Britain's isle.
With ourselves, &c.

This odd whim just now seems to seize 'em,
To India they cast a side look;
The game which most highly would please 'em,
Would be, a few Nabobs to pluck.
The Popedom they've root and branch ript up;
Of conquest their hopes still are full;
And when the Grand Turk's heels they've tript up,
They'll then set about the Mogul.

A SONG OF PITY ON BONAPARTE.

Tune.—"*Cease rude Boreas.*"

Cease, brave Britons, from invective—
Spare a wretch, so mean and low!
See, with torments more effective,
Conscience comes, his deadly foe!
Though with high-flown, blustering speeches,
Bonaparte's tongue may swell;
His every action plainly teaches,
That his bosom is a hell!

Heavenly Freedom's hallow'd flowers,
To this isle their sweets impart;
Whilst, *without*, the tempest lowers,
Sun-beams play upon the heart.
Mark the contrast, I adjure ye!
The Tyrant's breast with torture wrings—
Passion's slave—who, like a Fury,
Goads him with her scorpion stings!

To others Providence dispenses,
When with care or toil oppress,
Celestial balm to lull the senses,
And lock them in the arms of rest.
Gallia's Despot ne'er reposes:
Painful vigils doom'd to keep,
His eyes no friendly slumber closes
For "Macbeth has murder'd sleep."

If

If engag'd in festive riot,
Banquo's ghosts in thousands rise!
Does he seek domestic quiet?
Blood-stain'd daggers meet his eyes!
In the tent, for war preparing,
He's with Jaffa's scenes accurst!
Vultures fierce his vitals tearing—
Hark! his very heart-strings burst!

Can you o'er so weak a creature,
The flag of scorn in triumph bear;
'Tis repugnant to your nature—
Rather shed the pitying tear.
Cease, then, Britons, from invective,
Spare a wretch sunk deep in woe:
A prey to torments more effective—
CONSCIENCE, HIS ETERNAL FOE.

S.

British Press.

CA N'IRA PAS.

A SEQUEL TO CA IRA.

BY MR. DIBDIN.

Monseiur, mon general, first Consul,
I vill not tell no lie;
I come de English Jonny Bull
And all his trick to spy.

First, ven I get from sea-sick free,
Just after Dover cliff,
I spy, vat I have never see,
One charmant piece rost bif.

Ta ra la, la, la,
Arrette ton bras
Ca n'ira pas, ça n'ira pas—Ma foi ça n'ira pas!

I spy von people grand, so good
The lamb is no so mild
If unprovoke—put up his blood—
The tyger's no so wild.

I spy the men so bold advance,
For honour risk is lifes,
And, vat I never spy in France,
The women all good vifes.

Ta, ra, la, la, la,
Arrette ton brass,
Ca n'ira pas, ça n'ira pas—Soyez sur ça n'ira pas!

We say the English dog is spawn
De mastiff—dat is right;
For, though like us he never fawn,
Upon my soul he bite.

That all your scheme will be forsake
I know by what I've spied;
So, as you'll not the lion take,
You must not sell his hide.

Ta, ra, la, la, la,
Arrette ton bras,
Ca n'ira pas, ça n'ira pas—Mon dieu, ça n'ira pas!

They glory have not moche to seek,
For Freedom haf soche charms?
Tout la Canaille, in bout six veek,
Are hero all in arms.

You must not tink you can prevail!
They're fortified all parts;
And, if you come, you'll have to scale
A wall of English hearts.

Ta, ra, la, la, la,
Arrette ton bras,
Ca n'ira pas, ça n'ira pas—Grand dieu, ça n'ira pas!

Thus, my commission to fulfil,
I spy vat vill be found;
One half your army vill be kill,
T' other vill be drown'd.

So, if in France he's all go mad,
He may expect to come;
If in his vit, he would be glad,
Better to stay at home.

Ta, ra, la, la, la,
Arrette ton bras,
Ca n'ira pas, ça n'ira pas—Oh! diable, ça n'ira pas!

British Press.

Fold Out

T Antigallican P

O my
And O pudding & B

THE ANTI-GALLICAN.

NUMBER X.

ODE TO PATRIOTISM.

Dulce e decorum est pro patria mori. HOR.

BRITONS, whose firm avenging arm
Thro' *Gallia's* Legions struck dismay,
When fraught with slaughter and alarm,
Proud EDWARD march'd in dread array;—
When Poictiers' memorable plain,
The grave of thousands nobly slain,
Beheld her glitt'ring banners won
By Valour's pride, his daring Son,
Arise, Ambition's host oppose,
And hurl, with giant strength, destruction on your foes.

If brilliant deeds, if deathless fame,
The soul heroic can inspire,
Reflect on HENRY's hallow'd name,
And glow with his unrivall'd fire;
Again in hostile troops advance,
And crush the base designs of France;
Muse, Chieftains, muse with fond delight,
On Agincourt's tremendous fight;
Nobly a Tyrant's power subdue,
And in illustrious YORK another HENRY view.

Our pomp, our commerce to confound,
Spain erst, her floating terrors bore;
DRAKE bade the British thunder sound,
Abash'd they hurried from our shore.
Cherburgh, alike of haughty Gaul,
Thy cliffs beheld the mighty fall;
But why in ancient records trace
Their baffled schemes, their unredeem'd disgrace;

Thy annals, GEORGE, with victories teem,
On RODNEY's tomb what trophies gleam:
HOWE liv'd to prove their efforts vain,
And NELSON guides our fleets, dread Sov'reign of the Main!

But late impell'd by lawless pride,
Fierce *Lochlin's**sons to arms prepar'd,
And leagu'd with hostile bands, defied
Our native prowess, long declar'd.
Lock'd in their icy realms, with rage
Each bosom warfare burn'd to wage;
But when to the auspicious gale,
Our fleet triumphant spread the sail,
Britannia made them rue the day,
They rouz'd her lion port and scorn'd her naval sway.

Britons, the sword of valour wield!
Advance, ye brave, in Freedom's Cause!
Your Country calls ye to the field,
To guard her charter and her laws.
Shall ye, whom Europe's treasures crown
With wealth, with splendour and renown,
Bid War's inspiring trumpet cease,
When mad Ambition bursts the bonds of Peace?
Let *France* with feuds embroil the land,
And crouch when Despots would command?—
Sooner may Heaven desert the just,
And all Augusta's Towers lie level with the dust.

Bound by the ties of social love,
Ierne in the conflict join:
Thine is the giant broil; we prove
Britain's prosperity is thine.
No more with hands in blood imbued,
Let Discord strain wide Shannon's flood:
Sedition revelling in her chains,
With devastation fill your plains:
Bravely your recreant train defy,
With *Britain* conquer, or with *Britain* die.

Lo! where the Gallic streamers fly,
And mock, in triumph borne, the air,
Religion mourns with downcast eye,
Her rites profan'd, her altars bare!
Their track the great and good deplore,
From Belgium's coast to Afric's shore;

* *Denmark.*

Where'er

Where'er they rove, see terror flings
Her shafts, unfolds her baleful wings;
Oppression raves with poisonous breath,
And ghastly Famine stalks, and agonizing Death.

Genius of *Albion's* Isle draw near!
Ye Muses strike the living lyre!
Shades of illustrious Chiefs appear,
And every breast with zeal inspire!
Tho' restless Pow'r the base enslave,
Unaw'd her minions view the brave,
No prowess *Britons* shall subdue,
"If *Britons* to themselves prove just and true,"
Soon shall the clouds that bear affright
Be set in shades of endless night,
Fame o'er *Britannia's* weal preside,
And GEORGE, in triumph, reign, a Nation's hope and pride.

J. B.

Extract from Mr. JUSTICE HARDINGE'S ADDRESS *to the Grand Jury, at Presteign, in the County of Radnor, August 9th,* 1803.

Gentlemen of the Grand Jury,

THE Island which it is our glory to inhabit, (and prouder of it no time has ever made us) will soon present a very singular aspect.

The whole nation is to be in arms—for each—and for all.

It will no longer be the doubt of a reasoning mind, that "*self-love and social are the same.*"

We shall perish ourselves unless we defend those around us in every direction.

But that is not all.

The most animated energies of public spirit, and the domestic endearments of the heart, give a giant's force to this national host.

Party is at an end—though it is to that proud independence of political sentiment, which has given birth to parties, in their day, that we are indebted for the individual sinews of the public mind at this hour.

Slaves to a tyrant are sure to abandon him in their difficulties.

We are united, because our spirit is free,—and because power has interested affection.

We are *united*, because we have the sense to discern, that in the want of union alone, was the Invader's hope to rivet his chain.

We are *united* by the *nature* of the peril, and by the *subjects* of its interest.

The nature of that peril is compressed into a very narrow compass.

It is—the inordinate ambition (stung by passions that border upon delirium) of an individual, the ablest for mischief—the best armed with power to accomplish it—and the most unprincipled, that perhaps ever appeared in the world.

The *subjects* at stake are these.

1. We are now to keep, or now to lose, and for ever, *a Constitution of Government*—the wisdom of ages, and the best calculated of any, that ever blessed the world, for the *Rights of Man*,

Man,—well understood;—not those of an Indian Savage, but of a moral agent, —enlightened—civilized—and social.

2. We have a *King* to defend, who is a model of all the virtues that are the bonds of domestic life—whose banners of conquest are placed upon the altars of his God—and who is a living record of that principle by which alone he reigns—"That all power is a solemn covenant of trust, for the happiness of the governed."

3. We are to save and cherish the estate, which is our inheritance, and those acquisitions which our industry or talents have produced.

4. But above all, we are to assert and vindicate that *spirit of honor*, the ruling feature of British character, which every one of us in some degree adopts and personates.

In place of these what is offered?—A Government of *terror and caprice*, at the best.

It is to-day a *Government by the mob*—of all tyrants the worst.

It is to-morrow a *Government by the sword*.

What is to be our *Freedom?*

Let us interrogate that odious miscreant, who told the Invader, that "God, after he had created *him*, rested from his labors"—with blasphemies like these, "*tiring*" but "*not satiating*" his ear!

What *Religion* is the Invader's creed? We may learn it in *Egypt*, and from *his* banner there, which proclaimed one God, *and Mahomet his prophet!*—a religion well selected by *him* who exterminated, in cold blood, thousands of the innocent *Alexandrians*, without respect of age or sex, because they were barriers to his aggression—a religion well selected by *him* who poisoned the hospital of his own wounded soldiers, to be rid of the incumbrance.

I trust you will not separate before you address the King, or give in some authentic shape, a test or pledge to your neighbours, that you are votaries of Religion—that you are champions of your *King*—that you devote your lives and your fortunes to the contest—that you determine to survive it with liberties unimpaired, or to perish upon the bed of honor, and with arms in your hands.

THE SHADE OF WOLFE.

TO THE

PEOPLE OF BRITAIN.

HAVING particular means of becoming acquainted with what is passing in the lower world, and of what is going on in that still dear and much beloved Country which was once my own, I would fain address you on the momentous and difficult crisis upon which you are called upon to suffer and to act. I have beheld the firm stand which you have made to support the liberties of Europe; I behold you at this moment willing to die in the bed of honor rather than receive the yoke of a Tyrant. I see, with feeling of pride and glory, that the genuine spirit of freedom distinguishes still that Island in which I was born, and in defence of which I died. I exult to perceive that you have the good sense to detect the guilt, and defeat the treachery of THE OPPRESSOR OF EUROPE. He has duped the credulity, as he has destroyed the freedom, of every nation that his ruffian power has over-run; but the valour and unanimity expressed throughout every class and description in this nation will defeat his projects and destroy his hopes. He plans your invasion, and could he be successful, he would fill with widows and with orphans

orphans that Country which has so long been the object of his revenge. The Freedom of your Constitution shames his system of military tyranny; the freedom of your Press excites his indignation, as it unveils and exposes the secrecy of guilt; as an Atheist he would cancel your religious institutions; as an Usurper he would break down the throne; as a Despot he would plunder your wealth, and put your commerce in fetters.—But it is not for Frenchmen to inspire fear in the breast of a Briton. Trusting to that God whom it is your glory to serve, you have the means of effectual defence were your danger even ten times greater than it is. The fate of your children and of posterity is entrusted to your care; their interests are in your keeping, and you will protect them to the last. The tyrant that threatens you has no scheme so cruel that he cannot plan; no plan so infernal that he cannot execute:—His progress is a train of terror and blood:—The expulsion of princes, the desolation of kingdoms, the slaughter of unoffending provinces, are acts familiar to his rapacity; and his soldiery, cruel as himself, such the blood their General has spared. His hypocrisy is greater still than his ambition, and his cruelty is even beyond his hypocrisy. Unawed by justice, unappalled by remorse, his perfidy has slaughtered those whom his treachery could not corrupt. But when his mad presumption dares aspire to triumph in the fall of England, he will find his proud menaces treated with contempt. Come when he may, he will be taught that Britons are never unprepared to fight the cause of their Country; and, that, disdaining the example of their enemy, they will never dishonour their ancestors or disgrace themselves.

THE SHADE OF ABERCROMBIE TO THE *BRITISH SOLDIERS.*

PREPARE!

LET the Usurper and his horde of barbarians know the difference between slaves and freemen, between a Frenchman and a Briton! Let him see the strong and lofty position we take. We call Heaven to witness, no passion for vain-glory, no thirst of ambition, no desire of power, wealth, and dominion, points the edge of our swords. No, our bosoms are fired with motives more worthy of men and of Englishmen! The defence of our lives and liberties, the preservation of our wives and children, the security of civil order, and the maintenance of religious liberty, sanctify our cause and brace our sinews! Your country's freedom sounds the trumpet, and beseeches you, in the name of the throne, the altar, and your families, to stand at the breach between them and a horde of savages, who inscribe on their banners, ruin, ravishment, and massacre.

Whilst one spark of fire remains in the British bosom, whilst the warm current of life circles in his veins, who would not sooner welcome death than behold those scenes of misery renewed in his native land which have been exhibited in other countries? Nay, is it not to suffer a thousand deaths, to see your aged and venerable parents dragged from the bosom of their families, bleeding at your feet beneath the dagger of the unfeeling assassin; your wives and sisters seized by the insulting conqueror, for the victims of his brutal passion; and your darling infants torn from your affectionate embraces, and made the sport of wanton barbarity and refined torture? Thank God, the smiles

of

of delusion which at one time overspread your minds, are now dispersed. The professions of a deceitful and unprincipled foe no longer impose on your understandings. Your eyes are open. The sense of one common danger draws you together by one common and indissoluble band. His flourishing menaces, instead of appalling, serve only to animate your courage and inflame your patriotism. Your spirits are in proportion to your danger. Your energies, zeal, and fortitude, keep pace with his vaunting note of preparation. You shew yourselves at this important crisis, worthy of the name of Britons! The shade of Abercrombie, the genius of Nelson, is proud to own you!

The page of history records not at any period such an example of patriotism as that which has burst through the land. Never did the love of our country burn with a purer and stronger flame; never did the character of Britons shine so bright for hardy virtues. With an invincible independence, you join heart and hand, under a solemn protest that Britain, the isle of freedom, shall never bend her neck beneath the yoke of France; but since your hope is in union, and your liberty in victory, you will place your faithful wives, your hoary parents, and helpless children, behind the protection of your swords.

Yes, ye brave and virtuous defenders of your country, accept the homage of her gratitude. Regardless of your ease and conveniences, you feel yourselves born the soldiers of your native spot, your houses, your castles. Yes, ye gallant heroes, buckle on your armour, obedient to the call of honour and of duty; range in front of the throne, the altar, and your dwellings. Hark! the enemy lands! the trumpet sounds! the royal standard yonder waves its streamers.——Haste, to arms! to the coast! march, face the foe! pursue him till he bite the dust, or meet a watery grave. Hark! victory! victory! Yes, Britons, you have calmed the fears of your country, frustrated the hopes of your enemies: retire to your homes! Your wives, your children are impatient to clasp you in their embraces. You have saved your country! the rewarders of your courage are ready to heap on you wealth and honours! to inscribe your names on the roll of fame, to take you from the ranks, and hold you up to your country, to Europe, to posterity, the theme of admiration and gratitude!

CHARACTERS
OF
ROBESPIERRE & BONAPARTE
COMPARED.

IN 1793, France suffered, and Europe was disturbed by the revolutionary anarchy of Robespierre; in 1803, France is enslaved, and Europe dishonoured, by the revolutionary tyrany of Bonaparte.

Robespierre and Bonaparte are both children of the same parent, the French Revolution; they are brother *sans-culottes*; brother jacobins; fellow subjects of the sovereign people; fellow propagators of fraternity; fellow apostles of equality; and fellow destroyers of liberty in the name of Liberty itself. Fellow rebels to their King, they have both usurped his throne; and fellow apostates of their religion, they have both used religion as an instrument to support their usurpation.

Robespierre had but little revolutionary experience; Bonaparte has a perfect revolutionary education. That the same blood runs in the veins of them both, the equally bloody measures

sures employed to obtain power, and the equally bloody deeds to preserve power, proves beyond contradiction; but the impolitical terror employed by the one, has strengthened and confirmed the political oppression of the other.

The murder and massacre of the Parisians in the prisons, September 1792, laid the foundation of the greatness of Robespierre; the murder and massacre of the Parisians in the streets, October, 1795, laid the foundation of the greatness of Bonaparte. Both were, however, previously known in the bloody annals of the Revolution; both had already given proofs of their revolutionary civism. Robespierre planned the massacre at Avignon, October, 1791; and Bonaparte performed the massacre at Toulon, in December, 1793.

Robespierre had his Danton; Bonaparte his Barras. The advice of Danton assisted Robespierre; the protection of Barras advanced Bonaparte. Robespierre, to become Dictator, espoused the interest of Danton; Bonaparte, to become a General, married the mistress of Barras. Robespierre sent Danton to the scaffold; Bonaparte sent Barras into exile. The one murdered an accomplice; the other disgraced a benefactor he dared not murder.

At the head of the Committee of Public Safety, Robespierre crouded the prisons with suspected Frenchmen; at the head of the army in Egypt, Bonaparte poisoned the wounded Frenchmen who crouded his hospitals. Robespierre guillotined *en-masse* French Aristocrats; Bonaparte poisoned *en-masse* French soldiers. Fear moved the axe of Robespierre's guillotine; cruelty distributed the poisonous draught of Bonaparte. Cowardice made Robespierre a murderer; calculation made Bonaparte a poisoner. The one destroyed those he feared as enemies; the other poisoned those friends who had served him as soldiers. Robespierre gave no quarter to his enemies; Bonaparte massacred, in cold blood, enemies to whom he had given quarter.

Robespierre declared war of extermination against La Vendee; Bonaparte, by a perfidious peace, exterminated the Royalists of La Vendee. The one burned and plundered their property as enemies; the other imprisoned, transported, and murdered their persons when friends.

Robespierre, in his proclamation, threatened all Europe with a Revolution; Bonaparte, by his negotiations, has revolutionised the whole Continent of Europe. Robespierre, with his guillotine, proposed to establish an universal anarchy; Bonaparte, with his bayonets, proposes to establish an universal slavery.

Robespierre spoke of humanity in sending hundreds every day to the scaffold; Bonaparte speaks of generosity in sending to prison thousands of innocent travellers, protected by the laws of nations and of hospitality.

Robespierre *travelled* ordered no quarter to be given to British soldiers: Bonaparte *nobly* imprisons Britons who are no soldiers.

Under Robespierre, thousands of Frenchmen were in fetters; under Bonaparte, the whole French nation is enslaved.

Robespierre called all Princes tyrants; Bonaparte wishes to tyrannize over all legal Princes.

Robespierre, in his speeches, abused and insulted all Monarchs; Bonaparte, by his negotiations, has degraded Monarchy.

Robespierre proscribed commerce in France, by establishing a maximum;

Bonaparte

Bonaparte expects to revive commerce, by establishing a maximum upon thrones.

Robespierre, when a Dictator, to undermine thrones, continued to use the manners and language of a citizen *sans-culotte*; Bonaparte, when a Consul, to crush thrones, speaks to kings as if they were *sans-culottes*, and to emperors as if they were his fellow citizens.

Robespierre was a revolutionary fanatic; Bonaparte is a revolutionary hypocrite. The one was blood-thirsty through fear and fanaticism; the other is cruel from nature, from ambition, and self-interest. The one boldly told all mankind, that he was its enemy; the other acts as the enemy to all mankind in pretending to be its friend. The one decreed death to any one who should speak of peace; the other meditates slavery, plots ruin, and prepares death by his pacifications.

The names of the victims who perished by Robespierrean cruelty, were published in the daily papers; the names of those victims of Bonaparte's cruelty, who perish by the arms of his military commissions, by poison in his dungeons, by sufferings during transportation, and by misery in the wilds of Cayenne, are only known to himself, to his accomplices, and to his executioners. Robespierre's victims were tried and condemned before they were executed; the victims of Bonaparte are condemned without a trial, and executed without a condemnation.

The revolutionary fanaticism of Robespierre, like the religious one of Cromwell, sent his king to the scaffold; the revolutionary hypocrisy and ambition of Bonaparte, like that of Cromwell, keeps his legal king from his hereditary throne.

The friends of Robespierre pretend he died a martyr to his cause, as a revolutionary enthusiast. Bonaparte is a revolutionary sophist, who, probably, will perish the martyr of his machiavelism.

Robespierre was a Fleming; Bonaparte is a Corsican; the one born at Arras, in Flanders, the other at Ajanio, in Corsica; the one in the northern, the other in the southern part of the French empire; neither of them was a Frenchman.

Robespierre has only been seen during foreign wars, civil troubles, and domestic factions; Bonaparte is firmly seated upon the throne of the Bourbons, all enemies are vanquished, all troubles are quieted, and all factions dissolved. What Robespierre would have done in his situation it is impossible to say, but we have all witnessed, and witness yet, the proscription of liberty, the subversion of laws, the incertitude of property, and the organized military despotism of Bonaparte. The first Consul of the French Republic, and the sovereign of thirty millions of slaves, shews every day the low whims, the mean caprices, the degrading vices, and the unbecoming passions of a Corsican Adventurer, and the little soul of a fortunate upstart.

British Press.

The following spirited ADDRESS *was spoken by* BARON GEORGE, *when passing sentence on Walter Clare, and others who had been concerned in the late Insurrection in the capital of Ireland.*

"UNHAPPY men! before I pronounce that awful sentence of the law which your horrible crimes have drawn down upon you; while yet in this world you can use those powers of thought and reflection which you have abused to the contemplation of those abominable crimes which you have acted upon, I feel it my duty to address a few

a few words to you: and I earnestly hope that what I shall say, will be received by you with that humble and contrite disposition, befitting men in your awful and unhappy situation. You have all, in a peculiar, and, perhaps, unprecedented degree, experienced the mildness and perfection of those laws, and the moderation of that government, against which you had arrayed yourselves. You who have aggravated the foul crime of rebellion by barbarities unheard of, and a ferocity that covers your country with shame; you who would have deluged this metropolis with blood, and hurried thousands of your unoffending fellow-creatures, without a moment's preparation, into the presence of their Maker; you who were inaccessible to the slightest feeling of compunction; who rejected from your hard hearts every impression of humanity; and whose savage rage was but heightened by the voice of imploring goodness and virtue; you who stifled that voice in its own sacred blood, and answered the calls of mercy with innumerable wounds; even you, in the operation of the law, have been taken under its protection—exposed to no vindictive feeling—hurried by no angry impulse of Justice, you have had that calm consideration yielded to you, and that time for reflection and preparation which you refused to some of the best men which your afflicted country could boast of. Justice has taken a temperate and dignified course, and the laws of the land, secure in their strength, and despising the impotent assaults of a profligate rabble, have not found it necessary to quicken their pace in order to overtake your crimes. All the forms, all the advantages of Justice have been yours; and, after a full and patient investigation, you have been convicted in the clearest manner by that deliberate judgment of your peers, that proud bulwark of civil liberty which is peculiarly the possession of these countries, and which you would have overthrown, and buried in the ruins of social security and order.

"Wretched infatuated men! what could you have hoped even from the success of your treason—but still less how could it, by any delusion of the human mind, by any perversion of common sense, have once entered into your heads that you could have been successful? How could the most sanguine among you have calculated on any other result than what has followed? But now, when too late for you, though not for such as have hitherto escaped your delusions and your crimes, you are fatally convinced of the idiot folly, as well as flagrant wickedness of your attempt. Two Lieutenants of the army, with two small parties under their command, defeated all your force, and scattered you like chaff before the wind; and so will it ever be, should there remain within this land any so foolish, so wicked, and so uninstructed of the past as to meditate or attempt future insurrection. Those gallant men have earned well of their country—they have rendered most essential service to the public—nay, even you are indebted to them, for their bravery has abridged the extent of your crimes; it has prevented you from adding to the dreadful murders which weigh upon your guilty spirits; and while the effusion of loyal blood has been saved, those who might have been forced or seduced by your example into a participation of your offence, have been spared from certain destruction, and live to partake, with those who better deserve them, the blessings of our admirable and protecting constitution. If you are in that

frame of mind becoming your situation, you will feel it an inestimable advantage that you did not meet in the midst of your rebellion, that instant punishment which befel many of your associates; you have lived to fall under the law, and to reflect upon your crimes; you have lived to illustrate the splendid principles of the constitution which you would have overturned. Vain fancy! sopported as that Constitution is by the armed strength, the loyalty, the affections of the country—sustained by all that is virtuous, and only attacked by all that is vicious. You have found that the mischiefs which our mortal enemy had prepared for us have fallen upon his instruments; and you, unfortunate men, have been acting under the orders of that enemy without knowing it; you have lived to find that the admirable and excellent order of things which you would have destroyed, has been the care of a vigilant Providence, and you will soon be better informed that what God's providence protects, man cannot injure. You have seen that, notwithstanding the horrors of that guilty night which could not veil your deeds from the eye of justice, and however calamitous those savage murders which every good man mourns, yet have they been productive of the greatest good—you find that they have thickened the ranks of loyalty, and aroused all the virtuous energies of the country, so that it can securely set at defiance that impious enemy of which you were the monstrous instruments; and I tell you, and I tell the auditory who hear me, that all such attempts to alarm or distract this country will defeat the wicked purpose which is intended, make the ranks of honour full, and assist but the more firmly to establish the throne of our Sovereign, and the safety and happiness of his people.

"While discharging that duty which justice and the public welfare imposes, I cannot but lament the misfortune of you who have been led into your present situation by the seduction of others; for those seducers the same feelings cannot be excited; and while a general commiseration embraces you all, it cannot but be peculiarly distressing to see two young men among you, Donelly and Tyrrell, so lost to the best principles of our nature, and to the influences of morality and religion, as to begin their career of life with wantonly and cruelly depriving other and innocent men of existence, and plunging into the most dreadful and savage scenes of blood and massacre.

But even in the worst crimes, there may be a distinction of guilt and enormity, arising out of the degrees of obligation attaching to those by whom they may have been committed; and considered thus, you John Hayes, have your offence grievously aggravated; you served your king in a regiment of militia; for several years, you eat the bread of the public, and ought, therefore, to have been one of the last to turn your arms against your Sovereign. You further appear to have thrust, with your own hand, a pike into the heart of a man, whom, your having once been a soldier, should have led you to protect—you who knew the soldier's duty and the soldier's worth, were among the foremost, basely and cowardly, to put a gallant soldier, alone and unaided to death! But, it is to the glory of the soldier—it is a distinction of which they ought to be proud, that you directed your peculiar enmity against them, because you and all your wicked associates well know, that the bravery

bravery, discipline, and loyalty of His Majesty's troops, must ever defeat your rebellious designs, and that while they and a gallant yeomanry assist the Throne they love, the Constitution they revere, the Soil they were born to defend, your treasons, and the efforts of your foreign instigators, must close in disappointment and death.

To a rebellion the most base, unprovoked, and wicked in the records of human turbulence, some, or all of you, have added the most cowardly and cruel murders—and although you might have fancied yourselves shielded from discovery by the darkness and confusion of the scene, your conviction furnishes new proof that God's justice, sooner or latter, overtakes every murderer: he is converted into the instrument of self-inflicting justice; torturing memory holds to his constant view the record of his crime, and the mirror wherein are figured the monstrous shapes created by a guilty conscience; he carries a hell within him; and although the secret of his offence were confined even to his own bosom, the tortures of his soul, anticipating eternal judgment, would convince him that there is no way of enjoying happiness in this life but by treading in the paths of virtue, and obeying the ordinances of religion, love, and charity in our social intercourse, subjection to legal authority, and the fear of God, keeping us void of offence towards him and towards each other.

Weare instructed by our Divine Faith in the absolute necessity of a sincere repentance of our sins here, in order to obtain grace and mercy hereafter. How terrible then must it be to quit this world in the hardihood of guilt—how lamentable is it to find unfortunate creatures sometimes going out of the world with a lie in their mouths! As you value your eternal welfare—as you would free your immortal souls of the sin you have heaped upon them, do not imitate such an abandoned and dreadful example—though you cannot escape the consequences of your crimes in this world, for pity's sake—for your soul's sake—try to avert the punishments of eternal condemnation. You may have been told by your cruel and depraved tempters—by those men who have seduced and destroyed you, that the victims who fell beneath your remorseless fury on the night of the 23d of July, were not murdered but killed in battle—believe them not, nor suffer yourselves, at this awful moment, to be further deluded by those fallacious arguments, and destructive principles, which have caused your date of life to be cut short in this world, and would commit you to utter perdition in the next—know, unhappy men, for it should be known by all of you, that the murder of every man on that fatal night rests upon the soul of every one of you; not only those who inflicted the wounds of death with their own hands, but also they who were present, or in any manner co-operating, are guilty, to all intents and purposes, not only in the construction of the law, but in the eye of God, of every murder perpetrated on that horrid night. Shake off then the trammels of error—reject the quibbling sophistication of guilt—cast away from you that vain glory, which cannot save your memories here, nor impose upon one good or sensible man, but must bear evidence against you where truth shall be made manifest, and falsehood cannot enter. The bad, your associates in crime, know you to be guilty; the good will not believe you innocent; to what purpose, then, do you close your eyes in the darkness of guilt, and taint your

last breath with a deliberate and studied lie? Why will you, in that hour when grace and repentance are known to subdue the heart until then invulnerable to their power—why in that awful hour, will you heap profitless perdition upon your souls? I earnestly exhort you to use the short time allotted you in this life in reflecting seriously on all your sins, but particularly, the last great and grievous crimes for which you die—make the most ample atonement to offended society that remains in your power. In the solemn interval between this and the execution of your sentence, humble yourselves before man, and before God. Dare not to impose upon the one, for you know you cannot deceive the other—let not the consideration of any thing in this world, from which you are so soon to part, interfere with those dispositions which alone can prepare you for that to which you are going—that your repentance may be effectual, let it be sincere and full, and unqualified—nor render it an additional charge upon your souls, by the frauds of subterfuge and reservation.—I have fulfilled my duty in endeavouring to point out your's, and it is, at this moment, my most anxious and heart-felt prayer, that you may reconcile yourselves to your offended God, by devoting what is left you of a perishable world in cultivating that grace and repentance which alone can fit you for the blessings of eternal life.

Extract from the SPEECH *of* Mr. CURRAN, *on the trial of Owen Kirwans in Ireland, for High Treason.*

IT is clear there are but two modes of holding States, or the Members of the same State, together, namely community of interest or predominance of force; the former is the natural bond of the British empire; their interest their hopes, their danger, can be no other than one and the same, if they are not stupidly blind to their own situation; and stupidly blind indeed must they be, and justly must they incur the inevitable consequence of that blindness and stupidity, if they have not fortitude and magnanimity enough to lay aside those mean and narrow jealousies, which have hitherto prevented that community of interest and unity of effort, by which alone we can stand, and without which we must fall. But force only can hold the acquisitions of the FRENCH CONSUL; what community of interest can he have with the different nations that he has subdued and plundered: Clearly none. Can he venture to establish any regular and protected system of religion amongst them? Wherever he erected an altar, he would set up a monument of condemnation and reproach, upon those wild and fantastic speculations, which he is pleased to dignify with the name of Philosophy, but which other men, perhaps, because they are endowed with a less aspiring intellect, conceive to be a desperate, anarchical Atheism, giving to every man a dispensing power for the gratification of his passions, teaching him that he may be a rebel to his conscience with advantage, and to his God with impunity. Just as soon would the Government of Britain venture to display the Crescent in their Churches, as an honorary member of all faiths to shew any reverence to the Cross in his dominions. Apply the same reasoning to liberty;—can he venture to give any reasonable portion of it to his subjects at home, or his vassals abroad? The answer is obvious; sustained merely by military force, his unavoidable policy is to make *the Army every*

every thing, and *the People nothing?* If he ventured to elevate his soldiers into citizens, and his wretched subjects into freemen, he would form a confederacy of mutual interest between both, against which he could not exist a moment. If he relaxed in like manner with Holland, or Belgium, or Switzerland, or Italy, and withdrew his armies from them, he would excite and make them capable of instant revolt. There is one circumstance which just leaves it possible for him not to chain them down still more rigorously than he has done, and that is the facility with which he can pour military reinforcements upon them in case of necessity. But destitute as he is of a marine, he could look to no such resource with respect to any insular acquisition, and of course he should guard against the possibility of danger by so complete and merciless a thraldom as would make any effort of resistance physically impossible. His conduct must be so swayed by the permament pressure of his situation, by the controul of an unchangeable and inexorable necessity, that he connot dare to relax or relent, without becoming the certain victim of his own humanity of contrition. I may be asked, are these merely my own speculations, or have others in Ireland adopted them; I answer freely, *non meus hic sermo est.* It is, to my own knowledge, the result of serious reflection in numbers of our countrymen. In the storm of arbitary sway, in the distraction of torture and suffering, the human mind had lost its poise and its tone, and was incapable of sober reflection; but by removing these terrors from it, by holding an even hand between all parties, by disdaining the patronage of any sect or faction, the people of Ireland were left at liberty to consider her real situation and interest, and happily for herself, I trust in God, she has availed herself of the opportunity.—With respect to the higher orders even of those who thought they had some cause to complain, I know this to be the fact, they are not so blind as not to see the difference between being proud and jealous, and punctilious in any claim of privilege or right between themselves and their fellow subjects, and the mad and desperate depravity of seeking the redress of any dissatisfaction, that they may feel by an appeal to force, or to the dreadful recourse to treason and to blood.

As to the humbler orders of our people, for whom I confess I feel the greatest sympathy, because there are more of them to be undone, and because, from want of education, they must be more liable to delusion; I am satisfied the topics to which I have adverted, apply with still greater force to them than to those who are raised above them. I have not the same opportunity of knowing their actual opinions; but if those opinions be other than I think they ought to be, would to God they were present in this place, or that I had the opportunity of going into their cottages, and they well know I should not disdain to visit them, and to speak to them the language of affection and candour; I should have little difficulty in shewing to their quick and apprehensive minds, how easily it is, when the heart is incensed, to confound the evils which are inseparable from the destiny of imperfect man, with those which arise from the faults or errors of his political situation; I would put a few questions to their candid and unadulterated sense; I would ask them, do you think that you have made no advance to civil prosperity within the last twenty years?—Are your opinions of modern and subjugated France the

same

same that you entertained of popular and revolutionary France fourteen years ago? Have you any hope that if the First Consul got possession of your island, he would treat you half so well as he does those countries at his door, whom he must respect more than he can respect or regard you? And do you know how he treats those unhappy nations? You know that in Ireland there is little personal wealth to plunder —that there are few churches to rob. Can you then doubt that he would reward his rapacious Generals and Soldiers by parcelling out the soil of the island among them, and by dividing you into lots of serfs to till the respective lands to which they belonged? Can you suppose that the perfidy and treason of surrendering your country to an invader, would to your new master be any pledge of your allegiance? Can you suppose, that while a single French soldier was willing to accept an acre of Irish ground, that he would leave that acre in the possession of a man, who had shewn himself so wickedly and so stupidly dead to the suggestions of the most obvious interest, and to the ties of the most imperious moral obligations? What do you look forward to with respect to the aggrandisement of your sect? Are you Protestants? He has abolished Protestants with Christianity. Are you Catholics? Do you think he will raise you to the level of the Pope? Perhaps, and I think he would not—but if he did, could you hope more privilege that he has left his Holiness? and what privilege has he left him? He has reduced his religion to be a mendicant for contemptuous toleration, and he has reduced his person to beggary and to rags. Let me ask you a further question—Do you thing he would feel any kind-hearted sympathy for you? Answer yourselves by asking —what sympathy does he feel for Frenchmen, whom he is ready by thousands to bury in the ocean, in the barbarous gambling of his wild ambition? What sympathy then could bind him to you? He is not your countryman—the scene of your birth and your childhood is not endeared to his heart by the reflection, that it was also the scene of his. He is not your fellow Christian—he is not, therefore, bound to you by any similarity of duty in this world, or by any union of hope beyond the grave. What then could you suppose the object of his visit, or the consequence of his success? Can you be so foolish as not to see that he would use you as slaves, while he held you? and that when he grew weary, which he soon would become of such a worthless and precarious possession, he would carry you to market in some treaty of peace, barter you for some more valuable concession, and surrender you, to expiate by your punishment and degradation, the advantage you had given him by your follies and your crimes.

ADDRESS TO BRITONS.

By Mr. B. Arkle of Liverpool.

" Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms,
When I behold a Gallic host agree
To fetter Freedom and crush Liberty—
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve and bare my swelling heart."

BRITONS attend—your Country calls—it is not the voice of despair—it is the trumpet of glory. Mark the heroism of former times—contemplate the genius, and imbibe the spirit of Ancient

Ancient Rome. When mistress of the world and giving laws to mankind, this was the motto of her gallant and warlike sons:

"*Life has no charms, nor any terrors fate, if Rome and glory call.*"

Such was the language of a people who loved their country to enthusiasm, and these, I trust, are the sentiments which at this time animate and inspire every British bosom.

You are told by a perfidious and restless foe, that the dawn is overcast, that the great the important day, big with the fate of freedom and of Britain, is at hand—that the time in which she is to perish in the struggle draws nigh, when the sun of her glory shall be set, her consequence in the scale of nations destroyed, and her very name extinguished for ever.

Such are the mighty boasts of the Corsican Ajax, master of the Mamalukes of Egypt, and of the seven-fold shield of France!—BONAPARTE, the usurper, turbulent and faithless, who has neither reverence for God, nor pity for mankind, has threatened to deprive you of every blessing, and to exterminate yourselves and your children with the sword. If my words have no weight, learn part of the history of this implacable tyrant: On his landing in Egypt, he attempted to conciliate the affections of the natives, by vilifying and degrading the Christian Religion—that Religion which has brought peace and happiness to millions, and on which we rest for our salvation—that Religion, whose influences, were they to terminate with life, it would be highly profitable for mankind to cultivate.

At Jaffa he caused 4000 Turks, who had taken refuge in a temple, to be brought out and butchered by the French soldiery, the bloody tyrant feasting his eyes on the horrid spectacle.

From such instances of irreligion and cruelty, let us learn what we may expect. On England he has set his eye, and on England he wishes to fasten his fangs. He has *sworn* by the goddess of reason, and he has *commanded* his Cardinals to pray.

At the rage of the tyrant, Britons be not dismayed, and as his Cardinals pray from *compulsion*, you have very little to fear. The desponding Trojans of old exclaimed, they *had been* Trojans, but were so no more!

BRITONS we are, and BRITONS we will be. Shall I call to your remembrance the chosen few, who, with LEONIDAS their magnanimous leader, gloriously fell at the pass of Thermopylæ in defence of their country? It was a tyrant who roused their indignation, and to curb his ambition they sacrificed their lives. It was there they sealed the love of their country with their blood, and on that spot they immortalized their names. But why go abroad to find heroes worthy your imitation, when so many illustrious examples are recorded in the history of Britain. How often has the same foe who now threatens our destruction, been assailed in his own country with signal success, and compelled to yield! Look back on the battles of Poictiers, of Agincourt, and of Cressy! A handful of Britons rendered for ever illustrious by their valour! O WARWICK, and TALBOT, how dear to your country! Have you, my countrymen, forgotten Elizabeth's reign? Have you forgotten the swelling words and gigantic preparations of proud Spain? The face of the deep was covered—the ocean groaned under her mighty fleet, THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA! But how soon was her pride humbled and her glory laid

laid waste. "Let not him that putteth on his armour boast as he who putteth it off." Shall we forget the signal goodness of Providence, and those gallant sons of Britain who were instruments in his hand, to chastise the proud and insulting foe? Shall we forget a DRAKE, who made our happy Island MISTRESS of the deep, and bore her name in thunder round the world? What laurels were torn from the French, by the illustrious MARLBOROUGH, to adorn the brows, and encircle the temples of British Heroes! Shall the gallant WOLFE, the British Epaminondas escape our observation, and not live in our memory? His temples are covered with laurels that shall never fade—O how I venerate his ashes!—But let us come down to modern times, and examine if the courage of our countrymen be degenerated, if our soldiers and sailors be honourable without the stamp of merit, or our dignities undeserved. From such an examination we have nothing to fear. The atchievements of our ancestors, although great and splendid, would evidently lose by a comparison with those of modern times. Tell me, ye who love your country, and whose hearts beat high in her cause, if there be in the annals of the world an atchievement more splendid in its nature, or more honourable to the British name than that of recent date, performed by your countryman, SIR SIDNEY SMITH, and his gallant combatants at the siege of St. John D'Acre. Never was British valour more conspicuously displayed, and never was triumph more complete. A British Hero, with a handful of marines, supported by a regiment of effeminate and undisciplined Turks, held out a siege of more than sixty days, in a place little fortified, either by nature or by art, against the veteran legions of France—nay, the very flower of her army, with her most Popular General at their head, and at last compelled them to retire, vanquished and covered with disgrace. Here is a trophy more brilliant than any furnished either by ancient or modern history. Mark the discomfiture of the mighty CONSUL! Of him with whom we have now to contend, and who, till that hour, had made his boast, *that thrice* he routed all his foes, and *thrice* had killed the slain.

But in what language shall I introduce to your notice a Hero and Statesman, who is the ornament of his country and the delight of mankind. Whose life has been one series of services to Britain, and whose actions are at once, dignified, virtuous, and splendid. Serene in the midst of danger, calm and collected in the rage of battle; the resources of his mind are adequate to every change in the scale, and to every turn of fortune, equally qualified to give counsel in the senate, or inspire courage in the field; even in misfortune commanding our esteem and admiration—In victory modest, temperate, and humane—Such is the character of the NOBLE MARQUIS CORNWALLIS. His conduct in the East Indies merits the warmest panegyric, and in Ireland his services will never be forgotten.

"*Fama Marcelli ut luna inter minores.*"

The great Earl of CHATHAM, at whose eloquence and wisdom all Europe stood astonished, said he had sought men to fight the battles of his country, and he found them in the mountains of the North. Sweet be thy repose, O ABERCROMBIE, descendant of Fingal! born to serve thy country, to bleed, nay to die in her cause. Thy handful was opposed to

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an host—but such was thy name that it inspired thine own with courage to perform prodigies of valour, and to tear the standards from troops flushed with victory—troops who had vainly styled themselves THE INVINCIBLE. Long, long shall the sons of Morven lament thy fall! and never shall thy country forget to applaud. Like the heroes of Mantinea and Quebec, beloved and honoured in life—Like them too, fallen in the field of glory, thy country weeps over thy *ashes*. Suffice it to say—that the names of NELSON, DUNCAN, HOWE, ST. VINCENT, HOOD, &c. &c. will be transmitted with honour to posterity. Wherever they have carried their arms they have distinguished themselves, and added fresh lustre to the British name. They have disputed the palm of merit with the greatest heroes of antiquity, and covered their country with laurels, which neither envy can blast nor time destroy. The characters I have here presented to your view are confessedly illustrious; I conjure you, therefore, my countrymen, seriously to consider from whom you are descended—from ancestors ennobled by their matchless atchievements, from a race of men who have never either sullied the honour or tarnished the glory of BRITAIN. To you, the guardians of this island, they have transmitted and bequeathed every manly virtue, a glowing patriotism, a sacred love of liberty, honour unstained, faith inviolate, and reverence for Religion, the cement by which mankind are held together, and the very essence of all social order in the world. What island has ever been so highly favoured of Heaven; The Gospel preached in simplicity and purity—no fetters on the mind—the conscience at liberty—laws framed by the aggregate wisdom of ages, impartially executed, justice tempered with mercy, the security of the cottage equal to that of the palace—Honour and reward wherever merit is conspicuous, and a KING the pattern of every virtue.

"*O fortunatos, nimium sua si bona norint, Agricolas!*"

O happy people did you but know your own felicity. These are blessings and privileges which I consider as your birth-right, which you have sworn to guard and convey down, unimpaired to your posterity, with pure and undiminished lustre—convinced that one day of virtuous liberty is worth an eternity of bondage.

The tyrant has reviewed his troops.—Your courage increases with your danger.—In hostile array he approaches the banks of the RUBICON preparing to pass.—But you are resting on your arms on the opposite shores, ready to conquer or to die.

"*Aut vincendum aut moriendum.*"

Armed with resolution, animated with a love of liberty, and aspiring after true glory, you are prepared for every event, dead or alive to be renowned, and to stand or fall with BRITAIN. Unterrified at the swelling words of the outrageous despot, you challenge him and his robbers to battle. You burn to enter the lists; and to convince the CORSICAN GRESLER, that in every British rank he shall meet with a WILLIAM TELL. You are determined to bring down the lofty looks of the arch-tyrant, of this Colossus, who bestrides Europe, and enslaves her sons; and to convince him that some British-arm shall reach his heart, and rid the world from Bondage.

THE

THE PATRIOT.

An ADDRESS *to the People of* GREAT BRITAIN, *by the Editor of the Manchester Telegraph.*

THE storm which for some time past has been gathering over our heads daily assumes a more gloomy aspect, and requires all the energies we possess as Britons, Freemen and Patriots, to guard against its fury and avert its effects. We are menaced by an enemy whose power and resources are truly formidable; an insurrection, like a volcano, has burst forth in one of the capitals of the empire; and yet we do not seem fully awake to the dangers and difficulties that surround us. I repeat, we do not seem fully awake; for if we were, all considerations but those of defending our King, Country, Wives and Children, and punishing the aggressions of our internal as well as external foes, with promptitude, would be laid aside. It is in our power to prove to the world at once, by a sudden effort of British courage, that Old England *can* stand, *will* stand (by the blessing of Omnipotence) against the united attempts of the whole world.

It may be said, Is not the country arming as fast as possible? Are we not forming corps in every town to act, in case of invasion, in any part of the empire? Admitted. Great praise is due to the promoters and members of such valuable bodies. But there must be something more done before any signal example can be manifested to the world, that we are determined, to a man, to stand or fall with our insulted country, and maintain those blessings which, once lost, will never more return.

To you, ye rich! do I now particularly address myself. Consider well the crisis, at which you are arrived! Remember that the misfortunes of a rival State are in a great measure owing to the refusal of the higher classes to supply funds, to keep the wheels of Government in motion; that by not granting a *little* they have lost *all*, and are now miserably wandering, like the seed of Abraham, in every quarter of the habitable globe. Pour forth your treasures into the coffers of the State! give that vigour to the arm of Government, by your *voluntary contributions*, on which, in great measure, you must rely for safety; and place yourselves at the head of the strong and faithful cultivators of your fields, your artizans and mechanics, who would be proud and happy to shed their last blood in protecting their benefactors and homes.

In no nation does example act more forcibly than in Britain, on all ranks. The criterion of public manners is formed by the nobility and gentry, and in general the middling classes become their imitators, even in folly and vice. Our bankrupt lists are increased by attempts at luxury and vain shew, and the social virtues are too often sacrificed to mistaken notions of honour and right.

In proportion as religion and morality lose ground, the bonds of society are slackened; and if the false and delusive philosophy of the new school be not counteracted by the most active exertions of the professors of our holy faith, it is impossible to imagine what evil effects may shortly ensue.

In times like the present, extravagance of every sort, must tend to weaken the state, and luxury must unnerve the arm that should be raised in the country's defence. If our race-courses were covered with tents, they would at this moment have a more becoming appearance than the white direction-posts, which often serve to point the way to individual ruin and national disgrace;

disgrace; and public breakfasts, routs, galas, with the long catalogue of fashionable amusements, might be changed with effect to public exhibitions of military skill, which in former times our gentry were eager to acquire.

Fortunately, we have many illustrious characters among us whose private virtues reflect honor on the British name, and, whose public life in great measure helps to lop off the too luxuriant branches of modish infatuation.

You! mechanics, labourers, and servants of every description! are living in a land particularly favored by the Almighty in every thing immediately relating to yourselves. The peer of the realm, as well as the merchant, contributes to your happiness and welfare. The wisdom of Parliament and the power of the Crown ensure you trade, and the merchant wafts the produce of your industry to every region under heaven. Compare your situation with that of others in the same occupations in foreign countries. The mechanic there, unsupplied with work, drags on a wretched existence, without that nourishment which nature absolutely requires; the peasant, earning twopence a day, retires to his comfortless hut, after fourteen hours of toil, unable to administer to the wants of his wife and little ones; he knows not the comforts of a cheerful fire-side, nor even feels within his breast the genial warmth of independence, unalloyed by the qualms of hunger or the iron hand of oppression. The domestic there receives not from his master the cheering reward of attachment;—as a vassal his services are *demanded*, but never *asked*.

How different the scene with us! In Britain every man is a lord, and every lord is but a man. Our mechanics earn as much *per annum* as most of the Corsican nobility* can afford to spend in the same time; their homes well garnished even with the comforts and even superfluities of life, and their children in great manner well educated at the public expence. Our peasants, after a few hours labour, partake of the wholesome produce of a generous soil, and, at close of day, with their garments throw off the cares and anxieties of a busy world. Our domestics are free and well paid; and the lowest subject is under the protection of the law as much as the proudest nobleman in his Majesty's dominions.

Need it then be enquired, what have the poor to defend? Comparatively with other nations, there are no poor here. Industry with us is rewarded with Independence. Our interests are so ably combined, that whatever event may happen to ruin the higher classes, will involve the rest of the kingdom in the most abject state of vassalage and dependence. Were the French to succeed in their attempts on this country, their first object would be to burn our navy in the ports, and annihilate our trade. The name of Great Britain would soon be forgotten among the nations of the earth; and we should be left to retire within the dreary ruins of our once cheerful dwellings, unpitied and deserted by the world, which now we hold in awe.

Rouse then now, or your future exertions will be ineffectual! rally round the standard of your Sovereign! raise altars in your market places, to receive the vows of every man, to live or die in the good cause! and let places be open to receive the patriotic gifts of

* A Nobleman of Corsica would consider himself rich with 100*l.* per annum. Bonaparte, who, it is said, was of a *noble* family, lived, previously to his elevation, on much less than the earnings of a Journeyman Printer in England.

every description of persons, for the service of the state! We have seen Enthusiasm exhibited to its full extent in this country more than once; and shall we want it now, when we have a foe to repel who would trample upon our holy altars, and subvert all order and decency, whether temporal or divine? Gird on the armour of patriotism, and when Bonaparte with his hosts shall arrive, let him find

"But Man and Steel, the Soldier and his Sword!"

Let him find us ready at our posts, determined to perish nobly, or drive him back to his own shores (if he can escape the vigilance of our brave tars), there to receive the reward of unprincipled ambition and matchless tyranny; —for surely even Frenchmen would no longer suffer their pigmy monarch to grind them with impunity. The hopes of France are raised with the idea of pillaging England; but those once lost, her haggard legions would turn upon their deceivers, and destroy the power that holds them in bondage. Fain would I dwell longer on this subject; fain would I continue till the flame of enthusiasm blazed forth in all that splendor and majesty which distinguished the days of Alfred; till I saw, in armed strength, the deep phalanx of citizens ready to attack the foe even on his own shores, and, making a rampart of their hearts, shield their beloved Sovereign and country from the rude assaults of ruthless barbarians, who would plunge the sword into the fair bosoms of helpless females and defenceless children; who would trample under foot our luxuriant fields, our rich harvests, our manufactures, the fruits of our unexampled ingenuity and industry, and leave all that survived of us in a dreary waste, *too miserable and too wretched* (in the words of one of the vilest minions† of Bonaparte) *for even Englishmen to desire to remain in.*

Britons! feel ye not your indignation rise, and your energies increase? Is it thus we are to be braved by miscreant bands, whom to crush requires but the full display of our courage! England! my country! the day that admits a tyrant upon thy shores, should be the last of him or of all thy bravest sons.

May the divine Being, without whose aid our most strenuous efforts will naught avail, extend His protection over our land! With a firm reliance on Him, and steeling our breasts with manly fortitude, we may "hear the winds roar and the big torrent burst," and, in the storm that brings the enemy to our shore, we may lay prostrate the colossal power of sanguinary Gaul, and hold up its mutilated form to the astonished gaze of admiring Europe, by us relieved from the galling chains which her own pusillanimity had so firmly rivetted.

"O Thou! by whose almighty nod the scale
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
Send forth the saving Virtues round the land,
In bright patrol—Activity, untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake;
While in the radiant front superior shines
The first paternal virtue, Public Zeal,
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
And, ever musing on the common weal,
Still labours glorious with some great design."

† Massena.

THOUGHTS
ON THE INVASION,

From the Morning Post of July 5, 1803.

IF it were not for the language which is so often heard in society, it might seem perfectly absurd to labour the proof that Bonaparte will attempt invasion.

vasion. Those who still profess to doubt it, must either be so stupid as to be beyond the reach of argument, or they must affect such doubts for purposes which they will not choose to avow, unless he be successful. His refusal to suffer the neutrality of Holland, is the most decided proof of his intention. That unhappy country will afford him no assistance but in a war of invasion. Her ports are convenient for the attack of the most defenceless part of this country. Her shipping are of a kind adapted to such expeditions. It is not that he can be supposed to feel any compassion for that wretched Republic, of which the war will complete the ruin. He is far above such weaknesses. But on any other system than that of invasion, Holland, increasing her wealth by commerce, would afford much more substantial aid than she can do in war. He has accordingly allowed Spain to continue neutral, that he may reap the fruits of her American mines, because Spain has no coasts commodiously situated for the invasion of Great Britain. An invasion is in truth his only effectual means of hostility. On the Continent he has done his worst against this country. In India and America he can do little more than create some temporary mischief. England alone is the theatre of war, on which he can hope real harm to his enemy. He cannot engage in that final contest with Russia, for the empire of the world, which his gigantic ambition already contemplates, unless he can deliver himself from England, which hangs on his rear; and if he could add the fleet of Great Britain to his own army, the empire of the world would cease to be a chimera. No region of the globe, from Pekin to Philadelphia, would then be safe from his banditti. —He has the bitter hatred of baffled rage against the only country which has braved his threats and spurned his dictates. He has the hatred of jealous despotism against the only free people whose example can ever animate his slaves to throw off his yoke. He has the hatred of mortified pride against the only people which dares to discuss his conduct, and to trace his bloody career from his massacre of the municipality of Pavia to his poisoning of his own wounded at Jaffa. He has the hatred of a robber who has plotted to enslave the whole earth against the nation which at least imprisons his plunderers in Europe. He has the hatred of a military barbarian for that nation, which, above all others, flourishes in the peaceable and useful arts of civilised life. He looks on us with the barbarous spite of Attila and Alaric, those "Scourges of God," whose successor and rival he is. Indeed the scale as well as character of his ambition is barbaric. It is to be matched only among these destroyers of the world. It is much too vast for the puny notions of European aggrandisement. He, who could talk of Switzerland and Piedmont, as "two trifles," and of Egypt, as what he meant to have, but was in no hurry about, must have a standard of ambition, in comparison with which Louis XIV. was only a robber of hen-roosts.—All the motives of hatred receive great additional force from the personal temper of the man.—His original character, compounded of Italian cunning, with the ferocity of the half-barbarous race from which he springs, strengthened in a recluse, a monkish youth, by the contemplation of the hardest parts of science, and by those wild and dark productions of fancy to which his gloomy mind was naturally attracted, fermented by a few crude notions of antient republicanism, which he imbibed during his

his scanty education, enflamed by all the scenes of rapine and blood, in which he has been a principal actor for the last ten years, has been wrought to a pitch of phrenzy by this sudden elevation to unbounded and irresistable power. He has lived in an age in which nothing can any longer be considered as improbable.—His own past history is more wonderful than any thing that he can effect in future. It was infinitely more improbable that a Corsican charity-schoolboy should be placed on the throne of Charlemagne than it now can be that the despotic master of the greatest part of Europe should become the master of the world. "All that is difficult and all that is dire" have become child's play to his imagination. His fierce passions, which submit with the greatest impatience to the common decencies of civilised life, are inflamed to ungovernable madness by the restraint which he must sometimes impose on them. He adopts only enough of the arts and manners of civilization to cheat. He retains enough of his native barbarism to destroy. In short he is the *murderer of Jaffa!*—To all this distempered and malignant ambition, he adds that stern pride which is its natural companion, and which has been copiously nourished by the cowardice of that base age which he is doubtless employed by the justice of Heaven to punish. He has pledged himself to invade England, and he has never yet failed to redeem a pledge of mischief. The vow of enmity to mankind, which resounded through Pandemonium, was not more irrevocable than his vows of destruction. As to the danger of invasion, his whole life has been that of a desperate gambler accustomed to stake his existence upon a single cast. Indeed he cannot retreat. He has held out the plunder of England! Good God! What words! Into what times are we fallen when an insolent tyrant dares to utter them! But out these words have flown, he cannot recall them. It is but too true that he has represented us to his barbarians a race of rich cowards who offer an easy booty! It is but too true that they solicit employment in the army of England as an easy and almost bloodless road to an immense fortune! It is but too true that they dare to look on this great and gallant nation as a race of effeminate Asiatic slaves! An Englishman cannot speak of such execrable insolence without feeling his blood boil in his veins. And if any man bearing that honourable name can read of it without burning with impatience to inflict the most signal punishment on the insolent barbarians, and to wash out such an intolerable affront in their blood, may the infamous dastard be accursed to the last generations of mankind!—In one word, his policy leads him to attempt invasion, his furious passions goad him to it, his public pledges compel him to it.—The chances are not so much against his being able to land as he said they were, nor did he believe what he said. But the chances are, no doubt, considerably against a landing. So are the chances, in any single evening, against a man being robbed on Hounslow-heath. But the man would certainly be mad, who, if he were obliged to travel on that road, and to carry his whole fortune with him, did not prepare himself for an attack, and in every respect act as if he were sure of being attacked. It is childish to talk of guarding every point of such a sea, and of such a coast. The navy of England is the bravest and greatest that ever rode the ocean. But it cannot work miracles. Whatever depends on the winds and waves must be matter of chance. It is worse than childish to encourage a nation to trust her

her existence to chance, when it may be secured by valour. Those who prate of our safety behind wooden walls, are either drivellers, whose idiot chatter ought to be silenced at so serious a moment; or they are traitors, who sing the lullaby of death to the people.—— There is not, there never was, there never will be, there never can be, any safety for the people of England, but in their own right arms. They are lost, if they do not act, as if there were a bridge from Calais to Dover. If there were, England could not be conquered, unless her people were as base cowards, as the tyrant dares to call them. If the conquerors of Cressy, of Blenheim, of Acre, of Alexandria, are content to pass for cowards; if they confirm by their baseness, all that the tyrant has said of them to his slaves; if our soldiers, our peasants, our yeomen, our manufacturers, be willing to surrender the whole of the national spirit to our sailors; if Englishmen be such dastards that they tremble to handle a musket on shore, and dare not face an enemy without the advantage of superior seamanship, then they ought to know that all the forests of Scandinavia will not make wooden walls firm enough to guard them.—They, their wives, and their children, will be the slaves, the drudges, the scorn and mockery of the most hellish banditti that ever were let loose to scourge mankind. They will deserve it. They will not fall like the brave Swiss, amidst the tears and blessings of the world. They will not, like them, leave a name which will animate freemen against tyrants, as long as the globe exists. They will fall unpitied, unlamented, unrespected, like wretches, who have dared to look back on the glory of their fathers, to look in the faces of their smiling infants, and yet be cowards!—But God forbid that the impious vows of the tyrant should be thus accomplished. —No! The hearts of Englishmen are as stout, and their arms are as strong as they were at Cressy and Blenheim! The hero of Acre will not witness such disgrace! The conquerors of Alexandria will not be the slaves of an upstart Corsican and his enslaved barbarised Frenchmen!

SPEECH

Of the DUKE OF RUTLAND, *at the meeting on Statherne Hill, near Belvoir Castle, August the 25th,* 1803.

"*Friends, Neighbours, and Fellow Countrymen,*

"YOU are now assembled upon an occasion the most solemn, the most awful, and the most important that ever yet occurred, or that probably ever can again occur, to animate and to interest the feelings of Englishmen. We have been goaded and driven into the present war, by the malignant and ambitious spirit of that savage Barbarian, for to call him a *Man* were to degrade humanity) whose usurping hand now grasps the sceptre of France. His character is stained by crimes of such enormity, that at the bare recital of them the generous mind of an Englishman would recoil with horror. Pampered with the blood of thousands of his fellow creatures, having trampled upon the liberties of almost every nation in Europe, he has now directed his impious machinations towards the conquest of this free and flourishing island. The better to accomplish this favourite object, he has inflamed the passions of his brutal soldiery by the promise of rewards unknown amongst civilized nations—the unlimited pillage of the

Country,

Country, and the indiscriminate massacre of its inhabitants! It is not possible to find language sufficiently descriptive of the scenes of atrocity and oppression which have uniformly attended his conquests in other countries —the poor equally with the rich have been the objects of his rapacious cruelty. They have been plundered and murdered, their wives and their daughters have been violated, and their old men and their infants have been butchered, without distinction or mercy. And yet *this* is the man who has dared to imagine the conquest of Free-born Britons! *This* is the man who has pictured to himself the possibility of contaminating these realms of genuine Liberty, by the banners of his tyrannic Despotism! *This*, lastly, is the man who has threatened to extirpate us from the Nations of the world by a mighty and overwhelming Invasion!!! And well indeed may he entertain against us the most deadly hatred. While the crooked and mistaken policy of some nations has induced them to purchase temporary security by abject submission to his domineering authority, while the weakness of other nations has exposed them an unresisting prey to his inordinate ambition, England alone has had the spirit, as she possesses the power, successfully to resist him: England alone, amidst the wreck of nations, has maintained her dignity unobscured, her power undiminished, her resources unimpaired! Already does he smart under the recollection of former defeats; *again* shall he experience the superior and irresistable energy of united Britons!

"My Friends, I wish not needlessly to alarm you, or to interrupt you without a cause in the prosecution of your peaceable pursuits; but the moment is now arrived when every exertion that the mind can devise, or that the arm can execute, must be made to preserve our native land. In comparison with the present, all former contests appear but as a school-boy fight. The alternative now before us is, either to establish for ourselves and for our posterity the undisturbed enjoyment of happiness and of liberty, or to drag out a miserable and enslaved existence, dependent upon the will of the most arbitrary and iron-handed Tyrant that ever disgraced the human species. Under our glorious Constitution we have been *born* Freemen, we have *lived* Freemen, it remains with ourselves to determine whether we shall *continue* Freemen. The Sovereign upon his throne, the Peasant in his cottage, the palace of the Prince, and the dwelling of the poor man, are alike marked for indiscriminate plunder. Let then all ranks and classes of persons, actuated by the same impulse, unite in one determined band! Let the British Lion be thoroughly roused, and where is the Intruder who shall with impunity insult him in his den?

"Believe not, my Friends, that I preach a doctrine to you, of which I will not be the first to set an example: The British blood that flows within my veins, the British Heart that throbs within my breast, glow in perfect unison with the sentiments of my mind. There is not one single drop of blood within me that I will not most cheerfully and willingly shed in the defence and preservation of those Rights and Liberties, which, by the blessing of our inestimable Constitution, belong alike to the highest Nobleman in the land and to the meanest Peasant—are yours as well as mine! His Majesty has been graciously pleased to place me at the head of a thousand brave Leicestershire Men:—Impelled by an implicit confidence in their

their intrepidity and loyalty, I do most solemnly pledge myself to you, that when the hour of danger arrives, you shall find me most anxious to prove my professions by my actions.

"Attached, as I am, by the strongest ties, to the county of Leicester at large; admiring, as I most cordially do, the sentiments of enthusiastic Patriotism which animate every description of persons therein, I may nevertheless be permitted, without incurring the charge of partiality or prejudice, to avow my superior attachment to that particular part of it in which I live. Constantly resident among you, I have had ample opportunity of studying your dispositions; and have received the sincerest satisfaction in witnessing your steadiness, your patience, and your good conduct, during times of the most trying and unexampled difficulties. I know you to be men both loyal, good, and true; and I speak from my heart, when I assert, that there is no object so grateful to me as the advancement of your prosperity and welfare; and that it is the height of my ambition to live and die possessed of your attachment and esteem. Actuated by a knowledge of your patriotic sentiments at this crisis of danger and alarm, I have thought it my indispensible duty to give effect to those sentiments by calling you together, and proposing the formation of a Volunteer Corps of Infantry.—Having stated thus much to you, I will detain you no longer than to observe, that I place the most decided reliance upon your Loyalty and Zeal. I feell confident there is not a man among you who does not burn with eagerness and anxiety to add his individual co-operation and assistance in preserving this most dear country from the threatened attack of a merciless Enemy. I beseech you all to recollect, that should that Enemy, deterred by the impregnable Union of a great and powerful Nation, abandon his boasted design of Invasion, you will then have the satisfaction to think, that each and every one of you, by your firmness and determination in rallying round the Standard of Loyalty, have been instrumental in averting the general calamity. If, on the contrary, our Enemy should persevere in his hostile attempt, we shall go forth to battle under this consolatory reflection—that should we fall in the struggle, we shall perish in a cause worthy to be contended for by Englishmen—in a cause, for which the blood of our Forefathers has been cheerfully and profusely shed—in a cause, which has for its sacred object the support of a mild and beneficent Sovereign upon his throne—the maintenance of a Constitution, which has been matured, and perfected by the wisdom and experience of successive ages—and the preservation of those Rights and Privileges which are the exclusive and peculiar property of Englishmen. Should we succeed, (and who is there so pusillanimous as to doubt it), we shall confirm and establish to ourselves and to our latest posterity, for ever and for ever, an unmolested and undisturbed existence in that State, in which alone existence can be either acceptable or desirable to FREE BORN BRITONS—existence as a Nation, UNITED, HAPPY, FREE, and INDEPENDENT. The terror and the dread of our Enemies, the admiration and the glory of the Good and the Wise."

THE FOLLOWING

PROCLAMATION

Addressed by BONAPARTE, *to the Inhabitants of Cairo, Dec. 28, 1798, after a partial insurrection, occasioned by the exactions and cruelty of the French, furnishes a complete proof of the impiety, blasphemy, and presumption, of that illustrious Citizen, who seems deserving of his pre-eminence as* FIRST CONSUL *of the* GREAT NATION, *not more by his atheism than his crimes.*

"PERVERSE men had succeeded in misleading a party amongst you. They have perished. *God has ordered me* to be merciful towards the people; and *I have been clement* and merciful towards you. *I have been incensed* against you on account of your revolt—I have deprived you for two months of your Divan.—But this day I restore it to you—Your good conduct has effaced the stains of your rebellion.—Scheriss, Nlemas, Orators of the Mosques, cause the people well to understand, that those who, through any levity, shall become my enemies, shall find no refuge, either in this world or in the next—Shall there be a man so blind as not to see that all my operations are conducted by destiny? Can there be a man so incredulous as to doubt that every thing in this vast Uuiverse is subjected to the empire of destiny?—Instruct the people, that since the world has existed, it was written, that, after having destroyed the enemies of Islamism (Mahometanism) and *destroyed the Cross*, I should come from the furthest part of the West to fulfil the task which was imposed upon me. Make the people see, that in the sacred book of the Koran, in more than twenty passages, that which has happened was foreseen, and that which shall take place has also been explained. —Let those then, whom the fear of our arms alone prevents from pronouncing imprecations upon us, now change their dispositions: for in offering prayers to heaven *against us*, they solicit their own condemnation.—Let the True Believers then offer their vows to heaven for the success of our arms.—*I could call to account each individual amongst you for the most secret sentiments of his heart: for I know every thing—even that which you never communicated to any person.*—But the day will come when all the world shall see it proved, *that I am commanded by orders from above, and that all human efforts are of no avail against me.*—Happy those who in good faith shall be the first to attach themselves to me,

(Signed) BONAPARTE."

BONAPARTE'S ADDRESS

To his Army encamped on the plains of Calais

N. B. 1. Advance Guard 100,000 men.
2. Centre ditto 200,000 men.
3. Rear - - - - - 100,000 men.

Total 400,000 men.

SOLDIERS,

BEHOLD before you that Island, see the white cliffs of Albion present themselves to your view, that Island mistress of the ocean, but soldiers, doom'd to fall before your invincible arms.

Here then, and upon her shores, must you prepare to encounter your enemies, and either conquer or die. The same fortune which has reduced us to this alternative, has placed before you the most splendid rewards of your victory.

It

It is not, fellow soldiers, for India and her tributary nations that we are now to contend, but for the wealth of modern Carthage, the riches of England, that she possesses from the commerce of the world and the accumulated wealth of successive ages of industry, added to the incredible spoils of the Indian world, which are offered as the recompence of your constancy.---The time is now come when at peace with all the world beside, to reap the rich harvest of your toils and conquest over so many nations, and this is the spot, that the God of battles hath marked as the utmost limits of your labours.---For I would not have you imagine that victory will prove as difficult as the name of a British war has been esteemed tremendous. Except in that name, in what can the Britons be compared to you?---To you, who have pursued your victorious course through so many warlike nations whom you have vanquished, and who are now to fight with a raw and undisciplined army, and to cope with a nation enervated by their riches, and whose only reliance has hitherto been in their victorious navy.---But soldiers, the trident of Britain must be broken by the Gallic sword upon British ground.

I will not, soldiers, compare myself to more experienced generals; but I esteem it no small advantage, that there is not one amongst you, who has not been frequent witnesses of my exploits, not one of whose achievements I myself have not been a spectator of, and that with soldiers whom I have a thousand times praised and rewarded, and whose pupil I was before I became their general.---I shall march against an army totally strangers to one another, equally ignorant of their General, as their General is of them.

On whatever side I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and vigour.---A veteran camp Infantry, a gallant Cavalry, and allies bold and faithful.

To you, O Frenchmen, in particular I address myself, to whom grief, injuries and indignations have compelled to pour your arms on England: What insults, what injustice have we not suffered from Britain! civil war, destruction of our ports, famine, commerce annihilated and every evil that avarice could possibly inflict on a people fighting for freedom. O brave and implacable people, every thing must be your's, and at your disposal! Frenchmen the Chief Consul of the Gallic nation leads you to certain victory. Soldiers, there is nothing left us but what we can vindicate with our swords.---Advance then and be calm, and the gales of freedom will land us on their soil. The English indeed may fly, who have behind them strong holds and fortified towns, but for you there is no middle course between death and victory, let this be constantly present to your thoughts and I repeat again you are conquerors.

And O! Frenchmen, once possessed of this malignant Isle, once masters of this sordid and avaricious nation, we will colonize it as Cæsar did from our native land; we expel a perfidious race to wander over the face of the earth the scorn of the world. We will, O! Frenchmen, enjoy their riches, their power, their lands, their palaces and their women. These are the splendid rewards I promise you. No English bosom shall once again breathe British air.---her commerce, her navy, her riches shall be transferred to France. France then indeed will be mistress of the world as she will be then of the ocean!!!

A CALM ADDRESS
TO THE
PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS.

Friends and Fellow Countrymen,

THERE never was a period of our Country so big with awful and important circumstances as the present; circumstances that apply to persons of all ranks and descriptions; and which are urgent and imperious calls upon them, to aid the measures of government by every personal and pecuniary assistance in their power; for on those measures the present and future prosperity or adversity of our Country, the individual and domestic security, peace and comfort, or misery and ruin of every inhabitant of it depend.—Upon what principles, therefore, let me ask, are you, my Fellow-Countrymen, so apparently indifferent to these things; and so averse to unite your personal and pecuniary assistance, and to arm to repel the hostile attacks that may so soon be made upon us?—Is the security of your property, of your own and families' lives of consequence to you?—Have you no dread of the bayonet that may be plunged into your own and families' bosoms, and of the brutal lust that may propel to the violation of your wives and daughters?—Can you (and without the greatest horror) suppose, that before the bloody bayonet of the savage and merciless soldier has robbed you and your families of your lives, your wives and daughters may be a prey to their brutal lusts, and in the bitter pangs of distress, and in the exeruciating agonies of despair, call upon you for rescue and relief, but which nothing but their deaths can afford; can you, I say, but even suppose that this may be the case, that this bloody, horrid, and lustful scene may be realized, and not be roused actively and strenuously to unite with your Fellow-Countrymen to prevent it?—That such horrid scenes have been presented in those countries which have been invaded by the rapacious, merciless, and lustful enemies, who are now active and assiduous in their exertions and preparations to invade our *present* happy land, is a melancholy and painful truth.—But I leave these sad things to your own feelings and reflections; and I proceed to consider the plea under which you shelter yourselves, and which you make your excuse for not obeying that call, which the awful and pressing circumstances of our Country make upon *every* citizen of it to arm for its defence, for the protection and preservation of one of the best of Kings, of our religious and civil rights, of our liberties, of our property and lives, in short of every thing that can be dear and valuable to us?—Your plea is your religion, that it forbids you taking up arms.—The Christian religion, I presume.—But does that religion forbid self-defence, the great and just law of nature?—How is it that you read?—The divine author of the christian religion, and those whom he commissioned to preach and to establish it in the world, do not forbid the use of arms, for just and lawful purposes; and there can be no purpose more just and lawful than self-defence.—But we will examine and see from what Christ and his Apostles said and did, whether your opinions and conduct, as *christians*, are right.—Christ, in his exhortation to Soldiers to be content with their wages, and to do no violence, evidently shews that soldiers were lawful characters, and that they were to discharge the duties of soldiers, but not to use their arms for any unlawful or inhuman purposes.—And when, as related by St. Luke, Christ asked, "What King going to war, sitteth not down first and consulteth how he

he may carry it on with advantage and success?" evidently shews us, that war, upon some occasions, was not unlawful.—And from the character of Cornelius, in the Acts of the Apostles, who we read was a soldier and devout man, we must see and acknowledge, that the religious and military character were not incompatible and inconsistent.—And it is so obvious, that it is scarcely necessary to observe, that in the Old Testament, war is both sanctioned and commanded by God himself; but I do this to shew you, both from the Old and New Testament, that war is justifiable.—I therefore now proceed to examine (for it is connected with my present subject) what, as christians, we are to observe towards the government under which we live.—Christ and his Apostles, according to the history which we have of them, teach and enforce, both by precept and example, due obedience to government.—Christ, in particular, worked a miracle to enable himself and one of his disciples to pay *Tribute*, or *Tax*, as it may be called, to the government under which they lived; not questioning how it was to be applied, but leaving the application of it to the lawful rulers of the government; who, no doubt, among other necessary public purposes, applied it towards the payment and support of that military force which was necessary for its protection and defence.—And you must recollect that the Apostles exhorted all christians to be subject to the lawful constituted authorities and powers of that government under which they lived, by due obedience to the laws, and by payment of tribute; for this reason, that those powers were ordained of God, and that those who resisted them, resisted the ordinances of God, and would be subject to condemnation, or, in other words, to punishment.—And one of the Apostles exhorts all christians to fear God and to honour the King; and what can you suppose that fear and that honour to be, but due obedience to the divine will and commands of the one, and to the constituted laws and ordinances of the other?—I beseech you, therefore, my Fellow-Countrymen, to consider these things with that unprejudiced coolness that they deserve; and that you will no longer suffer your mistaken prejudices to prevent your uniting in arms, and your contributing, in other respects with your Fellow-Citizens, in our Country's defence.—If what I have said is just, your religious plea for not uniting with them in these respects, will perhaps be deemed impiety towards God, disaffection and disloyalty towards our Country and our King, and that peaceableness of disposition which you arrogate and profess, selfishness and a crime.—You claim, and you have the protection of government; and government, now so hostily threatened and attacked, has a strong and just claim of assistance, in return, from you; and in that way in which it is given by other subjects of it; and it is what your Fellow-Citizens, who, with becoming readiness, submit to the heat, the burdens, and the dangers of the day, may in strict justice, require and expect.—For why, under such pressing exigencies, such awful and perilous circumstances of our Country, you should be exempt from any personal services, to which your Fellow-Countrymen are subject, cannot be satisfactorily answered or explained.—That you are exempt in any degree, is an instance of partial lenity in government towards you, that merits a most grateful return; and as you are a very opulent body, your Country has a just right to expect that you will give her a voluntary and very liberal pecuniary aid.—Recommending these things

to

to your serious and unprejudiced consideration, I conclude, with the hope, that you will believe, that what I have said is neither in wrath or anger, but in christian love and kindness towards *you*, and in loyalty and love towards our *Country* and our *King*.

I am your's,

A BRITON.

ADDRESS

Delivered to the CLERKENWELL LOYAL VOLUNTEER INFANTRY, *by the Rev.* RICHARD LENDON, *A. M. Chaplain to the Corps; and printed at its unanimous request.*

Major, and Gentlemen,

I BEG leave to assure you that I am fully sensible of the honour that has been conferred upon me by this appointment. With respect to the duties of the office to which your good opinions have raised me, I conceive them at the present momentous crisis to be placed in that awful relation as to be the means by which your public prayers and addresses are to be offered to the throne of that Almighty Being (who is able to save by a few as well as by an host of men), to protect you from the machinations of such a tyrant as scarcely ever before appeared in the world, and to draw down a blessing upon the cause in which you are engaged. With humble confidence in that Supreme Power, and in the justness of your cause, which cannot fail to interest that Power in your behalf, I can have no doubt you will be enabled to effect the purposes for which you associated, and preserve your country from the tyrannical oppressions of a foreign yoke. If, indeed, arguments were wanting to raise your ardour, which I am sensible are not, I would only, for one moment, beg of you to compare the character of that *Usurper*, against whose unjust ambition you are to defend yourselves, with the character and the conduct of that great and good *King* to whom you have sworn a willing and a faithful allegiance. Contrast the barbarous, the cruel, the almost inhuman conduct of the one, with the mild, the gentle, the benevolent principles of the other. View the one, depopulating cities, and putting to flight the princes of their land, and behold the other making use of every act of tenderness and humanity to alleviate their sufferings, and affording them a safe asylum from his rage. View the one, the dread and the terror of the nation which he governs, and behold the other, *as he is*, a kind and indulgent father in his private life; a careful parent in his public, living, and only wishing to live, in the hearts of his people. Consider him now bending under the weight of years, and recollect, that through a long and an anxious reign, he has uniformly displayed, on a variety of occasions, his firm attachment to the constitution of his country, and to the happiness of his subjects; and I sincerely believe, that his most fervent prayers at this moment are, that he only may be permitted to live to transmit the blessings which he is sensible this country enjoys, in the possession of its laws, its liberties, and its religion, undiminished to his posterity. Compare these different and opposite characters, and connect with them, in your own minds, the *blessings*, the *happiness*, and the *privileges* you enjoy under the one, and the *miseries* you would certainly experience under the other, were he ever to *succeed* in his designs: and I am satisfied there cannot be one in this association who will immediately adopt the truly patriotic sentiments of a noble

lord

lord (used indeed on another occasion), and be ready to exclaim with him, with the same heart-felt earnestness, zeal, and sincerity, "When I forsake my King (and, I might add, such a King as I have faithfully represented him to be), may my God forsake me."—May God save the King, and let all the people say, Amen.

PHANTOMS.

NEW, FANCIFUL, AND FARCICAL.

THE Public are respectfully informed that M. DE NAPOLEONE alias BUONA-CORSICA alias MALTA-MAD, from Germany, Italy and Egypt (where his exhibitions have had such a wonderful effect as to surprize and astonish the whole world) intends shortly to pay a visit to Old England, as he is determined to convince the inhabitants of that happy kingdom that his Phantoms are really of an unsubstantial nature, yet so curiously contrived as occasionally to deceive the most minute investigator; and as he humbly presumes he has by long practice and experience brought the art of deception to a state of perfection never before attained, he trusts his endeavours will have a proper effect on the optics of an enlightened British Nation, and meet with that encouragement and patronage for which he has ever laboured.

It is proposed by a process, hitherto unpractised, either to pinion JOHN BULL *to a post*—or *lull him to sleep*, while the manager and his myrmidons take possession of his property, ruin his family, and enslave his friends.

The whole process of this Grand Exhibition consists of Conjugation, Abjuration, Devastation, Subjugation, Magic, Hypocrisy, Falsehood, Slight of Hand, &c. but the particulars would be too tedious to describe in a hand-bill.

Mr. De Napoleone has spared neither time, labour, nor expence, to make himself master of the Subject, and has prepared as a relaxation between the Acts, a great variety and valuable assortment of Egyptian mummies in high preservation, and well worth the inspection of the curious, every care having been taken to render them original in design and elegant in their execution—having been "killed of" expressly at the desire of the preserver, whose treatment is peculiar, and who challenges the world to produce an equal number of Men, Women, and Children, mum'd together in the earth. He has also several beautiful models of Castles, Fortresses, Picture Galleries, Libraries, Pyramids, Churches, &c. &c. the originals of which were formerly to be seen in Germany, Italy, Flanders, and Egypt, collected at a considerable expence during his excursions to those countries, where he has left lasting impressions of his abilities and his name to be transmitted to posterity.—These models he can assure the public are exact representations of the Originals which can be seen no more. He could produce several highly finished spectres of poisoned soldiers, &c. but as he fears the people of England are rather inclined to be superstitious, and might think them real, and might fancy he would shortly raise the Devil amongst them, he thinks it better to suppress such exhibitions lest they should operate to his prejudice.

The whole entertainment will conclude with a splendid PAGEANT, which M. De Napoleone would not have had represented but for the Invincible Obstinacy of the *British Beef-Eaters*, who insist on the performance of a New Piece, entitled

VOLUNTARY

VOLUNTARY LOYALTY
OR THE
UNIVERSAL SENTIMENT.

With new Scenery, Machinery, Dresses, Decorations, Embellishments and Illuminations, partly spectoral, partly real.—This is expected to be the most brilliant, and by far the most general entertainment ever brought forward in Great Britain.

The Spectoral part will chiefly consist of the Artist and his assistants, attended by a band of haggard Frenchmen, shouting aloud "Vive la Republique," floating towards the Empire of Great Britain in flat-bottomed boats—as they approach near the shore they will change their tune to "Cá ira," when a tremendous salute from a British battery, will convey to them an idea of the harmony that prevails in an old established tune called "Britons never will be slaves." The flat-bottomed boats will now be seen straging in all directions, and while the numerous bands on shore are shouting, "Britons strike home, revenge your Country's wrongs," numbers will be seen proving that "Britons but conquer to save." After this their appearance will be very short, and only those who can obtain front situations on our shores will be able to understand the intention of the spectacle, as it is supposed the greater part will vanish into the sea, only to be called again into action by that gigantic Demon mentioned by Milton, who made

"Hell tremble as he strode"

N. B. The Phraseology of the latter part of this Bill is not perfectly agreeable to the sentiments of Mr. D. Napoleone, yet as he is at present distressed both for time and money, he is willing that it should remain unaltered.

DAYS OF YORE.

ABOUT the year of Christ 100, when the Romans and their followers had conquered a great part of this Island, and were committing every kind of ravage, devastation, and spoil, GALGACUS, a Caledonian general, raised a considerable army of natives, with the laudable determination of driving the Invaders from his Country, and before a battle, that was to give his countrymen liberty, addressed them as follows:

"When I reflect on the causes of the war, and the circumstances of our situation, I feel a strong persuasion that our united efforts on the present day will prove the beginning of universal liberty to Britain. For none of us are hitherto debased by slavery; and we have no prospect of a secure retreat behind us, either by land or sea, whilst the Roman fleet hovers around. Thus the use of arms, which is at all times honourable to the brave, here offers the only safety even to cowards. In all the battles which have yet been fought with various success against the Romans, the resources of hope and aid were in our hands; for we, the noblest inhabitants of Britain, and therefore stationed in its deepest recesses, far from the view of servile shores, have preserved even our eyes unpolluted by the contact of subjection. We, at the furthest limits both of land and liberty, have been defended to this day by the obscurity of our situation and of our fame. The extremity of Britain is now disclosed; and whatever is unknown becomes an object of importance. But there is no nation beyond us; nothing but waves and rocks; and the Romans are before us. The arrogance of these invaders it will be in vain to encounter by obsequiousness and submission. *These plunderers*

plunderers of the world, after exhausting the land by their devastations, are rifling the ocean; stimulated by avarice, if their enemy be rich; by ambition, if poor: unsatiated by the East and by the West; the only people who behold wealth and indigence with equal avidity. To ravage, to slaughter, to usurp under false titles, they call empire; and when they make a desert, they call it peace.

"Our children and relations are, by the appointment of nature, rendered the dearest of all things to us. These are torn away by levies to foreign servitude. Our wives and sisters, though they should escape the violation of hostile force, are polluted under the names of friendship and hospitality. Our estates and possessions are consumed in tributes; our grain in contributions. Even the powers of our bodies are worn down amidst stripes and insults, in clearing woods and draining marshes. Wretches born to slavery are first bought, and afterwards fed by their masters: Britain continually buys, continually feeds her own servitude. And as among domestic slaves every newcomer serves for the scorn and derision of his fellows; so, in this ancient household of the world, we, as the last and vilest, are sought out for destruction. For we have neither cultivated lands, nor mines, nor harbours, which can induce them to preserve us for our labours; and our valour and unsubmitting spirit will only render us more obnoxious to our imperious masters; while the very remoteness and secrecy of our situation, in proportion as it conduces to security, will tend to inspire suspicion. Since then all hopes of forgiveness are vain, let those at length assume courage, to whom glory, to whom safety is dear. The Brigantes, even under a female leader, had force enough to burn the enemy's settlements, to storm their camps; and, if success had not introduced negligence and inactivity, would have been able entirely to throw off the yoke: And shall not we, untouched, unsubdued, and struggling not for the acquisition, but the continuance of liberty, declare at the very first onset what kind of men Britain has reserved for her defence?

"Every incitement to victory is on our side. The Romans have no wives to animate them; no parents to upbraid their flight. Most of them have either no habitation, or a distant one. Few in number, ignorant of the country, looking around in silent horrror at the woods, seas, and a haven itself unknown to them, they are delivered by the gods, as it were, imprisoned and bound, into our hands. Be not terrified with an idle shew, and the glitter of silver and gold, which can neither protect nor wound. In the very ranks of the enemy we shall find our own bands. The Britons will acknowledge their own cause. March then to battle, and think of your ancestors and your posterity."

Shall we, Englishmen, then, after a period of *seventeen hundred years*, lose the energy of our ancestors, and let our inveterate foe come without our resistance, and quietly take possession of our palaces, cities, and homes? No, we will tell our threatening invader, *we dread him not*; that we are worthy of our forefathers, *and are determined to be independent or cease to exist!* But let BRITONS bear in mind what sort of an enemy they have to encounter—a cunning, determined foe, revengeful, used to over-run countries, and has at his command 500,000 soldiers ready for any hazardous enterprize. We must, therefore, be vigilant, dauntless, and valiant; no exertion must be spared to

insure our safety; all the time we can devote from our daily occupations, *and the* WHOLE *of our time if our Government think it necessary*, must be occupied in the use of arms. The foe of Britain is the foe of every thing that is good, and wherever he conquers, destroys every thing that is sacred or valuable. We must fight not only for our *mothers*, *wives*, and *sisters*, but our ALTARS. Let us then not only meet this infidel as *soldiers*, but as CHRISTIANS! This unbelieving renegado that threatens us with slavery, has said* *that should he ever obtain possession of* JERUSALEM, *he would plant the* TREE *of* LIBERTY *on the spot on which the Cross of* JESUS CHRIST *stood, and would* BURY *the first French Grenadier, who should fall in the attack, in the* TOMB *of* OUR BLESSED SAVIOUR!!!

J. K.

BIRMINGHAM, *Aug.* 20, 1803.

AN

Englishman's Reflections

ON THE AUTHOR OF THE

PRESENT DISTURBANCES.

BY G. W. MANBY,

BARRACK MASTER OF YARMOUTH.

"Nor brib'd by hopes, nor by mean fears
countraul'd."

AS LIBERTY is the source of happiness to all degrees of life, and the only security to every man's person and property; we must consider it as one of the noblest of the gifts of God, and inseparably connected with RELIGION—its prosperity depends on the prevalence of virtue, and the fear of a future judgment in the hearts of its possessors; if otherwise considered, irregularity and confusion to that order and harmony of nature by which the universe subsists, must be the consequence. With gratitude we contemplate the enjoyment of this our inherent right, handed down by a long succession of ages to the protection of a VIRTUOUS PRINCE, now reigning in the hearts of his people; sensible of our blessings, we are naturally led to deplore the fate of the inconsiderate, who, deluded by the harmonious vibrations of its name, have thrown themselves into the arms of tyranny, and whose lives, liberties, and fortunes, are commanded, or torn from them by the mandates of arbitrary authority.

Under the impressions of sorrow and indignation, we turn our eyes to *France*, a nation once opulent and happy under the protection of a mild sovereign, but now reduced to poverty and vassalage by the military despotism of an *individual*, whose actions, past and present, are so remarkable, as never before to have sullied the page of history, and so extraordinary, that he will become the notice and scorn of posterity; a FOREIGNER†, established by usurpation, a ruler, disdainful of all honour‡, bound by no solemn contract, a hypocrite to all religion, who aims at nothing else but personal grandeur and dominion, and would desert the objects of degraded fame in the trying moment of adversity§. Lamentable, indeed, is the state of that nation, who have no other security for their liberty, no other laws for their safety, than the will of a *Despot*: their awful situation compels me to offer a few remarks, arising from the gratification I take in the welfare of

* See Dr. Wittman's Travels in Egypt.

† A Corsican. ‡ His treachery during peace. § Flight from Egypt.

the

the civilized world, and cultivation of the gentler manners of peace.

Can the millions who people the French nation reflect on such a character, and tamely submit to be impoverished by ambition and avaricious views? Can they contentedly be DISLOYAL, or the panders to his vices, by countenancing a REBEL to their KING, and the community at large. Is there not one among them who has the good of his country at heart? Is there not one who would rescue his country's honour, and bring a monster to justice, in satisfaction for the injuries at present endured, and which posterity will suffer for? Is there not one who has the ambition to be ranked the deliverer of his country, to step forward and check the author of their oppressions, and the just object of their resentment?

Let them remember, they have still a MONARCH, a legal inheritor of their throne, who, when they have wiped away the stigma, of having been accessary to usurpation, and are by contrition deserving of care; he will then become the father of his people; restore them LIBERTY, a substance which they know only in its most outward form, and bring to them peace, happiness, and prosperity---the offspring of such government.

It is well known, the Tyrant who governs by the sword, has no other friends but men of the sword. Will they sanctify his actions? Will they allow a lasting reproach to be brought upon an honourable profession? Will they consent to be the instruments of a despot, or the profligate tools of infuriate caprice, the wanton sacrifices to an imposing spirit, and persecuting temper?

Conscious how falsely he has dealt with those who elevated him to his present situation, and fearing the vengeance he knows he so well deserves, he attempts to divert their minds from actions at home; and to get rid of their importunities, he amuses them by an intention of invading the UNITED KINGDOM, the performance of which is to render them the victims of his *perfidy*, and of their own *temerity*.

Recollecting, however, the innumerable achieves of our navy, and that the bravest troops France ever produced*, *headed by himself*, yielded to inferior numbers of our Army; and apprehensive also of their promptitude to undertake the expedition, he stimulates their passions by the offers of plunder, and of delivering up the country to their licentiousness and rage†. After such avowals, what hopes can they entertain of success? What hopes can they entertain of safety from the people's vengeance?

BID THEM PUT THEIR INSULTING THREAT INTO EXECUTION, to add another proud day‡ to the fame of England; let them know we burn with impatience and resentment, to meet and punish the vaunting foe; let them know this is the land of LIBERTY, and by that unspeakable blessing, so truly the darling property of our nation, we have a kindred spirit to maintain, and animation to revenge an insult offered to a King whom we adore, and who requites us, by centering his glory on the happiness of his subjects.

I cannot refrain from reviewing the various actions practised by their Usurper, and the modes employed by him to arrive at the station he now holds; to the least thinking mind, a

* Invincible Legion.

† England to be given up to pillage, and every one to be put to death, who has defended his country.

‡ Cressy, &c.

character every way so notorious,* treacherous, and cruel†, in the long catalogue of iniquity attributed to numbers, there are none who can be so deservedly execrated, or found to have lived more to the real affliction and disturbance of mankind, than himself; embrued in the blood of thousands, and decorated with the plunder from the miserable victims of his avarice, he glitters in the rays of robbery. What epithet can be too strong to stigmatize a man who has violated every act that degrades human nature? His ambition disquiets the nation; his extravagance impoverishes it; his cruelties stain its character; and his perfidy, if not RESTRAINED, will ruin it: his inordinate appetite for sway, without the smallest regard for justice, and the natural depravity of his heart, has occasioned the multitudes, of whom he assumes the head, to be looked on as the worst order of society, and a confederacy unhinging the nerves and sinews of every government and its happiness.

I wish not to trouble myself with the community at large, because, unhappily for themselves, it is by HIM they have acquired the stigma of guilt; every victory gained by them is against themselves, and forges new links to the chain of their slavery: it is HIM alone I wish to hold up to the view of mankind, as the greatest PEST who has been permitted to continue in existence; defending one vice by the commission of another, breaking down all boundaries of order, and overwhelming the people in misfortunes, oppression, and criminality. From the MURDER of a KING, he has usurped the authority, and by continuing in intrigues, is seated on a REGICIDE THRONE, from whence all honest power, glory, riches, and becoming dignity are banished; and, in their stead, TYRANNY, with the utmost rigour, brandishes its despotic arm.

The character of a tyrant, having been detailed in so minute a manner, and the application being so strong, I shall avail myself of the labour of another‡, as better calculated to de-

* Toussaint, by terms of capitulation became a prisoner, the treaty was violated the moment he was in HIS power, and immured within the walls of a prison, he found a release from his sufferings by poison.

† St. Domingo.—Fancy was never exercised to give a greater variety of forms to cruelty than employed on the unfortunate objects of that country. Some were tied back to back, and thrown into the ocean; others thickly stowed in vessels and (sent to sea) there to find a watery grave,—the ship being scuttled.

To enumerate the various and unparalleled sufferings exercised on the unoffending subjugated countries, would claim volumes to detail: I must, therefore, content myself with a few TRUTHS from Sir R. WILSON's History of the Egyptian Expedition. Did he not express strong displeasure when the soldiers spared the lives of their prisoners? and had he not, (three days afterwards) these unfortunate victims of captivity, (amounting to some thousands) marched to an eminence, and there deliberately destroyed by vollies of grape shot and musketry? the execution of which HE beheld by such strong marks of joy, that his feelings could not conceal them. When the hospitals were filled with his OWN soldiers, did HE not send for a physician and communicate an intention of POISONING them, which the gentleman refused to obey, and expressed his horror and detestation at the proposal? At length, he prevailed on a "caitiff wretch," who distributed a large PORTION of OPIUM under the guise of grateful food, and thus terminated the lives of 580, who had purchased his greatness at the price of their blood: this last proof has, by endeavouring to be refuted, established the truth of 20,000 more victims, and made him, if possible, more hateful in the eyes of the world.

‡ Lord Clarendon, on his paper entitled 'Killing a tyrant no murder.'

scribe than any composition that I could produce.

"All tyrants have been first captains and generals for the people, under pretences of vindicating or defending their liberties; to subvert the present government they pretend LIBERTY for the people. When the government is down, they then INVADE that liberty themselves.

"Tyrants accomplish their ends, more by fraud than force, and with cunning plausible pretences, impose on men's understanding. But afterwards, MASTER those who had so little wit as to rely upon their faith and integrity.

"They abase all excellent persons, and RID out of the way all noble minds, or at least have few or none, who have either honour, conscience, wit, interest, or courage to oppose their designs.

"They dare suffer no assemblies, but professed gamblers or their equals, from an apprehension of plots against them.

"They have their SPIES* and delators, who under the mask of friendship may get trust, and make discoveries, circulate false reports, and insinuate themselves for the only purpose of the future destruction of a state.

"They make war to divert and busy the people in order that whilst engaged in projects, they may render the seat less uneasy.

"All things set aside for religious uses, are exposed to sale, that whilst those things last, they may EXACT the less of the people†.

"Above all, pretend a *love* to GOD and *Religion*. This expedient he has resorted to in an earnest manner; but not longer than was suitable to his interest; as frequently changing his opinion, as situations required, experimentally finding, that in [show of] godliness there is great gain, and that, by a seeming observance well managed, *Kingdoms* might be obtained as well as *Heaven*. But what foundation have we for reliance on those professions? when it is well known, that in the early part of his career, all religious establishments were by him abolished, and the teachers driven for an asylum to other states, for that security his apostacy denied them."

Such *was* CROMWELL in England!
Such *is* BONAPARTE in France!
Par *ignobile* fratrum!!!

By the means already described, he has in the strictest sense, acquired power, and become an enemy to justice, and the liberty of mankind; under such circumstances, his retention of authority is, not only to the misery, but infamy of the nation, nor can we be surprised at his extreme caution, when it is considered, that, as an usurper, it is only by force he retains the government, and consequently is at war with every man.

But though at present, France and other nations are in such ignominious bondage, it is ardently to be wished, those execrable cords may soon be loosened, and that courage may exert itself to break them; for never was a government managed with JUSTICE, when procured by INFAMY.

As a magnanimous man, who has so frequently asserted his willingness to die for the good and glory of his vassals, nor hesitating to risk the greatest dangers for its welfare, it would impart *great comfort* to his *dying moments*, to

* Sebastiani, and dismembering of Egypt.

† Let the ancient order of religious houses explain this, and account why he will not immediately impose further *contributions*,—a new name given for robbery.

consider

consider what *advantage* must arise to the world by his *leaving* it, and preventing future occasions of making more women without a protector, and children without a parent; and other laws exist than the government of the sword.

His conscientious discharge of the arduous duties according to his principles, *and beneficence of heart*, he so proudly boasts of, can never fear death from the TERRORS of a *mispent life*. He will then be beyond the reach of malice, nor suffer the torments arising from faction or displeasure more to perplex his mind, or give disquiet to his hours.

But should providence, for reasons unknown to us, still prolong the life of this SCOURGE, (to make his downfall more remarkable and impressive on present and future ages) he will, when he perceives an unfavourable aspect in his affairs, again try his success by DELUSION, or attempt to LULL this nation to forbearance by OFFERS of peace; the former for his own safety, the latter to recover his lost advantages, and making a more sudden attack on the nation's prosperity; does he suppose the guardians of our nation's honour will relax from their ardour, by any artifice he can adopt? No! they are too much alive to the welfare of the people, and disdain to listen to his delusive *overtures*: and in return for which, and to accomplish the views of our PATRIOT GOVERNMENT, I am confident no Englishman will refuse to make the greatest sacrifices, but manfully come forward with personal service, and chearfully bear every burthen for the defence of his King, Laws, Country's good, and while a TYRANT exists.

For the world in general, and the happiness of France, the downfal of a tyrant is devoutly to be wished, producing the gratifying return of order—the restoration of religion—the exercise of moral duties—real liberty—and the various blessings so valuable in life.

With an earnest hope that these truths may perchance meet the eyes of the Tyrant, I have been induced to offer my real signature, preferring to be recorded in the list of his hatreds, than enrolled in the catalogue of having been introduced to the court of the Usurper—and enemy to my country.

June 4, 1803. *G. W.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

VERSES ON THE THEATENED INVASION.

By —— WILSON, Esq.

HO! in order of Battle the Legions of France
O'er Freedom's domain to destruction advance;
The Trumpet is sounded, and bursts from afar
From an host of Invaders the thunder of War.
To the fiery Combat they rush in despair,
While the groans of the dying rise wild on the air,
And their blood-dropping banners all-dreadfully wave
O'er the spot that is mark'd for the Plunderer's grave!

Do

Do they hope to prevail? oh how empty the boast!
The Angel of death has devoted their host,
And when night spreads her darkness, the moon-beam will shed
A glimmering light on the mountains of dead!

A Phalanx of Freemen moves on to the fight,
The spoiler is vanquished, and withered his might!
His wasted battallions like snow melt away
And ruin and horror reign Lords of the day!
The Heroes of England, the heralds of fear,
Pursue the pale squadrons and press on their rear;
Beneath their firm tread the Invaders expire,
And they flame o'er the field like a column of fire!
They had sworn at the Altar of God to be free
Yes! Leader of Armies! they trusted in THEE!

Elated with conquest, what honors await
The brave by whom battle was turned from the gate?
A million of patriots, regardless of life,
That crushed the fierce foe in the glorious strife?
The old man whose course of existence is run
Gives a last placid smile to the Hero his son;
While the virgin unable from rapture to speak,
Reclines on his breast with a tear on her cheek,
And fearing no more from her lover to part
In tenderness breathes a soft sigh from the heart!
On their soul speaking features all gaze with delight
And to bless the defenders of freedom unite!
Each heart leaps with joy at the sound of their name,
And their deeds are preserved in the records of fame!

Yet each Briton will pause mid the triumph to mourn
For the heroes that fought—ah! no more to return!
Who when stretched on the plain 'neath the shadow of death,
Blessed the Land of their Fathers with fremulous breath,
And sighed their last prayer on the groan-burdened gale,
"Oh! God! may the cause of my Country prevail!"
Yes! the tear will gush fast when we think of their lot
And the name of the valiant will ne'er be forgot,
To their fame a proud Nation a Trophy will raise
And the current of time will add force to its blaze!

WAR SONG.

By the Rev. Mr. GILLESPIE.

SONS of the mighty, dreadless band,
That know to conquer or to die,
Around your rock embattl'd strand,
More firm than rocks embattl'd stand,

And

And proud Invasion's threats defy!
Unconquered offspring of the brave,
Whom Roman power could ne'er enslave,
Your freedom who for ever seal'd,
On Bannock Burn's victorious field,
Rush from the hills ye heroes on the foe,
Tread on Oppresion's neck, and deal th' avenging blow

On, sons of Morven, to the fight,
Back drive th' Invaders to the waves;
Proud lift on high the arm of might—
Say, shall oppression rule o'er right,
And freemen yield to slaves?
No! whilst our green isle spurns the main,
Shall Britons spurn a tyrants chain:
No! whilst the winds and tempests dread
Pour round our rock-pil'd mountain's head,
Free as those winds and as those tempests dire,
In freedom's cause we fight—we conquer—or expire.

Rise Patriots, to your Country's aid,
Your father's ghosts on vengeance call!
Draw from its sheath the battle blade,
Nor let th' avenging sword be staid,
Till you have made the tyrant fall!
Say, shall we view, dear native soil,
Thy lovely fields a Despot's spoil?
Shall Christians see their altars stain'd,
Their children slain, their wives profan'd?
Shall brave men to a ruffian's arms
Yield trembling beauty's virgin charms?
Oh, righteous heaven, forbid the foul disgrace,
At which the sun asham'd would hide his blushing face!

Most beauteous island of the west,
Seat of the fair, the brave, the free,
By love, by lore, by friendship blest,
While fond remembrance chears my breast,
I shall, dear land, remember thee:
Tho' filled with hills my country rude,
Yet there is courage unsubdued—
A patriot king—A Christian creed—
And laws from wild disorder freed—
And heroes that disdain a Tyrant's rule,
Nurs'd in proud Honour's lap, and train'd in Freedom's school.

Then

Then to your shores, ye dreadless band,
Invasion's sails are now unfurl'd;
Fight for your dear sweet native land;
For freedom, for religion stand,
And prove the saviours of the world!
High pants the steed with foaming breath,
The horseman draws the sword of death,
Thick rows of arms flash in the light,
The weak shallfall beneath your might:
On heroes, on; perdition waits the slaves!
They come to give you chains—you go to give them graves.

TO THE MEMORY OF

SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE.

SPIRIT of the heavenly regions,
Crown'd with never ending fame,
List and hear how earthly legions
Consecrate thy deathless name.

From thy blest, thy sainted dwelling,
Where midst fields of glory bright,
Thou sits't the sacred anthem swelling,
With white rob'd ministers of light;

Behold the warriors bosom burning,
The virgin's tear descend for thee;
The British youth with sorrow mourning
The soldier of humanity.

There while valour lights each feature,
Hear them vow they *will* be free;
Like thee to guard the rights of nature,
To triumph, or to die like thee.

Still enchanted with thy story,
With thy worth and martial glory,
They to latest times will prove,
A nation's gratitude and love.

Spirit of the heavenly regions,
Crown'd with never ending fame,
List and hear how earthly legions
Consecrate thy sacred name.

R. C.

LOYAL SONG.

TUNE—"*A Jolly Jack Tar.*"

FROM Scotia's bleak region, the nurse of that race
Who on Gallic Invincibles thundered disgrace;
To the deep Cornish mines at the end of our Isle,
Where embosom'd in earth they ne'er dreamt of the Nile;
Tol de rol, &c.

From the North to a climate far better than France,
From Johnny Groat's house to the town of Penzance;
On the Tweed, on the Trent, on the Thames, on your Teign,
Unanimous all, all true Britons combine.
Tol de rol, &c

By the genius of Alfred the scourge of the Danes,
By all our great Heros' immortal remains;
By the fifth Harry's fame, by the Black Prince's shade,
By those laurels which never, no never can fade;
Tol de rol, &c.

We swear, while we live, that no force shall compel,
The Sons of the Ocean their Birth-right to sell;
To crouch like base slaves beneath Tyranny's rod,
Or bend like our neighbours' at Bonaparte's nod.
Tol de rol, &c.

To arms; then, ye Britons, to arms all ye brave,
High in air let the standard of Liberty wave;
At glory's great beacon light valor's true flame,
The safeguard of virtue, the pledge of our name.
Tol de rol, &c

Famed Chief of Marengo tempt Fortune once more,
Pray thy Goddess to waft all thy Barks on our shore;
But mark if she grants 'tis the term of thy praise,
'Tis the sentence of death, and the end of thy days.
Tol de rol.

THE CHAPTER OF POLITICIANS.

BY MR. T. DIBDIN.

MY good humour'd patrons I hope wont be vex'd,
If the chapter of Politics furnish my text;
While the times are all bustle, the folks all alive,
Politicians increase, just like bees in a hive.
For barring all pother of this, that, and t'other,
We're all Politicians in turn.

The

The *Blacksmith* he "swallows the Taylor's news,"
And *forges* supplies while old Dobbin he shoes,
He *blows up* the authors of Englishmen's wrongs,
And says we must go at it—*hammer and tongs.*
For barring, &c.

The flag of defiance the Taylor lets loose,
And values a Frenchman no more than a *Goose*;
He works for the Army and therefore he knows,
We shall certainly *stick* in the *skirts* of our foes.
For barring, &c.

The *Barber* exclaims, with true technical trope,
That we are *all in the suds*—tho' he ventures to hope,
In *dressing* a foe that our *powder* may tell,
Do the job to *a shaving* and *lather* him *well.*
For barring, &c.

The *Cobler,* good *soul,* says our *awl* must soon *end,*
And be worn out at *last,* unless matters should *mend*;
The *Doctor* conceives to despair there's no call,
Let him *physic* our foes and he'll soon *kill them all.*
For barring, &c.

The *Exciseman* says war will our *Spirits* raise higher,
The *Chandler* exclaims all the *fat's in the fire*;
'Tis the *Lawyers advice* if the French we should meet,'
To support the *King's Bench,* by the help of the *Fleet.*
For barring, &c

Old Chip the *Carpenter saw* very *plain*
A *deal* of our *work* must be done o'er again,
And should foes set a *foot* on our *beech* but one *inch,*
He *augurs* they'd find *hearts of oak* never flinch.
So barring, &c.

Says the *Builder* what *stories* they raise with their tricks,
Says the *Baker* their stories are built with *French bricks*;
The *Landlord* he swears he'll ne'er *trust* them again,
The *Sexton* looks *grave,* and the *Clerk* says *Amen.*
So barring, &c.

The *Cheesemonger* thinks these are *mitety* affairs;
'Twill be *diamond cut diamond,* the *Glazier* declares;
The *Soldier* and *Sailor* don't like to say much
But brandish their weapons and long for a *touch.*
So barring, &c.

In short all the town have their *cons* and their *pros,*
And each Politician tells all that he knows—
Of our foes I'll say this, if you won't take it ill,
They ne'er thrash'd us yet—and I dont think they will.
So barring all pother of this, that, and t'other,
We always could bang them in turn.

THE CALL OF HONOUR;
OR,
BRITAIN's APPEAL TO ARMS!

UNFURL the Standard, Honour cries,
With union and indignant zeal:
'Tis done, a BRITISH HOST replies,
To arms, to arms, be our appeal.
Hark! the cannon's deadly roar,
With the din of arms unite:
Let it sound from shore to shore,
We for PEACE *and* FREEDOM *fight.*

Bright glows the patriotic flame;
A flame which ev'ry bosom warms!
Whose praise shall swell the trump of fame;
And Europe call, to Arms! to Arms!
Hark! &c.

Dar'd by a Tyrant to the field;
Lo! *single-handed* we advance,
The temple of our rights to shield,
And scourge the insolence of France.
Hark! &c.

Can we permit a horde of slaves,
To shake the Altar, or the Throne?
To brave the empire of the waves;
And call this happy Isle their own?
Hark! &c.

Shall they our equal Laws profane,
And rend the ties of social life?
Or pluck the generous Lion's mane;
While beats the pulse of martial strife?
Hark! &c.

Our sea-girt Country is our boast;
Sound, sound the trumpet, beat the drum;
With hand in hand, we'll guard the coast,
Should all their hostile legions come.
Hark! &c.

Let Britain mount her naval Car,
And lanch the thunder from her hand;
For Neptune smiles—and radiant War,
Bids victory hover o'er the land.
Hark! &c.

Unfurl the Standard, Honour cries,
With manly, firm, indignant zeal:
'Tis done, a warlike Host replies,
To Arms, to Arms, be our appeal.

Hark! the cannons' deadly roar,
With the din of arms unite:
Let it sound from shore to shore,
We for PEACE *and* FREEDOM *fight.*

R. H. S.

SELECTED POETRY.

A PATRIOTIC SONG.

TUNE—"*Poor Jack.*"

THE Standard of Albion floats in the wind,
And calls its Protectors away:
Shall the pride of Britannia, her Sons, lag behind,
Or wish from the Battle to stay?
Base thought, no the spirit of Britons remains,
Its ardour still glows in each breast,
Of AGINCOURT, POICTIERS, and CRESSY's fam'd plains,
The glorious renown is caress'd.

The

The Sons of those Heroes of old we advance,
'Tis Conquest or Death we demand;
But Providence surely will smile on the lance,
That's hurl'd in defence of our land.

If glory, if honour, ambition can raise,
And lead to the strife of the field,
The warrior who combats for fame's empty praise,
And for this grasps the falchion and shield;
How quick should our bosoms the impulse invade,
And swell ev'ry nerve to the fight:
For our country insulted, should gleam ev'ry blade,
Her redress will our valour requite:
To gain such reward let us instantly fly,
Let us strive who the laurels shall wear;
The Providence ruling the regions on high,
Will PATRIOTS bless with his care.

Tho' Switzerland, Italy, Holland have shewn
They could not their int'rests defend,
To the universe Englishmen cry, "tho' alone
We ne'er will to conquerors bend."
Brave boys, we have more to defend than them all,
A King we respect and adore,
Our laws and a Country, the first on the ball,
For Liberty dwells on its shore:
Her spirit she breathes into each British heart,
She inspires us bravely to fight:
And Providence ne'er from our cause will depart,
Which Justice proclaims in the right.

My Laura adieu, hark the drum calls to arms,
With a smile check the tear that would flow;
For the battle I seek to secure me thy charms,
To win thee my fairest I go.
Oh fear not to lose me, should vict'ry entwine
My brow with her garland so fair,
My heart will become more deserving of thine,
The reward of each danger and care.
But trust in that bountiful power my love,
Who may please to conduct me to thee;
If *otherwise*, in the glad mansions above
My Laura our meeting will be.

L.

INVA-

INVASION.

AS when tempestuous winds the main deform,
And low'ring clouds foretell th' approaching storm,
The undaunted mariners its fury dares,
And, all collected, for the worst prepares;
So our brave Islanders their valour shew;
And hate the threats of their insulting foe!
Disdaining fear, tho' wrapp'd in big suspence,
And calmly planning measures of defence.

GENIUS OF BRITAIN! high advance thy spear,
And on the hoary cliffs thy standard rear;
Glory sits perch'd upon thy beaming crest,
And fills with fortitude the patriot breast:
While pleas'd remembrance, in bright honor's blaze,
Presents to view the deeds of former days,
When on fam'd Agincourt, and Cressy's field,
Where vanquish'd Gaul dropp'd low her useless shield,
Our brave forefathers were with vict'ry crown'd,
And round their brows unfading laurels bound.

Now when once more their banners are unfurl'd,
Whose power of late disorganiz'd the world;
When dreaded war's discordant thunders roll,
And vivid lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Europe, indignant, turns her sick'ning eyes
On him from whom the kindling horrors rise.—
In Gallia's upstart Chief, whose restless mind
Would forge eternal fetters for mankind;
Who boasts to set the world from slav'ry free,
Yet dares expect that world to bend the knee,
And yield up ev'ry independent claim
To Freedom's blessing, tho' in Freedom's name;
In him the tyrant of the Gallic race,
The peopled earth the direful source may trace,
Of woes that shall the bleeding bosom rend
Of meek humanity, sweet Nature's friend.

In hosts unnumber'd let the slaves of France,
Prompted by hope, t'wards Albion's shores advance;
Let the vain crew their Despot's call obey,
And o'er the ocean urge their wat'ry way;
With golden dreams of vict'ry elate,
Commit themselves to an uncertain fate.—

The

The GOD OF ARMIES can alone secure
The Warrior's fortune, and make vengeance sure;
And who can tell th' OMNIPOTENT'S decree
Or dare exclaim—"This shall or shall not be?"
Who knows but Heaven the Corsican design'd
Its potent instrument to scourge mankind?
And with surround'ng state the war to wage,
The stern chastiser of a sinking age?
The soul, where Honor's genuine feelings glow,
Would scorn to steal a conquest from a foe;
And would regard success as a disgrace,
Whate'er the intention, if the means are base.
Yet must the brave, howe'er they hate the theme,
With care avoid a contrary extreme.
Blind to the future, men too rashly dare
Neglect to guard against the coming war;
The proud contempt with which they danger view,
Makes conquest easy even to a few.

Natives of Britain's warlike Isle arise;
Exalt your flag imperial to the skies!
In well-ray'd cohorts seize the pointed lance,
And hurl defiance to the power of France.
No common cause now wages to the strife,
The prize is *Honor*—*Liberty*—and *Life!*
Freedom and Bondage now before us stand,
The last a stranger to the English land;
Then while in Gallia's view the patriot host
Undaunted stand, to guard their sea-girt coast,
Loud let the shout thro' heaven's wide concave ring—
"OUR GOD! OUR GOD! OUR COUNTRY! AND OUR KING!"

Morning Post. G. BUTTLER.

THE DEVOTED AND VICTORIOUS BRITISH SOLDIER.

BY MR. COURTENAY, M. P.

TO battle let despots compel the poor slave,
His country for him has no charms,
But the voice of fair Freedom is heard by the brave,
And calls her own Britons to arms.

Our Country, and King, may triumphantly rest
Encircled by Loyalty's bands,
For the spirit of Liberty glows in each breast,
And her sword shall ne'er drop from our hands.

In

In the bright race of glory Britannia still runs,
And her foes shall shrink back in despair;
What nation in valour can rival her arms,
Or vie with the charms of her fair.

How glorious to fall in youth's early bloom,
For Britain life's joys to resign;
The voice of loud fame will be heard in each tomb,
And our names be enroll'd in her shrine.

Raise the song to the heroes of Freedom's proud isle,
While in strains of exultance we tell,
How the soldier's lov'd chief, by the blood-streaming Nile,
Triumphantly conquer'd and fell.

Then, Britons, strike home—to the French on our shore,
Their Invincible standard display;
By MOIRA array'd, on their vain legions pour,
And rival fam'd Aboukir's day.

While proudly the banners of victory wave,
The Soldier exultingly dies,
The trophies of glory shine over his grave,
And his spirit ascends to the skies.

DEFIANCE TO THE CORSICAN.

TO subdue the Armadas of FRANCE and of SPAIN,
NEPTUNE gave us his Trident, as Lords of the Main;
Bade our Cannon's dread thunder, in loud peals to roll,
From the banks of the THAMES to the furthermost pole;
Then enroll, my brave lads! to chastise them, prepare,
And the CORSICAN TYRANT may come, if he dare!

Though by slaughter or threats, from the ELBE to the PO,
With his iron and gold, he has silenced each foe;
Both his gold and his iron he soon shall see broke
By the all-conqu'ring force, of our firm HEARTS of OAK.
Then arouse, my brave lads! their destruction prepare,
And the CORSICAN TYRANT may come, if he dare!

Not content with the blood, which in EUROPE he shed,
Still he hop'd to advance, where the NILE hides his head.
But ABOUKIR and ACRE beheld his dismay—
When defeated, he fled, and his fleet was our prey;
Then let NELSON, and SIDNEY new triumphs prepare,
And the CORSICAN TYRANT may come, if he dare!

Yet

Yet against us, he vaunts, his base myriads to bring,
Who obey an Usurper, who murder'd their King;
Impious wretches! in terror, who kiss the vile rod—
But We fight for our Laws, for our King, and our God!
Let us all then, united, for battle prepare,
And the Corsican Tyrant may come, if he dare!

From their coasts, by the winds, should our navy be tossed,
And, in spite of our tars, should the Channel be crossed:
Frenchmen never our dear native land shall explore:—
If not sunk in the Sea, they shall die on our Shore!
See! already we march, and to crush them prepare;
Let the Corsican Tyrant then come, if he dare!

Of our wives, and our daughters, protecting the charms;
And our country defending, our cry is—"To arms!"
To Blasphemers and Slaves, Britons never will yield,
For Religion's our Bulwark, and Freedom our Shield!
Our Invincible Banner then wave high in air,
And the Corsican Tyrant may come, if he dare!

As a Comet descends, that has blazed from afar—
While he scatters around desolation, and war:
So this merciless Despot, who makes the earth groan,
Let her wake from her trance, shall be hurled from his throne.
Wake then, Earth! at our call—rise, our glory to share,
And the Corsican Tyrant o'erwhelm with despair!

PATRIOTIC SONG.

Tune, *The Prince and Old England for ever.*

THE day, Fellow Soldiers, is nearly at hand,
On which is suspended your own,
And the *fate* of your happy, your dear native land,
Your Freedom, Religion, and Throne.

In defence of your Isle, let each sinew be strung,
Our banners terrific unfurl'd;
That isle, the just pride of an Englishman's tongue,
The envy and praise of the world.

Then sound, sound the trumpet, your standards advance,
Loud, loud let the drum beat to honour;
Our ranks shall dismay the proud legions of France,
And hurl Briton's thunder upon her.

The eyes of all Europe are fix'd upon you,
They your noble atchievements await,
By Heav'n deputed its foes to subdue,
And Tyranny hurl from its seat;

The base violation of virtue and truth,
Of national faith to chastise,
And wreak on its authors the blood of our youth,
And widows and fatherless cries.

Cemented by Nature's, Humanity's call,
Avaunt each political feud,
Let private opinion, let personal gall,
Dissolve in the general good.

Thus greatly united, the insolent foe
Shall tumble if Britons but nod,
And the Corsican Atheist shudder t' know
The being, the vengeance of GOD.

Untarnish'd that Fame, which our ancestors bought,
And deathless bequeath'd unto their's,
Inspir'd by the shades of the heroes that fought
And bled—we'll transmit to our heirs:

To latest posterity shall it descend;
The laurels the father had won,
Unfaded, encircling, unconscious to bend,
Round the patriot brow of the Son.

Oh Gods!—what a theme for the rest of his life,
By fond recollection beguil'd,
Who, loaded with honours, returns to his wife,
And tells the proud tale to his child.

Fill, fill to the brim, hark the wide welkin rings,
With rapturous peals of applause—
Here's the kindest of Fathers, the mildest of Kings,
Our Church, Independence and Laws.

May happy he reign, till the sand of his glass
Exhausted by nature shall cease;
Then find in the pray'rs of his subjects a pass
To Honour, to Glory, and Peace.

Then sound, sound the trumpet, your standards advance,
Loud, loud let the drum beat to honour;
Our ranks shall dismay the proud legions of France,
And hurl Briton's thunder upon her.

SONG, BY EDWARD WILMOT, ESQ.

Tune—"*Hearts of Oak.*"

COME cheer up my lads, 'tis our Country that calls,
And bids us repel the proud foe from her walls:
Our stake is our liberty, laws, and our lives,
And ourselves are the shield of our children and wives.

That shield o'er our wives and our children we throw,
And now we are ready,
Steady, boys, steady!
Our Country to save, and repel the proud foe.

They come to invade with the sword and the brand,
To ravage and ravish the pride of our land;
But each son of the isles a sure bulwark shall prove
In defence of a wife, or a child, or a love:

In defence of the call to the field we will go,
Where all will be ready, &c.

Of times far remote should their memory fail,
Let Cressy and Agincourt tell the proud tale,
How Briton's out-number'd, disdaining to yield,
Mow'd the ranks of the French like the grass of the field!

Like the grass of the field then the French we will mow,
And always be ready, &c.

Be it ours then to teach these all-insolent slaves,
How the lads of the isles, and the sons of the waves,
United shall guard hallow'd Liberty's coast
From tyranny's yoke and republican boast!

From the yoke and the boast we our freedom will show,
And always be ready, &c.

Be theirs the abhorr'd atheistical sword,
And murder, rape, rapine, or plunder the word;
But ours be the boast, that no *Briton* but draws
In defence of the *Faith*, and the *King*, and the *Laws!*

In defence of those names we with confidence go,
And will always be ready, &c.

THE BRITISH OAK.

A SONG.

THE Gods and the Goddesses once were inclin'd
To select each a tree, as best suited their mind;
The myrtle, chose Venus—for the vine, Bacchus spoke—
But Britannia, with eagerness, seiz'd on the Oak.

"'Tis an emblem," she said, "of my own darling isle,
To the clime best adapted, as well as the soil.
In virtue, worth, character, both coincide—
That, the chief of the wood—*this*, of nations, the pride.

The King, Lords, and Commons, fam'd union of three,
What are they, but the head, trunk, and root of my tree?
With the sap of pure freedom diffus'd through each pore,
Giving vigour and health to the heart's very core.

As the wide-spreading branches luxuriant shoot,
British commerce extends, yielding plenty of fruit.
And my sons, like the bark, in appearance are rough,
But within, form'd by nature of good solid stuff.

Then with freedom and bravery, this honest band,
Make Mercy and Loyalty go hand in hand;—
Kings and Princes distress'd, to their bosoms shall flee,
And be shelter'd by them, as Charles was by my tree.

This likeness throughout will be found to pervade;
Britain's laws are the leaves, yielding shelter and shade.
Of her church, too, my oak as a type may be given,
Deep-rooted in earth—but with head rais'd to heaven;

Of this tree of my choice, Britons ever shall boast—
And should foreign invaders dare threaten their coast,
Wooden-walls she'll provide, as their bulwark by sea,
And Neptune hath promis'd their guardian to be.

A brave race, call'd my tars, a peculiar tribe,
Shall be nurs'd in my tree, and her nature imbibe.
Undaunted shall they meet the enemy's stroke,
And Nelsons and Thompsons be true hearts of oak.

Though the dæmon of Discord should stalk through the world,
And state after state into chaos be hurl'd—
Though the blast of destruction should ravage the land,
Like MY OAK, *'midst the* STORM, FIRM, GREAT BRITAIN SHALL STAND!"

S.

British Neptune.

THE

THE PEASANT OF NORMANDY.

The Lines under-written occurred from a circumstance that really happened of the Conscription-Soldiers stabbing a poor old woman who was praying they would not take her son from her. The man who stabbed her with his bayonet was sentenced to be guillotined, but was afterwards pardoned by the First Consul.

HERE, on Domingo's scorching, acrid shore,
Far from from a wife belov'd, and children dear;
My country's crimes and errors I deplore,
While down my cheek fast flows the scalding tear.

Can I forget the horror of that hour,
When by Conscription rudely dragg'd away!
Such were the orders of despotic pow'r;
The *Corsican* commands!—I *must* obey!

These hands with labour hard, toil'd to support
A mother sunk with sickness and with age:
Ah! me!—her span of life, already short,
Was finish'd by a cruel soldier's rage.

"Die—Beldam—die," th' infernal villain said,
While she, in vain, essay'd to bless her son;
Deep in her breast he sheath'd the fatal blade,
And driv'n by madding fury dragg'd me on.

Sorrows like mine must teach a foe to weep;
Ye gen'rous Britons! FREEDOM's Sons alone,
Guard well your MONARCH's Rights, that system keep;
Nor copy what mistaken France has done.

For ah! I add to mis'ry's bitter woes
Heart-felt remorse, at deeds I blush to tell,
Too well, alas! this tortur'd bosom knows
That peace of mind can never with it dwell.

When virtuous Louis did a victim fall,
How did my heart exult!—how shout my voice!
Now France, I cried, is free! her children all;
O darling Liberty! sweet Nature's choice!

When Maria-Antoinette---peerless Queen,
That beautious fair resign'd her feeling breath,
Wretch that I was---more gay I ne'er was seen,
Ne'er triumph'd more than in these scenes of death.

Stern Robespierre soon shew'd me my mistake,
Five hundred tyrants next in turn opprest,
My wounded conscience smote---my heart would ake,
And heave with sorrow, hard to be supprest.

Last

Last BONAPARTE came in Mercy's dress,
And seem'd of blood to check th' effusion dire,
But, oh! beware!---the wolf is wolf no less,
Tho' for disguise he seeks the sheep's attire.

Yet I seem'd happy—near Rozelles sweet seat,
In humble peace my little cottage rose:
No other cares my labour would defeat,
But fear to lose it—when the Despot chose.

A plenteous harvest as I gather'd in.
Half-bound my sheaves—my wife and children gay,—
In rush'd the soldier—with malicious grin,
They said " 'tis *honour* calls—you *surely* will obey!"

Flow fast, ye tears! flow fast for my misdeeds,
For these with anguish keen assail my mind;
While for a tender wife my bosom bleeds,
My children dear, and all I've left behind!

A CONSCRIPT.

British Neptune.

JOHN BULL AND DOCTOR FRENCH.

JOHN BULL was once sick, or he thought himself so,
Some people have whimsical fancies you know;
He mutter'd and murmur'd throughout the long day,
Seeming rather to court than to drive care away;
Now taxes perplex—then the high price of beef,
Dull weather—the Stocks—serve as food to his grief:
Tho' talents he had both for humour, and glee,
His stars so ordain'd, that a grumbler was he.

Two Sisters had John, who his friendship possest,
One dwelt in the North, and one liv'd in the West,
Who chose, being each of them wond'rous wise,
Their Brother to caution, instruct, and advise;
But distant apart all could not be exprest,
At least with that point that it should be addrest;
So the Sisters embark'd and to England they came,
Where Arts, Arms, and Beauty, are well known to Fame.

The bra Northern Lassie her theme first began,
" Out awa, what the de'el is it ails you geud man;
You've siller enow, with full sacks in the barn,
Muckle store in the house, then why all this concern?
Sic a loon ne'er was seen, ken you weel, nay tis sure,
You cause your own sel half the ills you endure;
T'other half some geud cheild may remove in a trice,
Consult DOCTOR FRENCH, and respect his advice."

Scarce

Scarce had she thus said to the purpose so clear,
When fresh from the West her fair Sister drew near,
Crying, "Arragh, now Brother, why take so much pains
For nothing at all but to bodder your brains:
To be sure I don't know what the matter should be,
Fait and trot you are hip'd, be persuaded by me;
For the great DOCTOR FRENCH let me instantly run,
He'll kill—I mane cure you, as sure as a gun."

With some hesitation JOHN BULL thus replied,
"What you wish me to do is but seldom denied;
Dear Sisters I love you, and this very day
Will prove my regard for what both of you say:
'Tis needless, I think, after this to say more,
Only when the fam'd Doctor shall come to my door,
By the most tempting Sirloin in England, I swear,
For his cordial reception I soon will prepare."

Doctor FRENCH was call'd in, and his strictures among
Told JOHN, that his system was all in the wrong;
That his whole Constitution, from long wear and tear,
Required strong means to produce a repair.
"Be gar you must purge vid my pill, and indeed,
Be var much blister'd—mean time I vil bleed:
So I'll send you de leech, dat vil suck var deep;
But first Monsieur BULL I must lull you to sleep."

Thus far things went on, when this impudent quack
Attempted to throw honest JOHN on his back:
Who, rous'd to resistance, and using his strength,
Gave the Doctor a sudden sit down at full length:
Then turning to MOGGY and KATHLENE, he said,
"Behold where Death's principal Agent is laid."
Now let us all sing—"While united and free,
No more Doctor FRENCH, or French Doctors for me."

P. J. M.

Times.

A FIG FOR THE GRAND BONAPARTE.

TUNE—"*O, the Roast Beef of Old England.*"

SINCE our Harry's and Ned's three to one we are told,
Beat the Frenchmen upon their own dunghill of old,
Why should we not now boys, as brave and as bold,
Sing a fig for the grand Bonaparte,
A fig for the grand *Bonaparte*
What

What tho' since a *new* Grand *Monarque* they have *found*,
He has bullied and plunder'd the Nations all round,
He ne'er fairly met Freemen upon their own ground,
Then a fig for the grand Bonaparte, &c.

Tho' he has robb'd the Pope's church, and the Dutchman's strong box,
And skinn'd all the flints on poor Switzerland's rocks,
Let him get nothing here, boys, excepting hard knocks,
Sing a fig, &c.

No—in vain has he cast his thief's eye on our pelf,
We will put it on Freedom and Valour's high shelf,
If he gets it he must be the Devil himself,
But a fig, &c.

If the Devil he be—give the Devil his due,
Would the fiend that in COLD BLOOD his prisoners slew,
And POISON'D his own slaves, be kinder to you?
But a fig, &c.

Will ye fight then like men for your sweethearts and wives?
For your country—your honour—your freedom—your lives;
Or lay bare your sheep's throats to the French butcher's knives
No—a fig, &c.

For our rich he's to bring over thumbscrews and racks,
For our poor, wooden shoes, and a whip for their backs,
To make them like asses drudge under his packs,
But a fig, &c.

Sure each Briton must feel in his veins the blood boil,
At a menace like this, to our free, happy soil,
Then to arms, boys, and doubt not the braggart to foil,
A fig, &c.

Should he 'scape SMITH at sea—he fled from him on shore—
He'll find ready to beat him whene'er he gets o'er,
Those who beat his Invincible army before,
So a fig, &c.

Can the wretch who has every god worshipp'd, but GOD,
Be favour'd of heaven, unless as its rod?
Let's not leave him till on his proud neck we have trod,
Then a fig, &c.

Oh, Britons, beware, how again ye embrace
Him who struck at your heart while he smil'd in your face,
No, drub him first soundly, before you shew grace,
A fig, &c.

Then let's join hand and heart round our Senate and Throne,
With an ardour to slaves and to tyrants unknown,
And they'll not threaten our coast, but look to their own,
Sing, a fig for the grand Bonaparte,
A fig for the grand *Bonaparte.*

Scorn

SCORN BRITANNIA, SCORN THE SLAVES,
Britons still shall rule the waves.

TUNE, "*Rule Britannia.*"

WAKE! Britons wake! To Arms! To Arms!
With FREEDOM fix'd to stand or fall!
Hurl! Hurl! in thunder his alarms
Back on the Tyrant-Chief of Gaul.
Scorn Britannia, Scorn the Slaves,
Britons still shall rule the waves.

What, shall we FEAR the braggart race,
Our *Kings*, nay, *Queens* so oft have beat,
Or Him who lately with disgrace,
From us at Acre made retreat?
Scorn Britannia, &c.

Yet Britons let us not DESPISE
This wily, fierce, rapacious foe;
With equal skill and courage rise,
BE QUICK TO FIRE, BUT LEVEL LOW.
Scorn Britannia, &c.

His valour! No—His numbers tame
The poor, unhappy, gallant Swiss—
The Dutch, the Italian, woe and shame
He wrought, like Judas, with a kiss.
Scorn Britannia, &c.

Through every *palace*, every *cot*,
The friends of death, lust, rapine, flew,
And this would be our dreadful lot
Were Britons to themselves untrue.
Scorn Britannia, &c.

The fool that flies *must* find the grave—
Unblest, unwept, are Cowards' biers,
Visions of glory wait the brave,
Embalm'd in Britain's grateful tears.
Scorn, Britannia, &c.

Breathe but our air the Negro's free!
When Tyrants breathe it—they shall die—
Fight—and let this the WATCH-WORD be—
OUR GOD, our KING, our LIBERTY.
Scorn Britannia, &c.

UNITED AND HEARTY, HAVE AT BONAPARTE.

"TUNE, *Hearts of Oak.*"

YE true-hearted Britons, all join hand in hand,
To guard from invasion your free happy land,
Neither fear nor despise your vain-glorious foe,
But be ready to ward, or to strike the first blow,

Hearts of Oak are our ships, Hearts of Oak are our men,
United and hearty,
Have at Bonaparte,
We've beat him before *and will beat him* again.

Yes, rend the brief laurels that fade on their brow,
Whose watch-word is PLUNDER, not LIBERTY, now,
Who have laid their true King and best friends in their graves,
For what?—to become a vile Corsican's slaves!

Hearts of Oak, &c.

If they wish to be slaves, why still slaves let 'em be,
But take, if they give not, FRENCH LEAVE to be free,
For the BUTCHER of JAFFA, who DOS'D his own crew,
Would, if *possible*, make a *worse* tyrant to you.

Hearts of Oak, &c.

But how shall the fugitive RENEGADE stand,
Against BRITONS defending their own native land,
Whom from EGYPT we drove with their legions accurst,
Of all plagues of EGYPT the last and the worst.

Hearts of Oak, &c.

Then, huzza! for our FREE CONSTITUTION and KING
And down with all tyrants, wherever they spring.
And may EUROPE, no longer with jealousy blind,
See the cause of GREAT BRITAIN, the cause of Mankind.

Hearts of Oak are our ships, Hearts of Oak are our men,
United and hearty,
Have at Bonaparte,
We've beat him before, *and will beat him* again.

THE USURPER.

AN ODE.

SUNK in a short and feverish trance,
As Bonaparté lay,
Behold! in spectred state the Kings of France
Pour'd round his bed; and thus, while chill dismay
Froze the Usurper's heart, a voice was heard to say;

"Shades

"Shades of the Bourbon Race! behold
With awe the Fates' intent:
To foreign sway your hapless people sold,
Now first their murder'd King in tears lament,
And own the vengeance just by outraged Heaven sent.

Despoiler hence! nor longer call
These palaces thy own!
Is it beneath a yoke like thine to fall,
That Gallia views her sons in bondage groan,
Her race of nobles slain, her monarchy o'erthrown?

Oh thou! of France the direst foe,
Base, Fortune-favour'd slave!
Wouldst thou again on Europe deal the blow?
Madman beware! thou only seek'st thy grave—
Europe united stands her liberty to save.

The Turk with sabre brandish'd high
Aloud for vengeance calls,
While with the Cross the Crescent "flouts the sky,"
On thy devoted slaves in fury falls,
And execrates thy name, and points to Jaffa's walls!

See from Helvetia's rocky height,
The flame of battle rise!
Her mountain warriors eager join the fight,
Thy proffer'd freedom scorn, thy threats despise,
And with the shout of triumph rend their native skies.

Iberia plunder'd and oppress'd,
Feels as thy fate draws near,
The fire of youth reanimate her breast—
Batavia's sons forget their former fear,
Mock their oppressor's rage, and point the hostile spear.

Alas! what terrors, what alarms,
What ills are still in store!
Behold embattled nations fly to arms,
The gathering clouds approach from shore to shore,
And on thy sinful head a flood of vengeance pour.

Albion prepares for war again,
To lay thy greatness low;
Launching her floating thunder on the main:
At thee, fell Corsican, she aims the blow,
France still may be her friend; thou ever art her foe.

Never shall blood-stain'd Rapine cease,
Ne'er shall thy crimes be o'er—
Nor science, arts, nor commerce please,
Nor happy nations hail returning peace,
Till Gallia shall be free, and thou shalt be no more!"

THE EVE OF INVASION.

ALL.

THE hour of battle now draws nigh,
We swear to conquer, or to die;
Haste quick away thou slow-pac'd night,
To-morrow's dawn begins the fight.

CHORUS.

Brothers, draw th' avenging sword,
Death or Freedom be the word.

A SOLDIER.

Did ye not leave, when forc'd to part,
Some treasure precious to the heart?
And feel ye not your bosoms swell,
When e'er ye think of that farewell?
Chorus.

ANOTHER SOLDIER.

My Lucy said, no longer stay,
Thy country calls thee hence away—
Adieu!—may Angels round thee hover,
But no base slave shall be my lover.
Chorus.

ANOTHER.

My grandsire cried, I cannot go,
But thou, my son, shalt meet the foe;
I need not say, dear boy, be brave,
No Briton sure would live a slave.
Chorus.

ANOTHER.

My wife, whose glowing looks exprest
What patriot ardour warm'd her breast,
Said, " In the battle, think of me;
These helpless babes, they shall be free!"
Chorus.

ALL.

Shades of heroes gone inspire us,
Children, wives, and country fire us.
Freedom loves this hallow'd ground—
Hark! Freedom bids the trumpet sound.

CHORUS.

Brothers, draw th' avenging sword,
Death or freedom be the word.

THE QUERY.

HARK! 'tis the cannon's distant roar
Resounds from Gallia's, hostile shore.
The signal's given; the servile bands
Await their haughty Chief's commands.
He comes, he comes, th' insidious foe!
Say, Britons, shall he conquer? No.

On Agincourt's and Cressy's plain
Have our brave fathers bled in vain;
Can their degenerate offspring bear
A foreign Despot's yoke to wear;
And life, dispoiled of freedom, owe
To Europe's Tyrant, Britons? No.

When superstitious PHILIP's boast,
The vast Armada brav'd our coast,
Our sires uphold ELIZA's throne,
And with her rights preserv'd their own.
Shall we those glorious rights forego?
Each British voice exclaims—No, No.

Not e'en a legal Prince could bind
In servile chains the British mind.
When WILLIAM, our deliverer came,
How brightly glow'd the patriot flame.
Still does that flame as brightly glow—
Shall BONAPARTE suppress it?—No.

On distant shores, by MARLBOROUGH led,
Britons' appear'd, and Frenchmen fled.
Can their descendants those withstand
Who fight to guard their native land,
Their throne and altars, from a foe
Cruel and sacregious?—No.

Blest isle! whose fame, from age to age,
Hath dignify'd th' historic page,
Must those to power tyrannic bend—
Thy long, long course of glory end?
Must Britain yield to Freedom's foe?
UNITED MILLIONS answer—No.

Morning Herald.

BONAPARTE's

BONAPARTE's SOLILOQUY.

NOW I've shipp'd my soldiers all
Launch'd them forth upon the sea;
Lent them vessels great and small,
To fright the Land of Liberty.

Fifty thousand men are gone,
Fifty thousand more shall go;
What care I tho' not e'en one
'Scape the fetters of the foe?

Valiant hero's, such as I,
Care not for humanity;
We regard not mis'ry's cry,
Nor the tears of sorrow see.

Promis'd I, myself, to lead
Forth the bands from Gallia's shore?
Ah! *que non!* my prudent head
Whispers—"Then my reign is o'er."

Let the worst of sorrows come!
Let proud Britons win the day!
Still I know of tr sty some,
Who, with me, would—run away.

Ev'ry day 's a day of dread;
Long ago I've made my will—
Better write, before I'm dead,
Something of a codicil.

E'er in earth full low I lie
Let me ever bear in mind,
Just before I nobly die,
To d—n the whole of human kind.

PHILO. HAFIZ.

Morning Post, Oct. 14, 1803.

LINES

PROPHETIC OF

BRITAIN's TRIUMPH.

FIERCELY let the battle rage
On the proud insulting foe;
Let the feeble breast of age—
With energetic ardour flow.

Not the spear that brightly gleams
Thro' the radiant ranks of fight,
Not the sword whose fiercer beams
Hover round a blaze of light.

Not the cannons hideous roar
Shall our destined prey defend;
Valour stalks on yonder shore,
Pain of death his steps attend.

High he waves the fork in air,
Emblem once of peace and joy;
War is now his only care,
Arms his every thought employ.

Hark! the gallant fight is clos'd
Far and wide the carnage spreads;
Valour to despair oppos'd
Swift the rank of battle leads.

Britons, rise, to vengeance rise,
Heav'n shall aid the forceful blow;
Britons shout, for yonder lies
Stretch'd on earth, the slaughter'd foe!

Morning Herald.

BRITANNIA's TRIUMPHS.

Written during the late War.

BY MR. COURTENAY.

LET France her vain Republic boast,
Her slavish system sing,
Bright Freedom gilds Britannia's coast,
And shields her sacred King.

CHORUS.

Britannia, then, your foes defy,
Your glorious flag unfurl,
The cross victorious wave on high,
And vengeful thunder hurl.

Tho' France and haughty Spain combine
For empire o'er the main;
Howe's, Vincent's lightning fires their line,
And bids Britannia reign.

Britannia, &c.

Batavia's

Batavia's fleet, 'midst shoals and isles,
In vain the tempest tries;
Bold Duncan shakes her trembling piles,
And wins the glorious prize.
Britannia, &c.

Hibernia tunes her joyful lyre,
For lo! in wild dismay,
Gaul's banner strikes to Warren's fire,
And yields the brilliant day.
Britannia, &c.

Let Egypt tell our Nelson's praise,
Heroically brave,
While Gallia's navy sheds a blaze
O'er the Nile's blood-stain'd wave.
Britannia, &c.

At Britain's call, his dreaded line
Now shakes your hostile shore;
See Danish valour only shine
To add one trophy more.
Britannia, &c.

While victory crowns our sea-girt isle,
And hearts of oak rejoice;
His best reward is beauty's smile,
And sweet exulting voice.
Britannia, &c.

While noble acts our triumphs grace,
From patriot zeal they flow,
We own the bleeding sailor's race,
And sooth the widow's woe.
Britannia, &c.

Danger and death Britannia braves,
Say—can she ever fall?
*Her circling trench the foaming waves
And fleets her floating wall.
Britannia, &c.

Let wine and joy illume each brow,
While loyal plaudits ring,
To Vincent, Duncan, Nelson, Howe,
And England's laurel'd King.
Britannia, then your foes defy,
Your conquering flag unfurl,
The cross victorious wave on high
And vengeful thunder hurl.

LINES,

Written on a blank leaf of a History of the French Revolution, during the late struggle for Freedom, in Switzerland.

I hate mock Freedom's frantic noise,
Her canting, philanthropic voice,
Those crocodile effusions!
Practis'd upon the Rights of Man,
By every Gallic Charlatan
With magical delusions.
Amid the necromantic glare,
Deceit conceals a hidden snare,
Envelop'd deep in gloom;
Proscriptions, dungeons, and the cord,
The axe, the dagger, and the sword,
A Royal Martyr's tomb!

While hearts shall beat, and tears shall flow,
For public wrong, and private woe,
We weep those savage crimes:
Thy brood, atrocious France! alone,
Before unheard of, and unknown,
Reserv'd for modern times.

Cæsar's ambition, Nero's wrath,
Marius, and Sylla's works of death,
Their blush of guilt turns pale,
Before the sanguinary blaze,
That crimsons thy degenerate days,
And stains thy coat of mail.

* In vain the nations have conspir'd her fall,
Her trench the sea, and fleets her floating wall.

Thousands

Thousands in horrid caverns pine,
Or crush'd in pits their breath resign,
Or sink beneath the wave!
Blown from the cannon thousands fly:
Are these the fruits of liberty,
Or, deeds that mark the brave?

When nations, independent, free,
By arms subdued, must bend the knee,
Thy pride, and power, to swell;
Sure Heaven in wrath shall blast the deed,
And launch the freedom-feather'd reed,
That flew from William Tell.

Ye powers! from your unerring hand,
To that devoted, guilty land,
Where Freedom bleeding lies;
Direct the patriotic dart,
And lodge it in the monster's heart,
Who scorns her tears and sighs.

Avenge a murder'd Monarch's cause,
And Europe's violated laws,
The world to peace restore;
Ambition, treachery, fraud, and spoil,
May vengeance grasp them in his toil,
—Their reign of blood be o'er.

British Neptune.

BRITAIN's WAR-SONG.

SOUND the startling trump of battle,
Bid the crimson'd banner wave;
Bid the cannon's thundering rattle
Wake to war the Good and Brave.
Britons to arms!

Drunk with blood, with conquest daring,
See yon rav'ning hordes advance;
Albion's ruin hear them swearing,
Crush'd, enslav'd, by slavish France.
Britons to arms!

Sons of Freedom, Sons of Glory!
Shall they, shall they threat and live?
Vengeance waits them, grim and gory;
Vengeance such as Heroes give!
Britons to arms!

Quenchless through the peace of ages,
Brooding o'er these blissful plains,
High the flame of Valour rages,
Boils the blood in British veins.
Britons to arms!

Idly, spoilers, have ye vaunted;
Firm our Patriot Legions stand;
Hands united, hearts undaunted,
Guardians of their native land.
Britons to arms!

Mothers, virgins, calm and tearless
Hear the trumpet's loud alarms!
Know, that Britons, free and fearless,
Dare defy the World in arms.
Britons to arms!

AN ADDRESS TO A SHILLING,

WHICH THE

AUTHOR GAVE TO THE SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE SUPPORT OF HIS COUNTRY.

GO forth, my mite! and join the heap,
That Loyalty bestows;
Go guard our coast, go rule the deep,
And thunder on our foes.

Be not abash'd—resign thy fear,
That weak and poor thou art;
'Twas honest labour brought thee here,
And freedom bids us part.

Go forth—and when amid the train
Of glitt'ring thousands prest,
Should some proud guinea look disdain,
Be thus thy speech address't:

"Tho' from no golden heaps I came,
Nor boast a purse-proud owner;
A sterling shilling is my name,
And loyal is the donor.

His debts when paid, he found me o'er,
And gave me with good will;
Oft wish'd me gold, or, what is more,
But equal to his zeal."

I see thy little heart beats high,
And pants in every string;
Then out with energy, and cry,
"Britannia and her K-ng."

HARRY HORACE.

THE INVASION PUT OFF.

(A Parody on Gray's Ode to Spring.)

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A VOLUNTEER.

LO! when the plunder-loving slaves
Of Bonaparte appear,
Disclose their projects on the waves
And catch the falling year.
The little Consul pours his throat,
Perch'd on a snug-flat-bottom'd boat;
His slaves re-echo to their king.
While winds, that far the British keep,
Their proud invaders o'er the deep
In safe procession bring.

Where e'er the paddling Frenchmen stretch
Along the shelvy shore;
Where'er their skulking course they fetch,
And ruthless Myriads pour;—
Be mine, beside some patriot-band,
At Honor's call to guard the strand;
And there to view, while dealing blows,
How vain the swelling Consul's pride,
How brave the British when they're tried,
How puny are their foes!

Still is the toiling artist's hand,
And hush'd are labour's sounds;
While thro' the ranks that fill the land,
"To arms, to arms," resounds;
The well-train'd youth are on the wing,
To guard their Country and their King,
And bravely shield the British coast;
While on their barks, full many a score
Of loyal Tars their thunders pour,
And whelm the Gallic host.

To Patriotism's prophetic eye,
Such is Invasion's fate;
And they that fight, and they that fly,
Shall fall by those they hate.
Alike the Consul, and his crew,
May threaten what they mean to do,
And fortune favour'd reach our shore;
Till gall'd in front, in flank, in rear,
Wile all is slaughter, rout and fear,
They sink to rise no more.

Methinks the voice, from yonder coast,
Of Talleyrand I hear;
"And what art thou who dar'st to boast—
A paltry Volunteer.

Thy Comrades never fought for hire,
Scarce have they learnt to prime and fire:
Yet, since such spirit they display,
Lest thy prediction should prove true,
And Bonaparte his project rue,
We'll put it off till May."

BRITANNIA,

EMPRESS OF THE SEA.

TUNE.—"*Rule Britannia.*"

ON snowy wings angelic Peace,
To bless the world delighted came;
She bad discordant tumults cease,
And cherish'd Friendship's dying flame.

CHORUS.

And great Britannia, fav'rite of the skies,
Knew how to estimate the prize.

Now Gallic breasts, by envy own'd,
To curb her glory and renown,
Have hateful war again enthron'd,
And redemand the Tyrant's frown.
But fam'd Britannia, mistress of the waves,
Despises threats from abject slaves.

Her fleets already dare the main,
Their flags triumphant o'er it swell;
The noblest freedom to maintain,
Whose loss let poor Helvetia tell.
Glorious Britannia, liberty is thine,
And ever round thy throne shall shine.

Oh! union fill each British heart;
When nerv'd by thee we matchless stand,
To execute the grateful part,
Defence of King, of laws, and land.
Britons resolv'd, Britannia still shall be,
Unrival'd Empress of the sea.

O THE
ROAST BEEF
OF OLD ENGLAND

THE ANTI-GALLICAN.

NUMBER XI.

ODE.

By Dr. GEORGE SHAW.

HIGH where yon rock aspiring towers,
Britain, thy holy guardian stands.
First his prophetic prayer he pours,
Then views with lofty scorn thy foe's audacious bands.

O Thou, by whom the chosen race
With feet unwetted pass'd the sand,
While wat'ry walls around them hung,
Upheld by Thy all-powerful hand;
Guard with Thy shield Britannia's patriot train,
Or whelm yon fiercer Pharaoh in the main!

Eager to meet the fiend of France,
See Britain's fiery sons advance;
Tyrant, avaunt! no land of slaves
Before thy haggard glance appears;
No sad Egyptian race to stoop,
And shed unpitied tears.
In this green isle's protected ground,
Heav'n spreads its choicest sweets around;
There Liberty in triumph reigns,
Fresh as the verdure of the plains.
No tribes like thine unhallow'd must intrude;
Or welter round her sea-girt coast, and tinge the waves with blood.

View on her shores yon proud array,
And measure back thy wat'ry way;
O'er crowds of slaves, a fell usurper, reign,
While ruin'd millions gnaw the galling chain.

Monster! by Heaven's mysterious will,
Perchance one fatal glory waits thee still:
Than fits thy crimes a brighter destiny!
To fall on England's shore! by British hands to die!

See o'er the gloomy tyrant's face
The yellow paleness paler grow!
See, thro' the change of mad despair,
Yon cheek assumes a feeble glow!
'Tis done!—thy doom is seal'd; thy race is run;
Thy laurels blasted, and thy trophies gone!

Thus may Ambition's sons accurs'd
For ever fall and die;
Thus Britain's sons for ever guard
Their land of Liberty!

INSTRUCTIONS

For the conduct of VOLUNTEERS *during Invasion; extracted from the Regimental Orders, issued by* LIEUT. COL. HOPE, *to the first regiment of Royal Edinburgh Volunteers.*

IN the view of the regiment being called into actual service, the Lieutenant Colonel thinks it necessary to issue orders applicable to that event.—As it is the first duty of a commanding officer to attend to the health of those under his charge, the Lieutenant-Colonel assures the regiment, that he will not permit a single gentleman, officer, or private, to march out of Edinburgh on service, unless he is provided with a flannel under-dress. This is at all times the best clothing for a soldier; but for a winter campaign, in such a climate as this, and with constitutions not accustomed to hardships, it is essentially necessary, and on no account to be dispensed with.

In this regiment, the officers cannot be permitted to have any indulgences or accommodation beyond the privates. They must therefore march with their whole baggage on their backs, of which the Lieutenant-Colonel shall set the example, never mounting his horse, but for the purpose of command. In camp or quarters no distinction of tents or rooms will be permitted. Officers and privates must fare alike, but the officers will mess together, as it will give opportunities, not otherwise to be easily obtained, of conversing on many points of regimental duty.

The horses, which by the King's regulations, are allowed to the officers, will be appropriated to general purposes. The only exception to this is to be in favour of the chaplain, adjutant, and surgeons.

Every officer and private, therefore, will immediately provide himself with the following articles, and keep them constantly packed up in the neatest and most compact manner.

1 Worsted or flannel night-cap to tie under the chin.
2 Flannel underwaistcoats, with sleeves, or at least half sleeves to the elbows, and to come well down over the loins.
2 Pair of flannel drawers.

2 Pair

2 Pair of thick worsted stockings, or ancle socks.
2 Pair of strong shoes,
[One of these to be on the body, and the other in the knapsack.]
1 Pair of worsted gloves.
1 Good warm blanket—one blanket easily covers two men, and to be so used, if the cold requires it.
Comb, brush, and implements for shaving, but as few as possible. A piece of pipe clay and blacking ball. A few needles, and worsted and thread.

Each gentleman may also bring with him his ordinary great coat, as the blanket renders it less necessary to have proper watch coats.

Each officer and private will also provide himself, and repair to the alarm post (on the north side of St. Andrew's Square, unless differently ordered), with four pound and a half of biscuit or bread. Haversacks, canteens, camp kettles, and bill-hooks, are to be issued to the regiment from the King's stores. Knapsacks will be furnished out of the regimental fund.

On halting for the day or night, the Lieutenant Colonel earnestly recommends, that no gentleman shall lie down to sleep while warm, or with wet feet—but, however fatigued, always to take time to cool gradually, and to put on his dry stockings and shoes. In case of being very wet, it is highly useful to rub the body and limbs with spirits, warm if possible, taking at the same time a mouthful, and not more, inwardly, diluted with warm water, if to be had. Gentlemen will see the propriety of not taking too much money with them. One or two guineas at most, part in silver, will be sufficient.

As to the field, the Lieutenant-Colonel has little to say. Much will be expected by their country from such a regiment. The Lieutenant-Colonel has no anxiety on the subject, except from its impetuosity. If the regiment were acting singly against another small body, this might produce no bad effect. —But acting in combination with other troops, perhaps in the centre of a line or chain of posts, all movements must be relative, and by rushing forward prematurely, the line may be broken, other regiments or posts exposed to be taken in flank, and the whole plans of the Commander disconcerted, by the necessity of supporting a body which has improperly pushed forward, or reinforcing the post it has quitted. The regiment, therefore, will recollect, that true courage consists as much in suffering as in acting—as much, or more, in coolly facing danger, as in furiously rushing on it. There is little probability that the General will allow young and high spirited troops to be long galled by distant fire. The regiment may be assured, that they will be allowed to close with the enemy, whenever it can be done to advantage.

Whenever that moment comes, the Lieutenant-Colonel reminds the regiment of the instructions he has been inculcating on them at drill, to make their charge with the utmost steadiness and precision, so that all parts of the line, by coming in contact with the enemy at the same instant, may support one another. The leading company will take care not to hurry too much, but to carry on the line, so that each individual may preserve the entire command of his person; that he may be able freely to use his bayonet, not only to thrust, but to parry. If the charge is made with too great rapidity, the line will be broke, one part of the regiment will be cut to pieces before another comes up, and the whole will

rush on certain destruction; whereas, if the charge is made steadily and correctly, the superior strength and *impetus* of this regiment must bear down whatever is in its way.

If the force of the enemy, in immediate contact with this regiment, be broken, the pursuit is by no means to be made without orders. It may be necessary to wheel to the right or left to support other parts of the line.

In firing, the regiment will see the folly and danger of firing at random. If their fire is ineffectual, they may as well stand to be shot at with ordered arms. Every individual must take a steady aim, so as to be certain that his shot will take place in some part of the platoon opposite to him. If the smoke prevents the regiment from seeing the enemy's line distictly, they will always see the flash from the muzzles of their muskets, by which the regiment can direct its own fire. In short, let the object rather be to keep up a well-directed, than a very quick fire—always remembering, that as little time be lost in loading as possible. It will be the business of the supernumerary rank in the rear to look over the shoulders of the ranks in front, and to correct any error in the aim.

When prisoners are taken they are to be immediately disarmed and passed to the rear.

If the regiment (which is not likely) should be charged in front by cavalry, they will on no account fire till ordered, and then only the two front ranks; the front rank taking aim at the horses, and the centre rank at the men. If the fire is reversed, and then given, within a few yards, in the faces of the cavalry, one half will drop, and the horses, in all probability, will carry the other half to the right about;—and, at all events, if the regiment will only receive them steadily, without breaking, though the whole may be overthrown, very few will be killed or hurt. Receiving a charge from cavalry, each rank will charge their bayonets, one over the other. The supernumerary rank to close well up to the rear, so that the cavalry may have no time to make a cut at them.

Should the regiment be drawn up on a beach to oppose the landing of the enemy, it will probably be ordered to reserve its fire—as the horizontal fire of musquetry, against men well covered in boats, must be very ineffectual. In such cases, it is only cannon which can play on the enemy with effect.—The battalion, therefore, will reserve its fire till the boats take the ground, when each officer commanding a platoon will pour in his fire on the boat opposite to him, at the instant the enemy oppose themselves, by rising up in the boat in order to leap on shore—a well-directed fire against men so huddled together must be destructive, and the battalion will instantly give them the bayonet, before they have time to form and recover from their confusion. It is hardly possible that any troops can withstand this mode of attack; whereas, if met only by a distant fire from the heights, they will suffer little—will infallibly land and form, and press on with all the spirit and advantage which usually attend the assailants. This was precisely the error which the French committed, when opposing the landing of our troops in Egypt.

Should the boats of the enemy be fitted with guns in their bows, the battalion will endeavour to shelter itself behind sand-hills, walls, or broken ground, while the enemy pull for the shore; and it will not be advanced to the beach, till the boats are nearly aground, when, of course, the enemy cannot

cannot give above one discharge of their guns, which becoming useless the moment they attempt to land, the regiment will attack them as already directed.

Adhering to these hints—steadily obeying orders, restraining impetuosity, and fighting with the cool determined courage of their native minds, instead of imitating the intoxicated and blind fury of their enemy, and, above all, calling on the God of Battles to aid them in the preservation of those blessings which He has conferred upon them, this regiment may hope to render essential service, and to merit a large share of that glory which shall be acquired by all the forces of their country, in repelling the threatened Invasion.

By order of the Commanding Officer,

BAIN WHYT,
Capt. and Adj. 1st Regt. R. E. V.

WARNING TO BRITONS;

Or a faint description of the barbarities, rapacities, and cruelties committed by the French, in those Countries which they have entered, either as friends or foes.

ITALY.

IN 1796, Bonaparte, at the head of a numerous French army, invaded Italy, declaring to the people, that he came as their friend and their brother, to deliver them from taxes and slavery, and promising them safety for their persons, security for their property, respect for their laws, and reverence for their religion. They listened, they believed; they threw open their gates, they laid down their arms, they received the Gallic Serpent to their bosom! and fatal indeed were the effects of their credulity! His reverence for their religion he displayed by giving up all their places of worship to indiscriminate plunder, and by defiling them with every species of sacrilege; his respect for their laws was evinced, not only by the abrogation of those laws, but by the arbitrary enforcements of an unconditional submission to the mandates of himself and his generals; the security which he promised to their property was exhibited in enormous contributions, in the seizure of all public funds, as well as those of every charitable foundation, not excepting schools, hospitals, or any other resource for the support of the poor, the aged and the helpless; and as to the persons of the unfortunate people, he provided for their safety by laying the whole country under the severest military execution; by giving up their towns and villages to fire and sword, and by exposing the inhabitants to be pillaged and murdered by his rapacious and inhuman soldiers, whom he authorized and even ordered to shoot every man that attempted to resist them, whatever might be the crimes in which they were engaged.

EGYPT.

BOANPARTE invaded Egypt, where he repeated his promises to respect religion, property, and persons; and where, the more effectually to disguise his purposes, he issued a proclamation, declaring himself and his army to be true Mahometans; and boasting of having made war upon the Christians, and destroyed their religion. One of his first deeds, after this act of apostacy, was to massacre almost all the inhabitants of the populous city of Alexandria. "The people," says one of his generals, "betake themselves to their Prophet, and fill their mosques; but men and women, old and young, and even babes at the breast, are all massacred!" Some time after this sanguinary transaction, Bonaparte, having made prisoners of three

three thousand eight hundred Turks, in the fortress of Jaffa, and wishing to relieve himself from the trouble and expence of guarding and supporting them, ordered them to be marched to an open place, where part of his army fired on them with musketry and grape shot, stabbing and cutting to death the few who escaped the fire, while he himself looked on and rejoiced at the horrid scene. Nor were his cruelties, while in Egypt, confined to those whom he called his enemies; for finding his hospitals at Jaffa crowded with sick soldiers, and desiring to disencumber himself of them, he ordered one of his physicians to destroy them by poison; the physician refused to obey; but an apothecary was found willing to perpetrate the deed; opium was mixed with the food, and thus five hundred and eighty Frenchmen perished by the order of the General, under whose banners they had fought; by the order of that very man, to whose despotic sway the whole French nation now patiently submit. Let them so submit; but let us not think of such shameful, such degrading submission.

Such was the treatment which the country experienced under Bonaparte, But when he had disgracefully fled from the land which he had thus ravaged, fleeced and scourged, his vile army still continued to commit those abominable excesses which had marked their progress in every country so unfortunate as to fall under their tyranny.

The following extract from a book, written by the desire of, and dedicated to, Bonaparte, sufficiently speaks for itself:—"The fate of the people for whose happiness we no doubt came to Egypt, was no better. If, at our approach, terror made them leave their houses, they found, on their return, nothing but the mud of which the walls were composed: utensils, ploughs, gates, roofs, every thing served to boil our soup; their pots were broken, their grain was eaten, their fowls and pigeons roasted, and nothing was left but the carcases of their dogs, when they defended the property of their masters. If we remained in their villages the wretches were summoned to return, under pain of being treated as rebels, and, in consequence, doubly taxed; and when they yielded to these menaces, and came to pay their tax, it sometimes happened that from their great number, they were taken for a body of revolters, their sticks for arms, and they received some discharges of musketry before there was time for explaining the mistake; the dead were interred, and we remained friends till a safe opportunity for revenge occured."

SWITZERLAND.

In Switzerland, where high rank and great riches were unknown, where men were nearest upon an equality than in any other country in the world; in a country *having no commerce, scarcely any manufactures*, and possessing few of the sources of wealth and distinction; a country of shepherds and labourers; a country which might be truly said to contain a nation of poor men; in such a country to cry "War to Palaces" seemed useless and absurd. Yet did the French find a pretext for war with this poor and harmless race, and for invading and laying waste their territory.

After having, by means of an armistice, joined to the most solemn promise of respect for persons and property, lulled the people into a state of imaginary security, the armistice was broken, and the French pushed on their forces, when those of the Swiss were dispersed. Resistance on the part of the

the latter, whose numbers did not amount to a tenth of those of their flagitious enemy, now became hopeless: and though the little army was brave, though the people were faithful and active, though the last battle was long, obstinate and bloody; though the Swiss achieved wonders, and though the women fought by the sides of their husbands, inciting them to victory or death, all was in vain! Hundreds and thousands perished by the sabres of the French, and while the earth was strewed with their dead bodies, and while the flames ascended from the once happy dwellings of this valiant and innocent people, the hard-earned and long preserved liberties of Switzerland expired.

HOLLAND.

When the French Armies entered the territories of Holland, her motto was, "War to the Palace, but Peace to the Cottage." They came to deliver the people from their rulers, and from the burthens which those rulers imposed. The Dutch, like the Italians, lent an ear to their artful and perfidious declarations, believing that their cottages would be spared, and careless of the fate of the palace. But, alas! they soon found, that French rapacity, like the hail and the thunder, fell alike on the thatched roof and the gilded doom. The palaces once seized on, the cottages soon followed; while all those who were found in the intermediate space, the merchants, the manufacturer, the farmer and the tradesman, were sunk in the common ruin: happy, if by the loss of their property, they had the good fortune to preserve their lives!

These miserable beings possess nothing of their own; they can acquire nothing with the hope of enjoying or bequeathing it; they can make no provision for the weakness of disease, the feebleness of old age, or the helplessness of infancy; they are the mere political drudges of a hard-hearted tyrant, who suffers them to live only while their labours administer to his projects of ambition, and who, when his purposes demand it, puts an end at once to their toils and their existence.

GERMANY.

The invasions of this country were attended with crimes too atrocious to be credited, were they not proved by indisputable evidence, and did they not accord with the general practice of the inhuman wretches by whom they were committed. In adverting to these detestable acts of oppression and cruelty, we must recollect, that they were perpetrated upon a people who had made no resistance of any sort against the invaders, and who, in every instance, had entered into an agreement with the French Generals, to pay them great sums of money, in order to preserve their country from plunder. In consequence of the ransom thus wrung from the people, the invaders declared, by public proclamation, that the persons and property of the inhabitants should be strictly respected; and that their rights, usages, laws and religion, should remain inviolate and undisturbed. On these assurances, thus solemnly made, the credulous people all implicitly relied, while some of the poorer classes regarded the French, not as enemies, but as their deliverers from taxes and labour. No sooner had the invasion taken place, no sooner had the French become masters of the Country, than they spread themselves over it like beasts of prey, devouring and destroying every thing before them. They spared neither cities nor towns, neither villages nor hamlets, nor solitary houses; from the

church

church to the cell, from the castle to the cottage, no state of life, however lofty, or however humble, escaped their rapacious assaults; no sanctity escaped their veneration; no grandeur their respect; no misery their forbearance or their pity. After having plundered the houses of the gentry, the clergy, and the tradesman; after having pillaged the shops, warehouses and manufactories, they proceeded to the farm-houses and cottages, they rifled the pockets and chests of the inhabitants, cut open their beds, took up the floors of the rooms, dug up their cellars, searched the newly made graves, and broke open the coffins, in hopes of finding secreted money. They sometimes threatened people with immediate death, sometimes put them to the torture, sometimes lacerated and crippled them, in order to wring from them a discovery of their little pittance of ready money. The deepest and most apparent poverty was no protection against their rapacity; grey hairs and lisping infancy, the sick, the dying, women in child bed, were alike exposed to the most inhuman treatment; dragged from their beds, kicked, wounded, and frequently killed, under the pretence that they were the keepers of secreted treasure. The teams and flocks, cattle of every kind, the marauders drove off, cut to pieces on the spot, or left in a state of mutilation; corn, hay and straw, they wasted or burnt! they demolished the household furniture; destroyed the utensils of the dairies, the barns and the stables; tore down the gates; levelled the fences. In many places they stripped the clothes from the backs of the people, set their liquor flowing in the cellar, burnt their provisions to ashes. The churches, whether Romish or Protestant, they rendered a scene of indiscriminate robbery, of sacrilege and blasphemy, too shocking to describe. Towards women of all ages and all conditions, they were guilty of brutality never before heard of: neither extreme youth nor extreme age; neither weakness nor deformity, nor the most loathsome diseases; neither the pangs of labour nor the agonies of death could restrain them; shrieks, tears, supplications, were of no avail; and where fathers, husbands or brothers interfered, murder seldom failed to close the horrible scene.

Such are the barbarities which have been inflicted on other nations. The recollection of them will never be effaced; the melancholy story will be handed down from generation to generation, to the everlasting infamy of the Republicans of France, and as an awful warning to all those nations whom they may hereafter attempt to invade. We are one of those nations; we are the people whom they are now preparing to invade; awful, indeed, is the warning, and, if we despise it, tremendous will be the judgment!

FORMIDABLE SITUATION *OF GREAT BRITAIN* AT THIS DAY.

IN the midst of the immense preparations that are hourly making to resist the attack of France, that circumstance which deserves most consideration, is the order and regularity with which they are conducted, and the devotion expressed by all men and all parties to the cause of their country. Every class of society seems unanimously to correspond in one idea. This idea is to fix their chief attention upon the necessity of suspending the prosecution of all avocations interfering with the great duty of national defence, and

and of sacrificing to that alone the pursuit of every other species of business, however lucrative, however tempting. It is not certainly a common effort of resolution, that has brought forward the prodigious numbers, that are now vying with each other who shall produce the noblest exertions, for the service and honour of the state. Since the celebrated transactions that took place at Rome, during the second Punic War, when, after the defeat of the Romans at the battle of Cannæ, where seventy thousand of their bravest men were slain, all orders of citizens determined to bury themselves under the ruins of Rome, rather than yield to the enemy. No precedents of national resolution have equalled those that are now displayed in every part of Great Britain. It was not surprising, that a people wholly devoted to arms, hardly conversant in any other occupation; a nation, in short, composed entirely of Soldiers, should come to a determination to perish sooner than submit to a conqueror. Such were the Romans: inured from their infancy to all the hardships of a military life, and bred up to suffer all manner of toil, and to encounter every description of danger, it would have been inconsistent with their character, to act otherwise than they did. But in a country like Great Britain, inhabited by a nation used from childhood to plenty and ease, and educated in the arts of peace, nothing can prove more demonstratively the native elevation of soul with which they are endowed, than the readiness they have exhibited, in renouncing at once all their habitual pursuits, and giving up every gratification, not only without reluctance, but with as much alacrity, as if the greatest emoluments that usually attract the cupidity of mankind were set before their eyes. The truth is, that the preservation of the British name from disgrace, and of the rank and dignity which their country has enjoyed during so many ages, is an allurement that has at all times attracted them more powerfully than any other. Every circumstance and transaction of social life, whether of a serious or a pleasurable nature, is accordingly at this critical season, converted to the furtherance of that purpose. The importance of it occupies all their attention, and has absorbed those various objects that previously employed a people, whose active turn of mind led them continually into every species of exertion, both of body and intellect. Instead of dedicating their time to that multiplicity of employments, arising from commercial speculations, and from a long and prosperous application to the arts of industry, they listen only to the call of national honour; laying cheerfully aside all other business, as secondary and adventitious; or rendering it conducive to the great and capital end they have now in view—the resistance and overthrow of the enemy. This now engrosses all their thoughts, and occupies all their ingenuity. The divers instances of useful discoveries and inventions daily produced by men of talents, in many parts of the land, fully countenance the persuasion of those who have carefully examined the genius of the natives of Britain; which is, that though they are super-eminent in adopting and improving whatever comes from abroad, they are also hardly at all less excellent in the production of original proofs of an inventive disposition. The daily papers swarm in a manner with advertisements, that shew the creative talents of many of our countrymen. We hear, from

almost every port, of new devices in the maritime department, far superior to those that are brought forward in foreign parts, where the desire of serving our enemies, or rather the fear of displeasing them, sets all heads and hands at work to that intent. France, with all the genius ascribed to her for novelty of contrivance, and all the helps she constantly receives from those whom she holds in subjection, has not yet been able to equal either the art or the solidity, of the multifarious contrivances, which the indefatigable industry of our people is incessantly framing for the the public service, by sea or by land.

ADDRESS

To the FARMERS, *and Brave Inhabitants of the* WEALD of SUSSEX.

" COUNTRYMEN,

" IN the invasion with which England is threatened, the enemy intend marching, in two columns, THROUGH OUR COUNTY, not from choice, for they certainly would wish to avoid our strong wooded positions of defence, but that they cannot otherwise move up to the capital, without taking a road too long to enable these columns to co-operate with those they propose to march there, through Suffolk and Essex—Many of you, I know, do not believe this invasion will take place, and many who do believe it, from the nature of their business, think they cannot spare the time necessary to enable them to join the volunteer corps, which are forming in their neighbourhood. To these two classes I particularly address myself, being convinced that these opinions will, shortly, by the appearance of the enemy, be removed; and that then every one will strive who shall most distress him, and who shall best do his duty to his country. To point out the ready mode of so doing, in your power, is my intention. Each, then, of you lose no time in buying a stock of powder, and lead sufficient to make balls or slugs for 20 or 30 discharges of your fowling-pieces: make these slugs immediately, and then lay them in a bag, with half a dozen flints, a turnscrew, and a pricker. Clean your gun, and see that the lock does its duty, and keep it so. Learn the range of the shot, try it at 100, 150, 200, and 250 yards, and endeavour to fix these distances in your eye.—Appoint some particular waggon and driver to carry away your family, and make him acquainted with the road by which he is to move, avoiding the turnpike as much as possible, as otherwise the march of the troops towards the enemy will either be impeded, or it may prevent the removal. Name persons to drive off your horses and cattle; horses being of most service to the enemy, must be moved first, oxen next, and sheep last. Should a party of the enemy be moving in such a direction as to make it doubtful you will be able to carry off your horses, fail not to kill them. Recollect that Government will pay amply for every thing destroyed; and that if you do your utmost to distress the enemy, you will be paid even for a broken plate.—The enemy will generally move by night, more particularly of a stormy one. If you believe him within ten or twelve miles of you, and you have not left your house (of course your cattle have been moved on the first alarm), place a person to watch on the road betwixt you and him, at such a distance, as to give you notice, in time, of the approach of any of the parties. In this case set fire to your barn or stack yard, which will point out their situation to the King's troops, and be

the

the means of their being cut off, and quickly take your station behind some wall or tree, from whence you may have a view of the door of your house; they will make to this of course, when you will take your aim, and give a shot; knowing the roads, there can be no doubt of your escape. If any of their parties approach by day, set fire, as before, as the smoke will direct our troops; but take your station near some shaw or coppice, from whence, without being seen, you may leisurely take aim; rest always the point of your gun; a gimblet screwed into a tree makes an excellent rest.

"Ten or twelve determined marksmen, knowing the country, will do more service than ten times their number of regular infantry; they will find a coppice a safe retreat from either infantry or cavalry; as it hides their numbers, no infantry will dare enter it to drive them out, and cavalry cannot.—Observe where the enemy takes up his quarters, approach at night as near as possible, and fire at the centinel; this will make the whole party stand to their arms, and by breaking their rest will distress them. A party formed for this laudable purpose, should, when they halt, post a centinel in a tree to discover the enemy. At night, should the centinel be doubtful of any one's approach, let him put his ear to the ground. Every person going towards the enemy, or being where he has no obvious business, should be arrested, and sent to head-quarters.

"Persons who may be, from various causes, unable to take the field against the foe, may yet do much service; such as watching, and giving information of the motions of the enemy; by felling a tree across the road, by which he perceives the enemy are conveying stores, or by carrying to or pointing out to our army, provisions.

"Let me repeat, lose no time in laying by a stock of ammunition, and practise at a mark every opportunity.

A Sussex Yeoman."

QUEEN ELIZABETH's PRAYER

FOR

THE SUCCESS OF HER ARMS.

MOST Omnipotent Maker and Guider of all this world's mass! that alone searchest and fathomest the bottom of all hearts, and in them seest the true original of all actions intended. Thou, that by thy foresight dost truly discern, how no malice of revenge, nor quittance of injury, nor desire of bloodshed, nor greediness of lucre, hath bred the resolution of our new collected Army; but a heedful care and a wary watch, that no neglect of foes, nor over-surety of harm, might breed either danger to us, or glory to them. We crave, with bowed knees and hearts of humility, thy large hand of helping power to assist our just cause; not founded on pride's motion, nor begun on malice stock, but (as thou best knowest to whom nought is hid) grounded on just defence from wrongs, from hate, and bloody desires of conquest.

These being the grounds, O God! (of our present warfare) since thou hast imparted means to defend that which thou hast given, we humbly beseech thee, with bended knees, to prosper the work, speed the journey, give the victory, and make the return—the advancement of thy glory, the triumph of thy fame, and surety of the realm, with the least loss of English blood, to such as despise their lives for their

their country's good, in a good cause; that all foreign lands may laud and admire the omnipotency of the work for thee only to perform. So shall thy name be spread, for wonders wrought, and the faithful encouraged to repose in thy unfellowed grace; and we be enchained in thy bond for perpetual slavery, and live and die the sacrificers of our souls, for such obtained favour. To these devout petitions, Lord, give thy blessed grant.—Amen.

ADDRESS

To the inhabitants of Manchester and Salford, proposed by GEORGE PHILIPS, Esq. *at the meeting of the First Battalion of Manchester and Salford Volunteers, August 13th,* 1803.

FELLOW TOWNSMEN,

AT a time when a powerful and merciless enemy, inflamed with a deadly hatred of this country, threatens us with an invasion on a more extended scale than was ever attempted in the history of the world, it is incumbent on every man who prizes the free Constitution bequeathed to us by our ancestors, and who would provide at the same time for its preservation, and for the security of himself and his family, to take advantage of such opportunities as his peculiar circumstances afford him of learning the use of arms, and of preparing to render to the state all the assistance in his power, in case of emergency. It is no common danger that assails us; nor will common means of resistance enable us to surmount it. We must not now trust for safety to our navy alone, matchless as it is in power, and skill, and valour; we must not now rest alone on our regular troops, though they have so lately won immortal glory for themselves and their country in Syria, and in Egypt; but we must place our dependence on ourselves, on our own strength, and on our own courage. We must become an armed nation, if we would not be an enslaved one; if we would not crouch to a bloody tyrant, whom submission cannot appease, who spares neither sex nor age; who murders, *as Jaffa can tell,* with unrelenting fury, the defenceless and unoffending; and who has even poisoned without remorse, his fellow soldiers, when disabled by wounds received under his own command.—Such, fellow townsmen, is the man who threatens to desolate our happy isle with his savage hordes; who would let them loose, to plunder us of our property, to masacre, in our presence, our helpless children and aged parents, and to violate, as they have done in other countries, wives before their husbands, daughters before their fathers, and sisters before their brothers. Where is the Briton who would not be ready to repel the ruffian swarms, and to inflict on them a terrible and memorable revenge! Where is the man among us who would not prefer certain death to the loss of our native freedom, to a base and precarious existence, at the will of a foreign Usurper?

A large body of the inhabitants of these towns has now an opportunity of being taught the use of arms, in this battalion, as well as in other volunteer corps which are already assembling. To Arms, then, fellow Townsmen! let us have recourse to whatever manner is most consistent with our respective situations, and will tend most effectually to our common advantage and security. In this sacred warfare, all ought to take a part, whose circumstances do not make it impossible for them

them to become soldiers. In arms alone, under Providence, is our security; and he who is unacquainted with the use of them, must expect, in the event of an invasion, to feel as helpless as the women and children whom it is his duty to protect.

A Summary view of the Life and Actions of NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE, *alias* BONAPARTÈ *(at present) FIRST CONSUL of FRANCE, President of the Italian Republic, &c.*

"If the charges are not founded, the man yet lives to exonerate his injured character. If he cannot refute them, then must he sink into his grave loaded with the heavy weight of such offences, and the miserable prescience that execration shall attach to his memory, instead of the fame he coveted; that, on his cenotaph, posterity will inscribe, *Ille venena Colcha et quicquid usquam concipitur nefas tractavit.*"

Birth.—A. D. 1769.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was born on the 15th of August, 1769, in the city of Ajaccio, in Corsica. His father was a lawyer. His grandfather, Joseph Buona, was originally a butcher. His great grandfather, Charles Buona, kept a sort of tavern.—Charles Buona was convicted of robbery and murder, and condemned to the gallies, where he died, in 1724. His wife La Birba, Joseph's mother, died in the House of Correction at Geneva.

It was the fate of Joseph, in some degree, to raise his family. During the civil wars of Corsica, he attached himself to Count Nieuhoff, better known by the name of King Theodore. On the 3d of May, 1736, when Porto-Veccio was attacked, he brought his followers to the assistance of the King, who in return created him a noble, and added to his name the termination PARTE.

After the conquest of the island by the French, Joseph's son, bred as has been intimated to the law, appears to have been a parasite of Count Marbœuf, the Governor. He is accused of having acted as a spy upon the Corsicans, and his wife is represented as a mistress of the Count, who, from whatever motive, was the patron of the family. The two eldest boys, Napoleon and Joseph, he sent to the Vicar-General of Autun, to be placed in the free school there, whence Napoleon was removed to the Royal Military school at Brienne.

Entrance into the Army.

After having been received into the Royal Military School at Paris, he obtained, at an early age, a commission in the artillery service.

Revolutionary Exploits. A. D. 1793. *Age*, 24.

In 1793, in consequence of the situation of the King, many officers were prompted by their loyalty to resign their commissions. Bonaparte, who was without any such obstacle to advancement, became a captain in Lafere's regiment.

Treachery at Corsica.—A. D. 1793.

Being appointed to the command of the Battalion of Ajaccio, he offered to betray that place to Lord Hood, by whose squadron it was then blockaded. The offer was rejected, as coming from too low a quarter; but it having reached the ears of the French commander in chief, Bonaparte was cashiered, and sent to France, where he remained in obscurity and poverty till the evacuation of Toulon.

The Massacre of Toulon—A. D. 1793.

After the English had withdrawn, Bonaparte, in concert with Barras and Freron, collected fifteen hundred of the Toulonese, accused of having favoured the

the designs of the Royalists; marched them, men, women, and children, of all ranks, into the public square; and fired upon them, with grape shot. After the first discharge had taken place, and when those who were not killed had fallen through fear, Bonaparte called to them, saying, that the living might rise, for that the national vengeance was satisfied. The miserable remnant of these pitiable victims, the aged, the wounded, raving mothers, and mangled children, accordingly arose, to profit by the mercy offered them; but no sooner had they, by quitting the earth, made themselves marks for the guns, than he ordered a second discharge, and thus completed their destruction.* The following is a translation of Bonaparte's official letter on this occasion:

Toulon, Dec. 1793.

Citizens Representatives,—Upon the field of glory, my feet inundated with the blood of traitors, I announce to you, with a heart beating with joy, that your orders are executed, and France revenged. Neither sex nor age have been spared, those who escaped, or were only mutilated by the discharges of our Republican cannon, were dispatched by the swords of liberty and the bayonets of equality.

Health and admiration,
BRUTUS BONAPARTE,
Citizen Sans-Culotte.

Arrest of Bonaparte.

This act of hellish barbarity rendered Bonaparte a favorite with Robespierre; but that destroyer being at length, himself destroyed, Bonaparte, with those with whom he acted, became exposed to public vengeance. Joining a party in arms against the existing government he marched to attack Marseilles, but, being beaten at Cujes, he fled to Nice, where he was apprehended, and committed to prison, by the Lieutenant-Colonel, who commanded the *gendarmerie* there, by the order of Beffroi, the Deputy of the Convention, sent to arrest the leaders of the Terrorists: he was afterwards sent to Paris, where receiving the benefit of an amnesty, or act of grace, he was set at large.

The Massacre of Paris.—A. D. 1794 *Age* 25.

Bonaparte remained for some time concealed in Paris, living with Baptiste, an actor at the *Théâtre de la République.* At length, the spirit of Robespierre reviving in Barras and his associates, it was determined on forcing the people of Paris to submit to those who called themselves their representatives. Barras had seen the abilities of Bonaparte at Toulon; and he therefore singled him out for the exploit of dragooning the Parisians. On the fourth of October, 1794 (a day commonly known in France by the name of the *13th Vendemiaire),* Bonaparte swept the streets near the Pont-Neuf, with his artillery, covered the steps of the church of St. Roch with heaps of slaughtered bodies, and massacred in the whole about eight thousand persons.

Plunder and Ravage of Italy.

So satisfied was Barras with the horrible success of the *13th Vendemiaire,* that he gave Bonaparte, in reward, his cast-off mistress for a wife, and appointed him to the command of the troops in Italy. At their head the new General carried universal devastation, not only through the Austrian dominions but through neutral states, as

* This dreadful transaction has furnished Mr. R. K. Porter with a subject for one of the four interesting and truly seasonable prints, which have been published by Hatchard, &c. representing the crimes of Bonaparte, and which, for patriotic purposes, are sold at a price so much beneath their value.

Genoa,

Genoa, Venice, Lucca, Parma, Modena, and the territories of the Pope. In this Italian campaign, cruelty, rapacity and deceit, form the prominent features. To the Pope Bonaparte addressed the following letter:

"Most Holy Father,

"I must first thank your Holiness for the letter which you have done me the honour to write to me. I congratulate myself upon being able to contribute to your particular repose. I conjure your Holiness to distrust those persons who seek to persuade you that France is your enemy: they are only guided by those malicious passions which always bring on the ruin of states. All Europe knows that the pacific and conciliating disposition of the French Republic is only equalled by the similar quality in yourself. The French Republic will always be one of the most sincere of the friends of the Roman See. Your Holiness may assure yourself of the esteem and perfect veneration which I bear towards your person; and I beseech you to believe my desire, upon every occasion, to give proofs of the reverence and respect with which I have the honour to be

"The most devoted of your servants,

"BONAPARTE."

But we must hasten over all this. We must hardly mention the plunder of Lombardy, Mantua, the Imperial Fiefs, Malta, and Carrara, Parma and Placentia, Bologna, Genoa, Venice, Lucca, Modena, and Ferrara, Leghorn, Milan, and Lodi; the massacres of Benasco, Lugo, and Pavia; the breach of faith with the Dukes of Parma and Tuscany. But what became of the plunder? Bonaparte and the other Generals disagreed upon their several shares in the plunder. A French Commissary was sent by the Directory to reconcile the parties. Bonaparte and Berthier were compelled to write two letters, in which they disavowed all the motives of division which were said to exist between them. It was only the positive commands of the Directors, and the rapidity of the military events which followed, that kept within bounds the passionate hatred with which the imperious character of Bonaparte, and the cold indifference with which he lavished the blood of his men, had animated the more virtuous chiefs of the armies of the Republic. At Venice, according to authentic documents, now in the hands of the late British Ambassador, Bonaparte privately stole a diamond necklace of immense value, which is now worn by Madame Bonaparte.

At Pavia, the Magistrates having interfered, to save the people from the bayonet, they were bound together and shot. "I had them shot," says Bonaparte, with brevity, in his official letter. He burnt the town of Benasco, and massacred eight hundred of its inhabitants.

The Duke of Parma saw that he had not a moment to lose in securing them from the revolutionary principles and rapacity of the French General. He solicited a suspension of arms: Bonaparte received his Envoy, a nobleman of the first rank, with insult. Spain interfered, and it was found prudent to grant him his request. Bonaparte, however, was resolved that he sould pay a suitable price: he accordingly made a demand of two millions of livres, one thousand seven hundred horses, two thousand oxen, an immense quantity of provisions, and twenty paintings to be chosen by the French. The Duke was compelled to submit.

By dint of these unrelenting crimes, by the assertion of falshoods, and the commission

commission of murders, by destroying the bold, and terrifying the fearful, he rendered his campaign victorious.

Other Causes of his Success.

There were other causes which contributed to his success; one of these was, the different situations of BONAPARTE and the ARCHDUKE:—the former being wholly independent, and left to his own discretion; the latter being under restraint, even in his simplest motion. The Council of War at Vienna had the imprudence not only to form the general plan of the campaign, but also to assume to itself the charge of directing the execution and local application of it. The Austrian Generals, bound by positive instructions, not daring to undertake any thing contrary to them, and being less responsible for events than for their obedience to the orders which they had received, were often induced to sacrifice opportunities of probable success, and to consider less how to deserve applause, than how to escape censure. The first dispositions of the Austrians being made with care, and the General executing them with scrupulous fidelity, they were almost always crowned with success; but when the chance of war produced any unforeseen events which reduced the Austrian Generals to the impossibility of executing the plan which had been dictated to them, then, being compelled to rely on their own discretion, not being in the habit of taking it for their guide, and fearing to commit themselves, they neither dared, or were capable of acting independently, and did not hazard any of those decisive strokes which in certain circumstances, can alone give victory.

Bonaparte was much more advantageously situated: the necessity in which the Directory found itself of paying and maintaining the armies of the Republic at the expence of the countries which they occupied, did not admit of its limiting the power of its generals; and as those had every thing to do, it was necessary that they should have the power to do every thing. To this alone is to be imputed the greater part of the success of Bonaparte.

Falsehood.

There remains yet another trait in the character of Bonaparte, as deducible from his Italian campaigns, which it would be unpardonable altogether to omit: this is, the palpable falsehood in all his military returns. In fact, if we took the trouble to cast up the number of Austrians whom Bonaparte has successively declared to be killed, wounded, and made prisoners, from the opening of the campaign to its conclusion in the capture of Mantua, we shall find that the killed and wounded amount to near fifty thousand men, and the prisoners to more than an hundred thousand. In order to enable the reader to judge of the degree of credit due to this enumeration, we here present him with an official account of the number of Austrian troops sent into Italy from the month of March 1796, to the month of January 1797.

The army of M. Beaulieu at the opening of the campaign - -	30,000
Troops which came from the Upper Rhine with M. Wurmser	30,000
Reinforcements sent to M. D'Alvinzy during the months of September, October, and Nov.	25,000
Troops detached from the corps of Frœlich and the armed Tyrolese - - - - - - - - -	11,000
New reinforcements to D'Alvinzy in December - - - - - -	9,000
Total	105,000

From

From this statement, according to the accounts sent by General Bonaparte, he must have taken, killed, or wounded forty-five thousand men more than the Austrians employed in Italy during this campaign; not to mention, that, after the capture of M. De Provera, and the defeat of M. D'Alvinzy, at Rivoli, there still remained to the latter about thirty thousand men, either in the Tyrol, or on the Brenta.

Waste of Blood.

It may in some degree explain the value of the victories of Bonaparte, to compare the statement just given with that of the forces sent also by the French into Italy, and with that of the loss which they sustained.

The army of Bonaparte before the opening of the campaign - -	30,000
Troops drawn from the two armies which had made war in Spain, and which were sent into Italy in March, April, and May - -	35,000
Army of Kellerman, which, after the peace with the King of Sardinia, was incorporated with that of Bonaparte - - - -	25,000
Reinforcements which arrived from the Interior - - - -	18,000
Troops raised in Italy - - - -	12,000
Total	120,000

Now Bonaparte found himself, at the end of January, at the head of about sixty thousand men. He had therefore lost at that period an equal number—that is to say, only fifteen thousand less than the Austrians. Such were the admired victories of this conqueror! Such was the indifference with which he lavished the blood of his soldiers.

The Invasion of Egypt.—A. D. 1798. Age 29

Having concluded with the Ministers of the Emperor the treaty of Campo-Formio, he returned to Paris. Now it was that he planned the invasion of Egypt, an act by which he set at defiance every principle of right and wrong; and to accomplish which, he loaded himself with the guilt of all that is mean as well as all that is detestable, nay frightful, in wickedness.

Egypt is part of the Turkish empire, and with that empire France was in alliance. If therefore we are to allow, that because France wished to possess Egypt, she had a right to seize it, we must distinctly and barefacedly acknowledge that we hold in contempt every principle of fidelity, sincerity, and honesty.

Bonaparte, however, did seize on Egypt, and the sickening variety of falshoods which he invented for every occasion, show the abyss of infamy into which, in so doing, he plunged. He told the soldiers that his aim was the ruin of England; he told the Turks that it was the ruin of the Mamelukes; he told the Egyptians that it was the ruin of the Turks. On landing at Alexandria, he declared that God and Mahomet had sent him to destroy the Mamelukes and restore Egypt to the Turks; on reaching Cairo, he declared that the Turks should no longer possess Egypt. In France, the Directory were instructed to tell the Turkish Ambassador that they knew nothing of his having gone to Egypt; in Egypt, he said, that the Emperor of the Turks had given him leave to come there. Menou afterwards said, that France had taken possession of Egypt, only in consequence of having obtained information of the design of other powers to do so.

Bonaparte reached the coast of Egypt on the 13th July, 1798, with an army of twenty-five thousand men.

On the 14th, he stormed the city of Alexandria, which he gave up to massacre for four hours, and which (according to the statement of his Adjutant-General, Boyer), if it had been summoned, would have surrendered. The old people, the women, and children, flew to the mosques, where they were all massacred, even to the infants at their mother's breasts. The massacre of Alexander was followed by that of Edko, a little village without a wall, and whose scanty inhabitants were wholly at the mercy of Bonaparte. He next marched with almost his whole army towards Cairo, at a short distance, in front of which city, three or four thousand Mamelukes were, on the 22d of July, foolish enough to risk a pitched battle. They were routed of course, and, though far from conquered, compelled to leave Bonaparte in possession of Cairo.

Massacre in Egypt.—A. D. 1799, *Aged* 30.

After a general massacre of the inhabitants of Cairo, on the 24th of October, 1798, Bonaparte commenced an expedition into Syria. Ahmed-el-Djezzar, the Pashah of Acre, had been appointed to the additional Pashahlic of Syria, and was advancing against the French in Egypt, while, when the season served, they were to be attacked by the English, Russians, and Turks, by sea. Bonaparte could not, therefore, make a more skilful movement than that of the Syrian expedition. It was certainly better to contend with Djezzar before he was thoroughly prepared, and before any diversion could be effected by the allies, than to wait for the combined attack; and, in the event of a successful issue to that contest, he could at least promise himself to detach Djezzar from the alliance, while, if he should totally defeat him, he might purchase Egypt in exchange for the two Pashahlics, or threaten Constantinople itself, and force the Porte to relinquish its claims, and to abandon its new alliance with England and Russia. In the more moderate of these calculations, Bonaparte was entirely successful. The troops of the Pashah were driven back to the walls of Acre, and when the allies made their descent at Aboukir, Bonaparte, relieved from all danger on the side of Syria, was able to defeat them.

Siege of Acre.

In Syria, however, though thus far victorious, he received a check the most severe he has known, from the undaunted and glorious resistance of Sir Sydney Smith, at Acre; and his conduct was marked by atrocities which must never be forgotten.

Massacre of Jaffa.

Leaving Cairo on the 22d of December, he took possession of Suez on the 6th of January. On the 21st he made himself master of El-Arish. On the 1st of March, 1799, the head-quarters of the army moved towards Jaffa. On the 7th, that town was taken by assault. This affair is on all hands allowed to have been bloody in the extreme; but a tale has been brought to light, and attested by persons of undoubted credit, so bloody, so diabolical, as to outstrip every thing which such an expression is calculated to describe. It is asserted that three days after the capture of the town, three thousand eight hundred prisoners were marched to a rising ground, and there massacred by means of musquetry, grape-shot, and the bayonet. This fact was first made known in Europe by Sir Sydney Smith, and Mr. Morier, Secretary to Lord Elgin, now a prisoner in Paris: its history

history has been minutely given by Colonel Sir Robert Wilson, of Hompesch's hussars, and its truth has been attested by Dr. Wittman, who accompanied the army of the Grand Vizir.

We have seen, also, that it is asserted by Bonaparte himself, or by his authority, in more places than one.

Poisoning the Soldiers.

Compelled, after the most vigorous attempts during sixty days, to abandon the hope of reducing Acre, Bonaparte effected his retreat, sending word, at the same time, to Cairo, that he had destroyed the walls and castle of the place, and left not one stone upon another, in so much that strangers, as they passed, enquired *if ever a city stood there!* In his return to Egypt, the crimes of Bonaparte crowd themselves fast into our history. They were committed at every step. We have related such particulars of many, as, from so remote a country, and under the peculiar circumstances, we have been able to procure; but that which stands pre-eminent is the poisoning his own wounded soldiers.

This fact is authenticated by the testimony of Mr. Morier, Sir Robert Wilson, and Dr. Wittman.

The Devastation of Syria.

Of Bonaparte's retreat through Syria, we are in possession of but few particulars. His friend Berthier's account, however, sufficiently describes it as one of the most frightful scenes that ever ferocious power created. "On the 4th Prairial, at the post of Abuhabura, some wretched Naplusians, whose object was to pick up the picquets left by the army on its march, were taken and shot."—"On the 5th, parties were sent into the villages; the houses were reduced to ashes, the sheep carried off, the corn burnt."—"On the same day the army reached Jaffa, where it remained till the 8th. The time was employed in destroying the villages."—"On the 9th it marched. General Regnier's column, and that of the centre, were ordered to burn the villages and all the harvests."—"The army marched in this order; the plain was one conflagration."—"On the 13th it entered the desert, followed by a considerable number of cattle, taken from the enemy. The desert, between El-Arish and Kan-Junes, is eleven leagues in extent. It is inhabited by Arabs against whom Bonaparte had subjects of complaint. We desolated their fields, we carried off their sheep and their camels, and burnt the scanty harvests which are obtained in some parts of the Desert."—*Expedition d' Egypte*, p. 114, 115, 116.

Escape from Egypt.—A.D. 1799.

After his return to Cairo, and the defeat of the Turks at Aboukir, Bonaparte prepared to crown his campaign in Egypt, by flying from the dangers which surrounded the army he had led there.

To effect his escape, it was necessary that not an individual of the army should become acquainted with his intention; but as he could not move without being observed, and as it was unavoidable to give some explanation, if only to elude suspicion, he was reduced to the necessity of inventing the several falsehoods best adapted to the persons on whom they were to be imposed. At Cairo, he wrote to the Divan, and no doubt published to the army, that he was setting out for Menouf, whence he proposed making different excursions in Lower Egypt; and under this pretence he arrived at Alexandria, where he ordered Admiral Ganteume to prepare two frigates, who knew nothing of their destination. To the few persons whom Bonaparte designed

signed to make the companions of his desertion, he sent sealed notes, with orders not to be opened till the 23d of August, at a certain hour of the night, and on the sea shore.

Arrival in France.

On the 23d, accordingly, these persons assembled; and at midnight a message from Bonaparte informed them that he waited for them in the road. They left their baggage at their quarters, and their horses on the beach; and, within an hour, cleared the port. At day-break, a north wind put them in their course; and, in two days, to their excessive joy, they got out of the latitude of the British cruizers. Throughout their passage, their whole care was to steer such courses as might most effectually conceal them from the British. After being some days weather-bound at Ajaccio, the wind became favourable, and they put to sea. On the second day, with a fair breeze, and within sight of the coast of France, they were congratulating each other on their good fortune, when, to windward, they discovered seven sail. They lowered their top-sails, and still trusted to concealment. They heard the signals of the British fleet, which formed a semi-circle on the coast. It was debated whether they should return to Corsica, which was still in sight; but Bonaparte decided that they should proceed. At day-break, they saw Frejus, on the coast of Provence, where Bonaparte immediately landed.

Assassination of Kleber.

Before he quitted Egypt, he had a secret conference with General Menou, in which he informed him Kleber, to whom he could not avoid leaving the command of the army, was inclined to evacuate the country, in the event of an honourable capitulation being to be obtained; and he ordered him, if Kleber should capitulate, to rid himself of him, and to take the command himself. Kleber did capitulate; and Menou executed his orders. The Janissary, who assassinated Kleber, did not know his employer; but it was Menou, under the orders of Bonaparte, who enabled him to enter the house of the General.

Usurpation of the Government.
A. D. 1799.

There can be little reason to doubt that Bonaparte had long aimed at the Sovereignty of France. When he went to Egypt, he designed only to make the conquest, and then leave it to be maintained by others. The scheme of the usurpation had been deliberated upon. Perhaps the time for its execution had been thought not yet come. Perhaps Bonaparte considered the lustre of so extraordinary an enterprize as useful, if not necessary, to the desired degree of his popularity. These and other conjectures appear rational; but what chiefly assisted him, were events over which, it must be supposed, he could have no direction, and which yet went the course his most selfish wishes could have sought. These were the reverses of the French arms during his absence. But, be all this as it may, immediately on landing at Frejus, he proceeded to Paris, and there concerted with a party of the Council of Ancients, and two of the Directors (Séyès and Ducos), the usurpation of the Government.

Being commissioned provisionally First Consul of France, he confirmed himself in that situation for ten years, and has since procured it to be granted to him for life, with the privilege of chusing his successor.

After the assumption of the Consulate, he obtained a decisive victory over

over the Austrians, and succeeded in negociating a general Peace, the terms of which were settled by the

Treaty of Amiens.—A. D. 1801.—*Age* 32.

On the consummation of this event, Bonaparte, pretended habitually to place his chief glory in deserving the title of Pacificator; but Europe was soon destined to discover the deceitful sense in which he used the word. By Pacificator, it was found that he meant Master; by the Peace of Nations, it was found that he meant the SILENCE OF THE SUBDUED. Doubtlessly, there *will* be *Peace* where the injured are afraid to *resist* or *murmur*; and *this* is that *Peace* of which Tyrants always think, and of the breach of which they whiningly complain!

Had the English submitted to the dominion of Bonaparte, and would they never resist his will, they might have had Peace, and they might promise it themselves for the future. But to preserve their Constitution, their Laws, their Wealth, their Liberty, and their Independence, they wage with Bonaparte one of the most just wars that ever called forth the energies of a People. They are intimidated by no threats. They swear that while they live they will be free:

" O you that boast the honour'd name of Sire,
" Go, call your Sons; instruct them what a debt
" They owe their country!"

An ADDRESS *to the Tunbridge Wells Volunteers, delivered at their Parade, Aug.* 8, 1803. *By the Rev.* MARTIN BENSON.

" *Gentlemen Volunteers, and Men of Kent,*

" YOU must all of you, I am persuaded, deeply feel the importance of the occasion, which thus calls you together. Your feelings will however be gratifying, as they are honourable to your principles. When danger formerly threatened your country from domestic traitors, you took up arms in defence of your liberty and most excellent Constitution. Having saved your country (for, under Providence, it was by the Volunteers of Great Britain that our country was saved) as good and faithful subjects, you laid down your arms, and retired to your several private occupations. But a foreign enemy, who sickens at the view of happiness and prosperity in other countries, envies you what you have done: and even now threatens by dint of rash adventure and the numbers he can command, to destroy your country; and as one of the commanders, actually appointed for the expedition has avowed, 'if he cannot conquer and keep England as a province to France, he will at least, by sword, fire, and ravage, render it so miserable a country, that no Englishmen shall hereafter wish to inhabit it.' These threats, backed by immense preparations, call you again to arms. And I am happy to notice that so many others testify the laudable spirit of Englishmen by uniting with you in your patriotic engagement. This voluntary assumption of an arduous service is highly creditable to all the parties; and impresses you, I am sure, with feelings, which constitute no mean part of your reward: final success will, I trust, by favour of a good Providence, afford you the full sum of it.

" You have heard, Men of Kent, from your venerable and truly patriotic commander, the opinion which is entertained of your proffered services. If Old England is to be saved from the gripe of the direst monster with which the

the world was ever cursed, it is to be done only by the hearty, cordial, I will add, religious union of every hand and heart. Hands and hearts are here I trust, united. For have we not a common cause? On certain points some of us possibly may differ. In the main, however, we are most assuredly agreed. Our God we fear, we love, and adore; our king we honour, and will faithfully serve; our liberty we cherish, and with the last drop of our blood we will defend. The enemy says we shall do neither. Animated by the love of liberty and in the name of our God, we will boldly meet these Philistines; and prove to them that hearts thus actuated are not to be appalled, that the loyal will ever be brave. To this effect I pray, I most earnestly entreat you, be ye well and cordially united: let your only contention be, who shall best serve the common cause.

"But some possibly may doubt the existence of the danger;—the probability of an invasion. It is of importance that this point should be properly explained. Our preparations, our active spirit, our determined resolution may possibly induce the enemy to forego the threatened attack; which is the very best argument with us for unremitted perseverance.—Many reasons, however, might be assigned, in proof of the reality of the intention; but none, I think, more convincing than the following.

"Bonaparte, detested by his oppressed subjects, lives and maintains his usurped power only by the permission of his numerous army: and that army allow him to live, only as he has promised them the riches of England to satisfy their avarice, the blood of England to gratify their revenge, and the women of England to satiate their lust. If he does not keep his word, his life answers for it. So that either way he must make the attempt; to maintain his power and prop his fallen popularity by their success; or to save his own life by the destruction of his army at sea, or their being made to fatten our soil by the influence of your bayonet.

"He hates our nation, because we have hitherto beaten him: for whenever he has met with British soldiers, there he has failed: and he is now attempting by numbers, what he has never been able to do by valour. It is only by union and vigorous exertions that we shall thwart him. His soldiers have lately had a whet to their appetites in Hanover; where, because it was the dominion of our beloved sovereign, they have rioted over defenceless women, and men, who had too tamely yielded to their affected moderation; and they are preparing for a better meal here. Let us prepare for them the only meal they deserve: British steel the substance —British spirit the well-flavoured sauce.

"Bonaparte and his slaves have in other parts of the world had some little specimen of English valour: but they have never yet coped with Britons on British ground: he has never yet opposed his forces to Men of Kent—Men of Kent, who never yet were vanquished. When William, improperly termed the Conqueror, availed himself of the distractions of this country, to establish his dominion here, history tells us that the men of Kent never yielded to his arms. Our old Kentish laws, our Gavelkind, which we still retain, is the evidence that we never were conquered, —is the earnest that we never will submit to a foreign yoke. Recollect, Men of Kent, you are the descendants of those loyal and brave fellows; recollect, that as we now talk of them, and bless their memory, so will your sons and daughters hereafter talk of you. And you may be called upon for the first brush;

brush; for your coast is threatened. You will acquit yourselves as men, as Men of Kent should do. I would congratulate you on your fate, even if others were to fight over a rampart of your mangled bodies: for better were it to die, as Men of Kent, 'loyal, brave, and free,' than to live for a single moment the dastard slaves of degenerate and atheist France. But, if true to each other, a better fate awaits us. France may be deterred from her bloody purpose by our resolution:—if she perseveres, she will be vanquished by our courage in the cause of our God and our King.

"But, neighbours, let it not be said that I, the Minister of peace, am going out of my province to urge you to deeds of Blood; or that, in a spirit of selfishness, I prompt you to dangers which I am unwilling to share with you. No. These deeds of blood are not of our seeking. If the ruffian banditti of France invade our free soil, we have no choice: we must defend ourselves or perish. The brave seek not blood; but will shed the last drop of their own in the cause of their country. And, I pray you, consider me not in the light of one, who urging you to deeds of valour, mean myself, on the approach of danger, to retire into safety by favour of your arms. I have no such intention believe me. My professional engagements forbid me now to take upon me the character and occupations of a soldier: but my profession authorizes me to exhort you to be true to your King, your Country, and your God. When the land is once defiled by the touch of French footsteps that disability will cease. Then it may be my duty to join you: then it will be my glory to fall with you, if fall we must; or to share the honour, happiness, and well-earned security, which, I trust, is in reserve for us. And I urge it, as my concluding request to you,—to your commander,—however numerous your enrolment, (and I hope it will comprise all, who have the ability to march,) however numerous I say your enrolment, I urge it as my most earnest request, that you will reserve a single musket, and, that (if no employ is allotted me wherein I can be more useful to my counrry) you will allow me to bear it in your ranks."

EXTRACT OF A DISCOURSE

Delivered at the Meeting-House in the Old Jewry, On Wednesday Oct. 19, 1803—being the day appointed for a General Fast.—By ABRAHAM REES, D.D, F.R.S. *Editor of the New Cyclopædia.*

NEHEMIAH, iv. 14.

And I looked, and rose up, and said unto the Nobles, and to the Rulers, and to the rest of the People, Be not ye afraid of them: Remember the Lord, which is great and terrible, and fight for your Brethren, your Sons, and your Daughters, your Wives, and your Houses.

NEHEMIAH succeeded Ezra in the government of Judæa, in the 20th year of Artaxerxes Longimanus, King of Persia, or in the 445th year before Christ. As he had obtained favour and confidence from the Persian Sovereign, who in Scripture is called Ahasuerus, probably by the mediation of Esther, his commission as Governor included a clause, which empowered him to repair the walls and erect the gates of Jerusalem, and to restore it to the same state of strength and defence, in which it was before it had been dismantled and destroyed by the Babylonians, at the commencement of the Jewish captivity. Nehemiah had no sooner begun to execute this commission, than he was interrupted

terrupted and molested by the attacks of the neighbouring nations. It became necessary, therefore, to arm the workmen who were employed in this service, and to appoint a military guard for their defence in the prosecution of their labour. Whilst they were thus employed, the enemy, partly by repeated menaces, and partly by actual assault, retarded their operations, and used every artifice in their power for harrassing and dispiriting them, and for preventing the completion of the work in which they were engaged. It was on this occasion that Nehemiah, whose wisdom was no less distinguished than his piety, patriotism, and valour, and who had adopted every necessary precaution for their security, encouraged them to persevere in the language of the text.

The Jews had now been restored to the possession of those territories of which they had been deprived during their captivity. Their enemies were jealous of their growing power and prosperity. They wished to reduce them to a state of dependence and vassalage; and, therefore, they exerted themselves to the utmost in preventing that accession of security and of strength, which a fortified capital would afford them.

Judea was a country which belonged to the Jews by right of inheritance, they and their ancestors, had possessed it for many ages; and therefore, the neighbouring nations, which now threaten and attempt to molest them in the enjoyment of it, had no justifiable pretence for their conduct. The moving principles of their hostility were jealousy and envy; ambition and a desire of enlarging their dominions; and a solicitude to humble and subjugate a power which was likely to restrain their depredations, and which might, at some future period, prescribe to them, with an authority which they would not be able to resist, lessons of equity and moderation.

On such an occasion, and in such a cause, Nehemiah might well address the Israelites, toilsome and severe as was the service to which they were appointed; their nobles and rulers, and the rest of the people, for they were all parties on the occasion, and all ranks concurred in the service; "Be not ye afraid of them, remember the Lord, which is great and terrible; and fight for your children, your sons, and your daughters, your wives, and your houses." This animating exhortation produced effect; the people persevered; the work was completed, and it terminated with a song of triumph, and a solemn act of devotion.

This fragment of Jewish history is capable of a very easy and obvious application to the present circumstances of our own country; and to the service for which we are now assembled. The words we have read, suggest a subject of declamation, which might not be impertinently addressed to all our brethren in arms at this important crisis. But the subject concerns us all; whatever be our situation, and whatever be the nature of the service which we are capable of rendering our country. We are all anxious expectants of a contest, which, in all views of it, is more interesting to the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, than any which we have ever known, or which the page of history records in the modern annals of Europe.

Without adverting to the origin and primary causes of this war, which perhaps, all circumstances considered, was unavoidable; or discussing questions of a political nature, which happily lie remote from our province; we shall consider the contest as actually begun, and as likely to be decided on our own seas

or shores. Accustomed to reason more than to declaim, we shall state some obvious arguments that seem to justify the application of the words of the text to our own case: "Be not ye afraid of them;" of the menacing invaders of your coasts: "Remember the Lord:" and fight, with a valour, which, under Providence, will ensure success, "for your brethren, your sons, and your daughters, your wives and your houses."

When an ambitious and insolent enemy threatens the invasion of our country, we are constrained by every principle of private affection and public patriotism, by every obligation that connects us with our wives, our children and our kindred, with our possessions and our country, to take up arms, and to combine in a war of "self-defence." Happy, indeed, would it be for mankind, if the pacific spirit of Christianity universally prevailed, and if the competitions of power and interest among different nations could be adjusted without perpetually recurring to the sword and drenching the earth in blood; and as long as this relic of barbarity has been permitted to subsist in the civilized and in the Christian world, it would have been happy if most of the wars, the records of which stain the page of history, had not originated in pride, ambition, and revenge; in selfish and sinister views, in political intrigue, and in petty quarrels, with which the people at large have little or no concern! In contests that have been undertaken or prosecuted with a view of infringing on the rights of independent nations, or of extending and aggrandizing one empire to the degradation and diminution of every other, we must have engaged, not only with hesitation and reluctance, but in direct opposition to the principles and obligations of universal justice:—of that justice, which ought to regulate the concerns of society as well as those of private persons. The iniquity of the cause, in which our concurrence was demanded, must have unnerved our resolution and paralized our valour.

But in the cause of self-defence, and against an enemy who threatens to introduce the calamities of war into our own country, we shall be justified to ourselves and to the world, before God and before man, in making every possible exertion. In such a cause there is no ground for hesitation and demur—against such an enemy we may advance with firmness and intrepidity—the fortitude, which justice inspires, will, under Providence, ensure our victory and triumph. Consider, on the other hand, the character and views of the enemy with whom we have to contend. If we allow him military talents, and admit that in the exercise of these talents his operations have been crowned with success;—we may ask, to what purposes have they been devoted? and what has been the result of all his warlike achievements? has he meliorated the condition of any nation to which his arms have extended? from the Baltic to the Mediterranean; from the Rhine to the Atlantic; through the whole western continent of Europe; what has he done in favour of the liberty and commerce, of the personal security and public prosperity, of the people over whom he has established an uncontrolable empire? having marched from one extremity of the continent to the other, as a menacer and a plunderer, followed by a host of vassals who subsisted on the booty of which they despoiled the vanquished; what substantial and permanent advantages have they derived from his conquests? whilst he

has emancipated them from one yoke of bondage, which neither they nor their fathers were able to bear, has he not imposed upon them another, more galling and grievous; has he not enslaved to his own will and power the countries, whose ancient and long-established governments he has overturned? where are the people, through the whole extent of his empire, partitioned as it is into a variety of subjugated departments, who dare to resist, without dread of exchanging their present deplorable condition for a worse, the mandates of his sovereign authority? In France, in Holland, in Hanover, along the banks of the Rhine, in Switzerland, and in various parts of Italy, is he not a military despot? the power which he established by the sword, does he not maintain by it? do not his myrmidons subsist by the bounty, I should rather say, by the forced contributions of those whom they have enslaved?

It is Britain, the land that has produced in long and honourable succession a race of naval and military heroes:—this is the country, which is the object of envy to the prime Consul of France, and which tempts his invasion.

To us, who enjoy its benefits, and who are proud of its honours, its importance and value must be much better known than to him. His mind, accustomed to entertain principles and to execute plans of despotism, can have no just conception of the value of British rights and privileges. He cannot duly appreciate them; but we, who have long possessed them, with little interruption and molestation, are fully apprized of their worth and excellence; and we shall be disposed to chastise the insolence that attempts to wrest them from us. Animated by a just sense of the value of our privileges, civil and religious, transmitted to us by a race of illustrious ancestors; defended and secured to us by the best blood of our country; and devolved upon us, by the lapse of ages, as a sacred and unalienable trust, for our own benefit, and that of our posterity; we shall feel a grateful, generous, and invincible emulation to preserve them undiminished, and to convey them with security and increase to future generations.

To the invading enemy we shall say, "This is hallowed ground which you are approaching, and which we cannot suffer to be polluted by the vassals of despotism. Our freedom and independence we have derived from progenitors, ever venerable in our remembrance, who sealed our Magna Charta with their blood; who established for their defence those bulwarks of Trial by Jury, the Habeas Corpus, and the Bill of Rights, unknown in your country, which, notwithstanding all its boasted reform, is still, in many respects, the land of slaves:—their shades will hover over us in the day of battle, should such a day occur: and they will appear to you like so many indignant and enraged spectres. Under their banners, and with their example in lively recollection, we will maintain our patrimony inviolable, with a firmness and valour resembling theirs, and worthy of the objects for which we are contending. Our shores will recede from your approach. Our earth will tremble under your footsteps, should you dare to advance; and you will find a host of wariors, who know the value of the prize which tempts your access, and who are prepared to repel and chastise your aggression."

SPANISH

SPANISH ARMADA.

The following account of the Defeat of the Spanish Armada, is extracted from Hume's History of England.

" THE little intrigues and cabals of the court were silenced by the account, which came from all quarters, of the vast preparations made by the Spaniards for the invasion of England, and for the entire conquest of that kingdom. Philip had long harboured a secret and violent desire of revenge against Elizabeth. His ambition also, and the hopes of extending his empire, were much encouraged by the present prosperous state of his affairs. The point on which he rested his highest glory was to extirpate heresy; and as the power and credit of Elizabeth were the chief bulwark of the Protestants, he hoped, if he could subdue that Princess, to acquire the eternal renown of re-uniting the whole Christian world in the catholic communion. Above all, his indignation against his revolted subjects in the Netherlands, instigated him to attack the English. To subdue England seemed a necessary preparation to the re-establishment of his authority in the Netherlands. That kingdom lay nearer to Spain than the Low Countries, and was more exposed to invasion from that quarter; after an enemy had once obtained entrance, the difficulty seemed to be over, as it was neither fortified by art or nature; a long peace had deprived it of all military discipline and experience; and the Catholics would be ready, it was hoped, to join any invader who should free them from those persecutions under which they laboured. The fate of England must be decided in one battle at sea, and another at land; and what comparison between the English and Spaniards, either in point of naval force, or in the numbers, reputation, and veteran bravery of their armies? This favourable opportunity, therefore, must be seized, and one bold effort made for acquiring that ascendant in Europe to which the present greatness and prosperity of the Spaniards seemed so fully to entitle them.

" During some time Philip had been secretly making preparations; but as soon as the resolution was fully taken, every part of his vast empire resounded with the noise of armaments. In the ports of Sicily, Naples, Spain, and Portugal, artisans were employed in building vessels of uncommon size and force; naval stores were bought at a great expence; provisions amassed; armies levied and quartered in the maritime towns of Spain; and plans laid for fitting out such a fleet and embarkation as had never before had its equal in Europe. The military preparations in Flanders were no less formidable. An army of 34,000 men was assembled, and kept in readinesss to be transported to England. The Duke of Parma employed all the carpenters whom he could procure, and he built at Dunkirk and Nieuport, but especially at Antwerp, a great number of boats and flat-bottomed vessels for the transporting of his infantry and cavalry. No doubts were entertained but such vast preparations, conducted by officers of consummate skill, must finally be successful; and the Spaniards, ostentatious of their power, and elated with vain hopes, had already denominated their navy the *Invincible Armada*.

" News of these extraordinary preparations soon reached the court of London, and notwithstanding the se-

erecy of the Spanish council, and their pretending to employ this force in the Indies, it was easily concluded that they meant to make some effort against England. The Queen had foreseen the invasion; and finding that she must now contend for her crown with the whole force of Spain, she made preparations for resistance; nor was she dismayed with that power by which all Europe apprehended she must of necessity be overwhelmed. Her force, indeed, seemed very unequal to resist so potent an enemy. All the sailors in England amounted at that time to about 14,000 men. The size of the English shipping was, in general, so small, that except a few of the queen's ships of war, there was not four vessels which exceeded 400 tons. The royal navy consisted only of twenty-eight sail, many of which were of small size; none of them exceeding the bulk of our largest frigates, and most of them deserved rather the name of pinnaces than of ships. The only advantage of the English fleet consisted in the superior courage and dexterity of the seamen. All the commercial towns in England were required to furnish ships for reinforcing this small navy; and they discovered, on the present occasion, great alacrity in defending their liberty and religion against those imminent perils with which they were menaced. The citizens of London, in order to shew their zeal, instead of fifteen vessels, which they were commanded to equip, voluntarily fitted out double that number. The gentry and nobility hired, armed, and manned forty-three ships at their own charge; and all the loans of money which the Queen demanded, were frankly granted by the persons applied to. Lord Howard of Effingham, a man of courage and capacity, was admiral, and took on him the command of the navy. Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher, the most renowned seamen in Europe, served under him. The principal fleet was stationed at Plymouth; a smaller squadron, consisting of forty vessels, lay off Dunkirk, in order to intercept the Duke of Parma.

"The land forces of England were more numerous than the enemy, but much inferior in discipline, reputation, and experience. A body of 20,000 men was disposed in different bodies along the coast; and orders were given them, if they could not prevent the landing of the Spaniards, to retire backwards, to waste the country around, and to wait for reinforcements from the neighbouring counties before they approached the enemy. A body of 22,000 foot and 1000 horse was stationed at Tilbury, in order to defend the capital. The principal army consisted of 34,000 foot and 2,000 horse: these forces were reserved for guarding the Queen's person, and were appointed to march whithersoever the enemy should appear. The fate of England, if all the Spanish armies should be able to land, seemed to depend on the issue of a single battle, and men of reflection entertained the most dismal apprehensions when they considered the force of 50,000 veteran Spaniards, commanded by experienced officers under the Duke of Parma, the most consummate general of the age, and compared this formidable armament with the military power which England, not enervated by peace, but long unused to war, could muster up against it.

"The chief support of the kingdom seemed to consist in the vigour and prudence

prudence of the Queen's conduct, who, undismayed by the present dangers, issued all her orders with tranquility, animated her people to a steady resistance, and employed every resource which either her domestic situation or her foreign alliances could afford her. All the Protestants throughout Europe regarded this enterprize as the critical event which was to decide for ever the fate of their religion; and though unable to join their force to that of Elizabeth, they kept their eyes fixed on her conduct and fortune, and beheld with anxiety, mixed with admiration, the intrepid countenance with which she encountered that dreadful tempest which was every moment advancing towards her.

"The Queen took care, on the present occasion, to revive in the nation their attachment to Protestantism, and their abhorrence of Popery; and every artifice, as well as reason, was employed to animate the people to a vigorous defence of their religion, their laws, and their liberties. But while in this critical emergency, she roused the animosity of the nation against Popery, she treated the partisans of that sect with moderation, and gave not way to an undistinguishing fury against them. She rejected all violent counsels by which she was urged to seek pretences for dispatching the leaders of that party; and the Catholics, sensible of this good usage, generally expressed great zeal for the public service. Some gentlemen of that sect entered themselves as volunteers in the fleet or army. Some equipped ships at their own charge, and gave the command of them to Protestants. Others were active in animating their tenants and vassals and neighbours to the defence of their country: and every rank of men burying for the present all party distinctions, seemed to prepare themselves with order, as well as vigour, to resist the violence of these invaders.

"The more to excite the martial spirit of the nation, the Queen appeared on horseback in the camp at Tilbury, and riding through the lines discovered a cheerful and animated countenance, exhorted the soldiers to remember their duty to their country and their religion, and professed her intention, though a woman, to lead them herself into the field against the enemy, and rather to perish in battle than survive the ruin and slavery of her people*. By this spirited behaviour

* *The Queen's speech was in these words*:—"My loving people, we have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes for fear of treachery; but I assure you I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear. I have always so behaved myself, that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and goodwill of my subjects; and, therefore, I am come amongst you at this time, not as for my recreation or sport, but being resolved, in the midst and heat of the battle, to live or die amongst you all; to lay down for my God, and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour and my blood, even in the dust. I know I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart of a king, and of a king of England too; and think foul scorn, that Parma or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realms; to which, rather than any dishonour will grow by me, I myself will take up arms; I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know

haviour she revived the tenderness and admiration of the soldiery; an attachment to her person became a kind of enthusiasm among them; and they asked one another, Whether it were possible that Englishmen could abandon this glorious cause, could display less fortitude than appeared in the female sex, or could ever, by any dangers, be induced to relinquish the defence of their heroic princess?

"The Spanish armada was ready in the beginning of May, but the moment it was preparing to sail, the Marquis of Santa Croce, the admiral, was seized with a fever of which he soon after died. The vice-admiral, the Duke of Paliano, *by a strange concurrence of accidents*, at the very same time suffered the same fate; and the king appointed for admiral the Duke of Medina Sidonia, a nobleman of great family, but unexeperienced in action and entirely unacquainted with sea affairs. *This misfortune* retarded the sailing of the armada, and gave the English more time for their preparations to oppose them. At last the Spanish fleet, full of hopes and alacrity, set sail for Lisbon; but next day met with a violent tempest, which scattered the ships, sunk some of the smallest, and forced the rest to take shelter in the Groine, where they waited till they could be refitted. The damages of the armada having been repaired, the Spaniards, with fresh hopes, set out again to sea in prosecution of their enterprize. The fleet consisted of one hundred and thirty vessels, of which near one hundred were galleons, and were of greater size than any ever before used in Europe. It carried on board 19,295 soldiers, 8,456 mariners, 2,088 galley slaves, and 2,630 great pieces of brass ordnance. It was victualled for six months, and was attended by twenty less ships called caravals, and ten gallies with six oars a-piece.

"The plan formed by the king of Spain was, that the armada should sail to the coast opposite to Dunkirk and Nieuport, and having joined themselves to the Duke of Parma, should thence make sail to the Thames, and having landed the whole Spanish army, thus complete at one blow the entire conquest of England. After the armada was under sail they took a fisherman, who informed them that the English admiral had been lately at sea, had heard of the tempest which scattered the armada, had retired back into Plymouth, and no longer expecting an invasion this season, had laid up his ships and discharged most of the seamen. From this false intelligence, the Duke of Medina conceived the great facility of attacking and destroying the English ships in harbour; and he was tempted, by the prospect of so decisive an advantage, to break his orders, and make sail directly for Plymouth; a resolution which proved the safety of England. The Lizard was the first land made by the armada about sunset; and as

I know already, by your forwardness, that you have deserved rewards and crowns; and we do assure you, on the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. In the meantime, my lieutenant-general (the Earl of Leicester) shall be in my stead; than whom never prince commanded a more noble and worthy subject; not doubting by your obedience to my general, by your concord in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over those enemies of my God, of my kingdom, and of my people."

the

the Spaniards took it for the Ramhead near Plymouth, they bore out to sea with an intention of returning next day and attacking the English navy. They were descried by Fleming, a Scottish pirate, who was roving in those seas, and who immediately set sail to inform the English admiral of their approach; another *fortunate* event which contributed extremely to the safety of the fleet. Effingham had just time to get out of port, when he saw the Spanish armada coming full sail towards him, disposed in the form of a crescent, and stretching the distance of seven miles from the extremity of one division to that of the other.

"Effingham gave orders not to come to close fight with the Spaniards, but to cannonade them at a distance, and to wait the opportunity which winds, currents, or various accidents must afford him of intercepting some scattered vessels of the enemy. Nor was it long before the event answered expectation, and two vessels, which had fallen behind, were taken, after some resistance, by Sir Francis Drake. As the armada advanced up the channel, the English hung upon its rear, and still infested it with skirmishes. Each trial abated the confidence of the Spaniards, and added courage to the English; and the latter soon found that even in close fight the size of the Spanish ships was no advantage to them. The alarm having reached the coast of England, the nobility and gentry hastened out with their vessels from every harbour and reinforced the admiral, whose fleet now amounted to one hundred and forty sail.

"When the armada had reached Calais, and cast anchor before that place, the English admiral practised a successful stratagem upon the Spaniards. He took eight of his smaller ships, and filling them with all combustible materials, sent them one after another into the midst of the enemy. The Spaniards fancied that they were fire-ships, and immediately cut their cables and took to flight with the greatest disorder and precipitation. The English fell upon them next morning while in confusion; and besides doing great damage to other ships, they took or destroyed about twelve of the enemy.

"By this time it became apparent that the intention of the Spaniards was entirely frustrated. The vessels, provided by the Duke of Parma, were made for transporting soldiers, not for fighting; and that general, when urged to leave the harbour, positively refused to expose his flourishing army to such apparent hazard; while the English, not only were able to keep the sea, but seemed even to triumph over their enemy. The Spanish admiral found in many rencounters, that while he lost a considerable part of his own navy, he had destroyed only one small vessel of the English; and he foresaw that, by continuing so unequal a combat, he must draw inevitable destruction on the rest of his fleet. He prepared, therefore, to return homewards, but as the wind was contrary to his sailing through the channel, he resolved to sail northwards. The English fleet followed him during some time; and had not their ammunition fallen short, they had obliged the whole armada to surrender at discretion. But the event proved almost equally fatal to the Spaniards. A violent tempest overtook the armada after it had passed the Orkneys; the ships had already lost their anchors and were obliged to keep to sea: the mariners unaccustomed

tomed to such hardships, yielded to the fury of the storm, and allowed their vessels to drive either on the Western Isles of Scotland, or on the coast of Ireland, where they were miserably wrecked. Not a half of the navy returned to Spain; and the seamen as well as soldiers, who remained, were so overcome with hardships and fatigue, and so dispirited by their discomfiture, that *they filled all Spain with accounts of the desperate valour of the English*, and of the tempestuous violence of that ocean which surrounds them*."

I trust, Mr. Editor, that if the French should persist in the attack upon us, which is now projected, they will in like manner return, if any of them should return, only to *fill all France with accounts of the desperate valour of the English*,

Philip, when he heard of the mortifying event, is said, by Hume, "to have fallen on his knees, and rendering thanks for that gracious dispensation of Providence, to have expressed his joy that the calamity was not greater." I have but little hope that Bonaparte will in this particular, follow Philip's example. I trust, however, that *we* shall not forget to render the thanks which will be due to the Great Author of our deliverance; and I hope that there is a multitude in this land, who, at this time, are not ashamed to use the posture of Philip, in supplicating the Divine protection of their country.

B. R.

THE SCOTISH BEACON,

OR ADVICE FROM AN OLD SCOTSMAN TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

Friends and Countrymen,

IN the course of *three* months, the *fate* of this country will probably be decided.

In the mean time, we have to determine whether we will defend ourselves like Scotsmen, or become the slaves of French Despots.

I do not mean, my Friends, to exaggerate the danger. What I know of the designs of the enemy, is what you all know, or have heard of. Fortunately for us, he cannot keep his plans secret. He has been obliged to collect boats, to repair ships already shattered by the fire of British cannon, and build others. He cannot persuade his men by nods and whispers to embark for England. He must tell them, that at land we are cowards, and that we have riches, which we cannot defend. *All this they have done, and more.* They have covered sign-posts with accounts of the riches of Britain, and the wealth it contains; and hold all that out as easy prey for their greedy generals, and half-starved soldiers. We hear of this *every day*; and after it can any man doubt that they will invade this country?

And now, my friends, as the danger is certain, what are you and I to do when it comes? When I say this, I do not pretend to speak to those who are wiser or richer than myself. As for learning, when I say that I can make a

* Hume's History of England, Vol. V. p. 330—334.

shift

shift to write, and that I can *read* the Word of God, I have said all; and for riches, except the prize-money I got at the death of my third son William, who was killed in the Mediterranean, God knows I have nothing but what the daily labour of these hands procures me. I do not set up to speak to the rich and the learned; but I speak to all who have a roof to cover them—who have wives or children—who eat the bread of honesty and industry—who have friends they love, or a God they believe in. For myself, it is but a few years I can have in this world; and *few, few* may they be, if I am to see Scotland plundered, burnt and destroyed, by a needy and ferocious enemy, who will spare nothing, from the hut of the cottar to the house of God—who for years have been accustomed to plunder, massacre, and blood.

I have often spoke of this to friends and neighbours, and I found them all of one mind. They said they would never see their houses burnt, and the bread taken out of their mouths by Frenchmen; and that while they could fire a gun, or lift a pike, they would fight against the greatest Apostate in the world.

Four or five days ago, I met with a man who I had not seen for a long time; and I asked him, what he meant to do against the invasion? He said, he did not think the French would try it; and if they did, they would not be able to get past the fleets: But if they came, for his part, he would remain *quietly* at home until all was over.

Now, my friends, I do not think there are many such feckless loons among us; and if there are, I am sure you and I will not be deceived by them. There can be no doubt that the great Slave-driver means to enslave and destroy us; and he does not care though thousands of his men are drowned at sea, or killed on shore. The sea cannot be barricaded with ships; and while some are taken, those who leave other ports, and go a different way, will escape. *But who are we, that are to trust our lives and our children to ships and sailors? Have we not hearts to fight, and arms* to defend *ourselves?* Have we not friends and brothers who are sailors, and are they the *only men* who can *fight* for their *Country?* They have already fought our battles; they give up every comfort, they expose themselves to every danger, in order to have an opportunity of fighting Frenchmen; and will they believe that we, upon Scotish land, will sneak and sculk from Frenchmen, who dare not so much as *look them* in the face? These sailors have left their wives and their children in our hands, and shall we not fight for them? My friends, don't let the French think that we are made of different *flesh* and *blood* from the soldiers and sailors who have beat them by sea and by land. If they come on our shore, let them find, that the 42d was only a sample of what they are to meet with, and that every parish contains men, who are as ready and determined to fight for their country.—And can we *be quiet*, when our houses are burning, and the fields laid waste? The Dutch *were quiet*, the Egyptians *were quiet*, the Hanoverians *were quiet:* But are not the Dutch, from the porter in the streets to the merchant in the counting-house, *starving?* Did the French not burn whole villages in Egypt, though the inhabitants were too cowardly to take up arms? And, only yesterday, we have heard of the horrid bloody, and inhuman outrages which they have committed on every rank of people in Hanover.

Only yesterday, I was told by one who knows more about the business than I do, that two of their Generals, Massena and Augereau, are appointed for the business; and Massena has publicly declared, That he *would not promise either* to *conquer* or *hold Britain*, but *that he would make it undesirable either for Englishmen or Scotsmen to inhabit.*

There can be little doubt, that if he were left to himself he would do it. If every man is to wait while his neighbour's house is burning, till they come to his own, they may make good their threats; but if we meet them like men, and Scotsmen, their ravages must soon cease. If we all fight like one man, their numbers must be inferior, and they will not be able to advance into the country. Here we shall have an opportunity to fight or die like Scotsmen. If we meet them, it shall be in the field: We shall not die starving, like cowardly Dutchmen; or be butchered, after surrendering our arms, like Hanoverians.

In this contest, we may all distinguish ourselves. Military talents are natural to some men; and those who at present guide the plough may rise to distinction. Sad as those times are, it is in times like these that brave men come forward. I remember to have heard from an old man, when I was a boy, that many of our noblest families have risen from men who fought against the invaders of Scotland. He told me, that many hundred years ago, when the Danes invaded Scotland, the King's army was rallied by a farmer and his three sons, who came with the hay forks they had in their hands, and led them on against the enemy. They received the name of Hay, and got lands from the King; and their descendants are now Earls and Marquisses.

In the common danger, we may all aspire, and those that are brave, and well acquainted with the country, may perform the most essential service. That they will be rewarded by their King and their country, we cannot doubt. No man can remain neuter. He who will do nothing, ought to be branded as a coward, or an enemy to his country. Away with him! Let him go and live in France! he does not deserve to live in Britain?—I believe there are not twenty men in Scotland who will do so; and all will come forth to CONQUER or to DIE.

I dare say, my friends, you have heard a good deal of Bonaparte. It is said, he murdered 4,000 Turks in Egypt; that he poisoned 500 of his own men in an hospital; and he afterwards ran away from that army. He has oppressed rich and poor in every country he has gone to. But, with all this, do'nt suppose that his French slaves are a bit better than himself.

Those who are slaves to him, would gladly be tyrants to us. And if we are not *ready* and *willing* to fight them, we are not worthy to have a *country* to *live* in, or *bread* to *eat*. What Frenchmen, after they have escaped drowning, will get the better of the valour and bravery of all England and Scotland in arms? For myself I am impatient to hear of the signal for assembling and exercising. Old as I am, I will not wait to be called upon, or look for exemptions; but I will come forward, the *hour* and *minute* I hear of it. My next door neighbour, who is a young, active volunteer, has taught me most of the manual exercise. My two eldest sons are in the

Army;

Army: my fourth, and youngest, is settled at Greenock, and is a Volunteer there. And they shall all, and their old father too, fight for the *Good Cause*, and *live* or *die* for their Country and their King.

My friends, if we all unite, the contest will be short and easy. Every thing depends on what we do now. If we behave as men, it will be their only attempt. We shall *conquer* as our Fathers have done; and leave *Plenty*, *Peace*, and *Freedom*, to our children; not *Hunger*, *Desolation*, *Slavery*, and *Chains!*

Manchester Gazette.

THE GREEN-ROOM OPINION
OF THE
THREATENED INVASION.

SHOULD the modern *Tamerlane* revive the tragedy of *England Invaded*, and in the progress of his *Wild-goose Chace*, escape *the Tempest*, he will still find that, with us, it is *Humours of the Age* to be *Volunteers*. He will prove that we have many a *Plain Dealer* who will tear off *the Mask*, under which *the Hypocrite*, this *Fool of Fortune*, this *Choleric Man*, has abused a credulous world.—Should he to *a Wonder*, attempt *a Trip to Scarborough*, to set them *All alive at Portsmouth*, or to get *on both sides the gutter*, he will assuredly meet *a Chapter of Accidents* on his *Road to Ruin*; for *Britannia and the Gods are in Council*, to make him a *Castle Spectre*: he will, too late, discover *the Secret* of *Who's the Dupe*; and that it is *the Custom of the Country* of *John Bull*, to shew *the Devil to Pay* to any *Busy Body*, who seeks to enforce on us *Reformation*.

This *Double Dealer*, who has excited dismay *Abroad and at Home*, and gained *Notoriety* by the magnitude of the mischiefs he has atchieved, still presumes, by the *Wheel of Fortune*, like another *Pizarro*, to satiate his *Revenge*, and to learn *How to grow Rich*, by renewing the distressing scenes of *the Siege of Damascus*; until, amongst the desolated ruins of our City, he should establish himself like a *London Hermit*. That *he would if he could*, is past all doubt; but if he will take *a Word to the Wise*, from a *Man of the World*, he will believe *He's much to Blame*, and *All in the Wrong*; for *the Doctor and the Apothecary* are in *the Committee*; and by good *Management*, are forward in *the Rehearsal* of the lively comedy of *the Way to keep Him*, under *Lock and Key*.—They may not be able to produce for him *a Cure for the Heart-ach*, or for the *Vapourish Man*, but they will show him, at least *Cheap Living*; and prove that he has sown his *Wild Oats* in a *Comedy of Errors*.

The Poor Soldier, whose generous heart expands to render *Love for Love*, is like the gallant and gay Lothario, armed for either field, and prepared to give *Measure for Measure*; and to convert *the Agreeable Surprize*, which the Acre *Runaway* anticipates in *the Camp*, from *the Beaux Stratagem* into *a Tale of Mystery*. *Appearances are against Him*, as well *the Chances*; but he is a desperate *Gamester*; and, although his schemes of conquest will end in *Much ado about Nothing*, like a *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or a *Winter's Tale*, yet he is *the Heir at Law* to our hate; and *Every one has his Fault*, if he does not unite to revive the splendid scenes of *Edward the Black Prince* and *Henry the Fifth*, when France trembled beneath our arms at Cressy and Agincourt; and give to this unprincipled *Bajazet* an exit corresponding with his crimes.

NO CHANGE FOR THE WORSE,

A MISTAKEN NOTION;

Or a brief and familiar Address to those among the Poorer Classes in this Country, who suppose it unimportant to their interests, whether the plans of the French miscarry or succeed.

MY FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN!

SOME of you, I understand, are ready to believe that the French, should they get possession of this country, can do *you* no injury, and that no alteration in public affairs can make your situation the worse. Be assured that this is widely different from the truth.

The necessaries of life are so dear, you cry, that many of you can barely manage to provide for yourselves and families. How then are you to be hurt by a change of government?

We live at an extraordinary day, my friends, and the expence we are at, in keeping our inveterate and enterprising enemy within bounds, is very great. Whenever, by our activity and spirit, we shall be enabled to settle peace upon a secure footing, times will be better, nor shall we then regret that we have struggled with some difficulties to obtain so desirable an object. But believe not that any little hardships you now experience are at all to be compared with those which you would suffer, were Bonaparte's threatened attempt to prove successful. Do you flatter yourselves that you would then be permitted to go forth to your several labours in peace and quietness, to sit down to your meals undisturbed, and to rest in your beds with security, as you do at present? No—you would be turned out of your houses and lodgings to make room for the plundering army, the masters for whom you now work would be ruined men and cease to have any employ for you, and you and your families would most of you be wanderers in the streets, begging your bread from the people whom you expect to improve your condition.

Supposing the very best—even supposing that after the introduction into the country of so many additional hands for work, *all of them claiming a preference to the English*, you should be fortunate enough to find employment and earn a scanty pittance of wages—do you consider what you would have to pay for the quartern loaf, after the burning of thousands of our stacks of corn, and what would be the price of meat, after the loss of the numberless head of cattle, which, upon the landing of the French, we should be obliged to destroy? And, however dreadful the scarcity, who (do you apprehend) would have the first, and a full supply—you, or the invaders?

This would be a temporary pressure only, you may say. It might probably be a pressure which would last you your lives. And, if you should survive it, you would live but to encounter heavier evils. How, let me ask you, would the proud conqueror expect the immense force to be fed, clothed, and supported, which he would constantly station here to keep the country in subjection? How, but by the contributions of the wretched inhabitants?—contributions which would be levied with the hardest and most barbarous oppression—from the necessity of uniting to afford which no plea of poverty would be admitted as an exemption, for he, who might have no money, would be told to earn the sum demanded of him by additional

additional and incessant labour, or to save it up by denying himself a portion of his daily food. Would not this *change* be somewhat *for the worse?*

Again—Are you properly acquainted with the *character* of the people who are anxious to come among us? Do you know that they are a giddy, thoughtless, volatile, frivolous race, completely the reverse of ourselves in sentiments, manners, and amusements? Even admitting (what is not to be expected) that they might be willing to live in friendship and upon equal terms with us, we could not possibly associate together, for a single week, to the satisfaction of both parties. To mention one ground of difference there would be among a hundred—we should not choose to give up the sports in which we are accustomed to engage in our leisure hours. But would Frenchmen be fit for any of our *manly* games? Could Frenchmen join us in *a match of cricket* for instance? Why, we might as well attempt to play with *so many monkies*; and the consequence of our telling them so (and we are apt to speak our minds) would be a quarrel between us. Should we not soon find *a change for the worse* then, were we to open our doors to a people with whom we could never agree, and who, the moment we should presume to differ from them, would exercise over us the authority of masters?

You are free and independent men: were the first lord of the land to offer you an injury, you could bring him to punishment. But would Englishmen be free any longer—should we have impartial courts of justice—should we have a trial by jury—should we have the advantage of laws which know not any distinction between high and low, rich and poor, were we to accept the upstart consul of France for our governor? Look to the wretched slaves over whom he lords it at present, and learn from *their* situation that the only law we should then have, would be his sovereign will—our only judge and jury, his good pleasure. And would not this *change* be *for the worse?*

You have satisfaction in thinking that you live in a country where Religion is professed in its greatest purity, and where the poor man, who is regular at his Church, and mindful of the duties enforced there, is sure of the notice and esteem of his superiors in life. But would the case be the same, were we to consent to be the subjects of Bonaparte? He has declared himself by turns, to answer his different purposes, a *Mahometan*, and a *Catholic*. Is it probable then that he has *any religion at all*, and could we expect, under the government of such a man, and among the people he would introduce, to be regarded or slighted, respected or ridiculed, for prizing our Bibles, and paying regard to the Sabbath-Day? And if all honourable distinction should cease in Old England between religious and conscientious men, and the profane and unprincipled, would not the *change* be *for the worse?*

What an honour and happiness to our land are our numerous benevolent institutions! How many thousands are daily relieved in sickness, assisted in poverty, trained up to industry and virtue, instructed in the most wholesome and comfortable truths, in early age, by means of our various hospitals, infirmaries, almshouses, asylums, and charity-schools! Were Bonaparte to rule over us, the benefit of

of these would be at an end*. He would have too many poor of his own to provide for, to pay any regard to ours, and besides would want the treasures of our public charities for other purposes. In this respect again, would not the *change* be *for the worse*, if the French were to gain the ascendancy?

You pay respect to our good old King with readiness and pleasure, for he looks like an honest Englishman, and was born to fill the situation he holds among us. But how would you feel, on being compelled to bend the knee to a little, sullen, swarthy, down-looking Corsican Adventurer, sprung from nobody knows whom, who mortally hates the natives of a free soil, and in preference to *us*, would show favour to any people under heaven? Would not this *change be for the worse*, brother-countrymen?

You love, with fond affection, your wives and children. To be surrounded by them, to receive their little endearing attentions, and to enjoy their chearful society, is your sweetest relief after a day of labour. Nothing is such a source of comfort to you as their happiness—nothing could give you greater pain than their distress. Then imagine you see (what you must prepare to behold if our foe should prevail against us, for it is no more than too many fathers have witnessed with bleeding hearts in the countries he has overrun) fancy that you see those objects of your most anxious concern—the wives of your bosoms, and your tender, innocent daughters—torn from your protecting arms by the brutal Republican soldiery, with circumstances of wanton insult too indelicate to be mentioned—too shocking even to think upon! Would not the *change* be *for the worse*, were such misery as this to come upon us?

You are no great scholars, perhaps, and would not much like the trouble of learning a *new language*. But have you considered that you must labour, day and night, to be able to splutter French, if Bonaparte should get the better of us, for then we should no longer be a nation of Englishmen! How would you form your lips to *Mounseer* every fellow you might meet? How grating to your ears would it be, to be called foreigners in your own country! How provoking, to be laughed at perpetually for being unable to speak any language well, but *plain English!* Would not this be *a change for the worse?*

Once more—you are used to English living, and think that with less nourishing food you could not go thro' the work to which you are now equal. But English ale and porter, and English bread and cheese would be out of fashion, nor would all your exertions procure a slice of English roast beef, if the enemy should be allowed to order what is good for us. You would be forced to live upon things which, instead of heartening and strengthening you, would reduce you to *skin and grief*: would *soup-maigre* or frogs think you, suit an English constitution†: Would *your* stomachs feel satisfied with the thin, sour, rot-gut liquor which contents a *Frenchman's?* Would not this *change* too be a little *for the worse?*

* Bonaparte indeed has a new way of relieving the sick and setting free the prisoner—by poison and the musket. See the particulars of his plan in Sir R. Wilson's Account of the Expedition to Egypt.

† See the Plate.

Give

Give no credit then—my friends and fellow-countrymen—atttend not for a moment to those deluded or evil-minded persons who fain would persuade you that you would not be worse off than you are, were Bonaparte to give laws to us—and determine to *join heart and hand* to avoid making the experiment. *Let us stand by one another*, as we are bound to do by every law of honour and interest, and vain will be the tyrant's attempt to take from us the advantages we enjoy—advantages superior to those of any other people in the world—advantages of which it wounds him to the very soul to hear our boast.

Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

The enemy has no hope of success, but from our *internal divisions. These* his spies and agents are most artfully and busily labouring to excite, and their favourite plan is to suggest, most falsely and wickedly, that the poor of this country would be benefited by French interference.

Be upon your guard—Inhabitants of this favoured land! *Let nothing disunite you at a time like the present!* Judge for yourselves only, and listen not to every idle, ale-house prater, but to *common sense*, that sense for which Englishmen have always been distinguished. Who are they, poor or affluent, to whom Bonaparte has done good? Why then should *any of us* dream of advantage from him; might *we* not rather expect (were we unhappily under his controul) to find him the severest of oppressors? If he has robbed of every thing dear and valuable to them people to whom he has *proffered friendship*—how would he, in all probability behave to *us*, against whom he has *openly vowed vengeance?* What return should *we* receive, who have constantly painted him in his true colours, been most active in exposing his cruelties and perfidy, and alone have had the courage to bid him defiance? Let *common sense* reply! Ought we then to withold any sacrifice, grudge any expence, or spare any exertion, to keep the invader from our shores? Let *common sense* reply!

P. D.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE INVASION.

TUNE, "*The Storm.*"

CEASE rude boaster, base marauder!
Listen heroes all to me!
Britons tell the bold invader,
You for ever will be free.
From Jaffa's plains with murder cover'd,
When the poison'd bowl was pour'd,
When hellish lust and rapine hover'd,
See, he waves the threat'ning sword!

Hark,

Hark, your Monarch loudly calling!
" In this hour of danger stand,
Up your Union Jack be hawling,
Guns and bayonets hand boys hand!"
Hark, the thund'ring drum resounding,
Shrill-ton'd fifes the soul inspire!
Thrills each nerve, each bosom bounding,
Burning with a patriot fire.

Now all ye who prize the pleasures
Wealth and Peace, and Freedom bring,
Freely pour your well won treasures,
For your Country and your King:
Around our coast is spread the danger,
Proudly boasts the desp'rate crew,
Prompted by a varlet stranger,
Who never King nor Country knew.

Form the phalanx deep and longer,
Draw the line from coast to coast,
Tho' his threats are strong and stronger,
Scorn the gasconading boast:
Right and left see all in motion,
Old and young in arms appear;
Hearts of oak still guard the Ocean;
Freedom guides us—cheer lads, cheer!

Now the dreadful preparation
Darkens Gallia's blood-stain'd shore;
Carnage, death and desolation,
On our heads they mean to pour.
Heard you not the CONSUL'S thunder
Call the slaves of rapine out?
Blood-hounds, train'd to savage plunder,
Hark, what means the exulting shout?

" See the fog our Navy cover,*
Seize the moment—fortune's tide!
One short breeze shall waft us over,
Ere our motions are descried:
Landed—Egypts hero leads us,
Wayes our flag on LONDON'S wall,
Fire behind—and fear precedes us,
Triumph FRANCE—and BRITAIN fall!"

* The French in this rhodomontade are made to calculate upon the fortuitous circumstances of a fog and a favourable wind as the only probable means that can enable them to elude the vigilance of our Navy and carry into effect their boasted descent upon our happy shores.

While

While they pour this dreaming bluster,
We for wives and children arm;
A nation round their King will muster,
Ev'ry breast with ardour warm.
Freedom, Wealth and Peace possessing,
Equal rights and equal laws,
Religion still a nation's blessing,
Who would faint in such a cause?

Kindred blood and filial duty
Call each Briton to the field;
The smile of love, the blush of beauty,
In each bosom boast a shield:
Helpless age and infant prattle,
Anxious wait our safe return—
These shall nerve our arms in battle—
These shall bless the Soldier's urn!

By the blood our Fathers wasted,
For blest FREEDOM's fav'rite isle!
By the joys their Sons have tasted,
Underneath her fost'ring smile—
We, a tyrant's chain disdaining,
Only live the freeborn brave!
When no other hope's remaining,
We will fall on FREEDOM'S GRAVE!

SCOTÆ BRITANNUS.

BRITISH WAR SONGS.

By Mr. DIBDIN.

Selected (by permission of the author) from the popular entertainment of BRITONS STRIKE HOME* *now performing at the* SANS SOUCI.

THE CALL OF HONOUR.

COME, brother soldiers, join the cause,
At Honour's call your swords display;
And swear, till Freedom bids you pause,
The scabbard shall be thrown away.

Bright Glory's ensign streams in air;
Yet, ere proud Gallia bite the dust,
To heaven prefer a fervent prayer,
To conquer, as our cause is just.

* The motives which induced Mr. Dibdin to compose this respectable Entertainment, appear to be truly commendable; as it is equally calculated to conciliate the minds of the Natives of the different quarters of the UNITED KINGDOM, as to animate the general spirit against the proud menaces of an invading Foe.

In Honour's quarrel, oh, how sweet
To taste the joys that Victory brings!
Trampling indignant under feet
Those slaves who threat to tread on kings.

Come, brother soldiers, give the word,
Fate lures them here to find their graves;
The sword is drawn, fair Freedom's sword,
And fatal may it fall on slaves.

Hark! how, with loud and horrid yell,
They seek destruction on our shore?
But pallid fear their din shall quell,
Wolves cease to howl when lions roar.

Not then to fight, but to chastise,
Arm, arm, at Liberty's command:
Britons, at Freedom's bidding rise,
And lash the cowards from the land!

Come, brother soldiers, give the word;
While shouts victorious rend the air;
The sword is drawn, fair Freedom's sword—
Let Frenchmen tremble at its glare.

High Heav'n in this may ruin urge;
And Britain, eminently great,
Vile Slav'ry from the world to scourge,
May be the instrument of fate.

Come on, to fill Fame's ample page
Be Vengeance on these miscreants hurl'd;
The day that gives them to our rage
Shall Peace restore to all the world.

Come, brother soldiers, seek the trench,
To hostile hearts be vengeance driven;
Your foes are the insidious French,
Your quarrel is the cause of Heaven.

A WELCOME TO THE FRENCH.

SINCE united we are, one and all hand and heart,
And our union nor French nor the devil can part,
Come on, plagues of Egypt, and lean kine of Pharaoh;
The Irish shelaly, Scotch Andrew farara,
An English oak towel, shall bodder your breath
Wid a hug so fraternal, 'twill hug you to death.

Come on, thick as locusts and swarms of muskatoes;
Since we're one band of brothers and true to our troth,
You're welcome, mounseers, to the land of potatoes,
Roast beef and plumb-pudding, and Scotch barley broth.

Is it mad that the French are? hut, honey, be asy;
Fait and conscience dere not only mad but dere crazy;
And, as larned physicians, long life to ensure 'em,
Prescribe bleeding to madmen to kill em or cure 'em.
So, prepar'd well to physic their whole commonwealth,
We'll bleed 'em to death for the good of their health.

Come on, &c.

See their Puppet of State, full of sin unexampled,
At Boulogne kiss that cross which in Egypt he trampled;
Wid their vive Bonaparte, and my dear Mister May'r
You shall plunder de English; moshe oblige to you Sare!
Thus Jack Ketch to the taef, as the mob he harangued,
Cried long life to you Paddy, come here and be hanged.

Come on, &c.

We 're in arms, little Bohey, and, as for the rest,
Fait when we're in earnest we're not used to jest;
Besides, were a bridge built from Calais to Dover,
The devil a Frenchman alive should come over;
Then turn men and good christians, repenting what's past,
Or the very first word that you speak is your last.

Come on, &c.

THE SOLDIER's OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

THE standard of Freedom's displayed,
Ye Britons your all is at stake!
Then sacredly, under its shade,
The firm oath of allegiance take.

While angels strong zeal shall impart
Let these words through the ranks loudly ring;
"I swear, and may heav'n judge my heart,
"To fight for my country and king."

By the shades of those heroes of old,
While inspiring the deeds of the brave,
With benignity now that behold
This struggle our country to save.

In their glorious career to take part,
So that fame my achievements may sing,
"I swear, and may heav'n judge my heart,
"To fight for my country and king."

For those friends that commend me and sigh,
Those dear comforts, my children and wife,
And every relative tie
That invigorates the springs of my life;

In a word, that our deeds may impart
Those joys peace and liberty bring:
"I swear, and may heav'n judge my heart,
"To fight for my country and king."

ERIN GO BRA.

SINCE Erin go bra is the song of the sod,
And adds zest to each Irishman's toast;
Let our land in proud duty be consciously trod,
And be patriot virtue our boast.

United and firm, each attempt to oppose
From allegiance our minds that would draw;
Of duty the friends, of sedition the foes,
So shall honour sing Erin go bra.

Than in Ireland, where nobler accomplishments meet,
Let them shew me the country who can;
'Tis the region of wit, hospitality's seat,
And for courage they'll fight to a man.

But as health breeds excrescences, spots dim the sun,
And the diamond exhibits a flaw;
By indulgence to errors our hearts shall be won,
While old England sings Erin go bra.

Ye deluded turn back; in a profligate crew
Who seek misery and shame without end;
Shake off disaffection, to duty be true,
And cherish your natural friend.

Be your only contention which fortunate isle
Shall our mutual enemies awe;
True glory shall court you, gay commerce shall smile,
And the world shall sing Erin go bra.

THE SUBSCRIPTION AT LLOYD'S.

IF the world ever saw a munificent act,
That Time might on adamant write,
Sons of Commerce 'tis yours—that mankind shall attract—
Astonishment mix'd with delight.

With

With a spirit so noble, so honourably given,
That all ostentation avoids:
Oh, of thousand, the prayers shall be put up to heaven
For the generous subscribers at Lloyd's!—

When the Briton stands forth for each Englishman's right,
Such encouragement misery beguiles;
And, though crippled and maimed in the glorious fight,
Pain's appeased and calamity smiles.

In his country's defence, though he risk limb and life,
He uneasy reflection avoids;
Ensured every wish of his children and wife
By the generous subscription at Lloyd's.

Then France, drunk with rage, to thy destiny start,
For plunder and riot grown warm,
Benevolence' voice shall appal every heart.
And humanity wither each arm.

Though thy turbulent leader no bounds can controul,
Though all reason and truth he avoids;
Let him consciously dread, and be struck to the soul
By the glorious subscription at Lloyd's.

ANTIENT BRITONS.

IF you of ancient Pritons speak,
The hardy sons of Gaul
Is of all Pritons you will seek,
Most ancientest of all.

And Romans, Saxons, Danes and Picts,
And Norman eke also,
Ne'er from their mountains could unfix
So tough and prave a foe.

As pards, and priests, and seers of old,
With crowdies, harps, and lyres,
Have sung, and have moreover told
About their kitchen fires.

And when at last, by Longshanks won,
For sureties and for pails,
They bowed not till he made hur son,
Got pless hur Prince of Wales.

You've peradventure heard, with choys,
At Cressy, and at France,
That many hardy Monmouth boys
Made Frenchmen skip and prance.

'Twas in a garden greens did crow,
And plumbs and pears, perhaps,
And leeks most peautiful also,
To grace their Monmouth caps;

Quivers of arrows they let fly,
And also us'd the sling,
As you shall hear, and by and by
Took pris'ner the French king.

Why was the tay I pray you won?
Why turned the French their tails?
Because black Edward led them on,
The gallant Prince of Wales.

At Agincourt was laurels worn,
When Henry took the field,
Henry, a Welchman pred and porn,
That thousands made to yield.

But

But Henry, as with rage he purned,
Did fall, and also lay,
When David Gam came in and turned
The fortune of the tay.

Then should the French put up our blood,
We're sons of David Gam,
And they'll find they might provoke as good
The devil and his tam.

Then strike the harp, and peat the string,
The French shall turn their tails;
For George, Got bless hur, is hur King,
And hur son is Prince of Wales.

THE BRITISH HEROES.

THE war's begun, the British fair
All weakness overcome;
The harp and lyre beneath their care,
Now hail the sprightly drum.

Like Sparta's matrons nobly great,
Wives, mothers, daughter vie
Who most shall heroes animate
To conquer or to die.

Sound the trumpet loud!
Bid the minstrel join
The prayer of yonder lovely crowd;
For our sons of fame,
In sounds divine,
Invoking each auspicious name
In battle to defend them.
Hail! they exclaim, rending the air,
O listen to our fervent prayer,
May victory attend them!

See, with delight, some lovely fair
Her parting hero deck,
A laurel wreath adorn his hair,
Her portrait grace his neck.

Thus armed, he pants to join th' attack;
She firmly bids him go,
And warns him soon to bring her back
Some trophy from the foe.

Sound the trumpet loud, &c.

A mother cries, "My love's first joy,
Go, fame and honour bring;
From me thou hold'st thy life, dear boy,
In trust, to serve thy king:

Yet, from the reeking slaughter come,
Whatever chance betide,
In safety bring thy father home,
Or perish by his side."

Sound the trumpet loud, &c

Thus shall the lovely British dame
To latest times be sung;
Great, brave, and noble, as the fame,
And honour whence she sprung.

Thus heroes perils shall survive,
Shall love and glory share;
And, angel-guarded, shall derive
Protection from the fair.

Sound the trumpet loud, &c.

THE AULD PIBROUGH.

ALLAN Ramsey and Burns,
Ha cheerly sung, by turns,
The deeds of the crouse, bonny, bra Scottish man,
Wi his arms awe sae sheen,
As they glistened in the een;
While the canty pipe, sae gay,
The auld pibrough did play—
"There never was a Scot but was true to his clan."

Frae Ossian to Bruce,
The bra deeds to produce,
Would take monny and monny a long hour to scan;
For mickle were the bairds,
Sung the feats of Scottish lairds,
When the swankies in array,
The canty pipes did play—.
"There never was a Scot but was true to his clan."

With

With the bonnet aw so blue,
And the nimble dirk in view,
While the Andrew Farraro each arm
shall brawly span;
For the cause each bosom warms,
And they're awsome in arms,
While the foe to dismay
The warlike pipe shall play—
"There never was a Scot but was
true to his clan."

From Egypt's burning sands,
Made red by Scottish hands
The invincible Skybalds fled aw to a
man;
For the standard that they bore
From its keeper's grasp we tore,
And the French were all dismayed,
As the pibrough we played—
"There never was a Scot but was
true to his clan!"

Of that tune the second part
Shall fash each bangster's heart,
For if they dare approach we'll their
rear make their van;
Sons of Wallace and Bruce
Mighty vengeance let loose;
Ancient courage display,
While the canty pipes shall play—
"There never was a Scot but was
true to his clan."

VICTORY AND GEORGE III.

WHEN Dryden wrote, and Purcel sung
Britons strike home!
The patriot-sounds re-echoing rung
The vaulted dome.

To George, a soldier and a saint,
To consecrate his lay,
The poet prayed; his numbers paint
Our prayer of this day.

To George, our theme, a Briton born,
No less be honours given;
Whose various virtues might adorn
The registers of heaven.
Rise all who hear me, rise, and sing
Our hearts' dear chorus, God save the
King!

Since heaven first bade Britannia sway
The ample main,
And willed the wondering world to obey
Her mighty reign,

From power to power, the great behest,
By time was handed down;
That fame and glory might invest
The splendid British crown.

George was the boon by nature willed,
Now sovereign of the waves,
Who the conditions well fulfilled—
Britons should ne'er be slaves!
Rise all who hear me, &c.

Ye Britons bear in soul and mind
The glorious term;
And what your ancestors enjoin'd
Do you confirm.

Steady, in Freedom's glorious cause,
United heart and hand,
Fighting for honour and the laws,
Chase slavery from the land.

In Arthur's reign their swords they drew,
Heaven and St. George the word,
Arm, arm, and be the word from you
Victory and George the third.
Rise all who hear me, &c.

ON SEEING A MINIATURE OF BONAPARTE,

PENDANT FROM THE NECK OF A WOMAN OF QUALITY.

"WHAT, hang from the neck of a Lady?" cries Bill—
"Were ever such Folly and Impudence shewn?"
"For *hanging* indeed, he may *hang* where he will,
"But as to the *neck*, let it be *by his own!*"

Traveller.

SELECTED

SELECTED POETRY.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

By Mr. CAMPBELL.

OUR bugles had sung, for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the centinal stars set them watch in the sky,
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die!

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night, a sweet vision I saw,
And twice ere the cock crew, I dreamt it again.

Methought, from the battle field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track,
Till nature and sunshine disclos'd the sweet way
To the house of my Father that welcom'd me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields travell'd so oft,
In life's morning's march when my bosom was young,
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And well knew the strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledg'd we the cup, and fondly we swore,
From my home, and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones miss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in the fulness of heart!

Stay! stay with us! rest! thou art weary and worn;
And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

Morning Herald.

SONG.

ARISE Brother Britons, in valour arise,
The Banner of Freedom's unfurled;
The day-spring of Victory beams from the skies,
The thunder of vengeance is hurled.

With our swords in our hands upraised to Heaven,
We swear we will never be Slaves;
And the Altar on which this proud promise is given
Is the turf of our forefathers graves.

For

For a King, our fond fathers, for laws we adore,
The dear tender ties of our love;
Like a band of true brothers we'll rush to the shore,
Our arms and our valour to prove.

Shall our sweet native Isle, so long Freedom's abode,
Be a prey to the Tyrant of Gaul?
No, no, by our honour, our fathers, our God,
We will save it or die at its fall.

Hark, hark, tis the bugle each warrior calls
Who shrinks not at Death's awful name;
To arms, haste to arms! every HERO that falls,
Shall die in the blaze of his fame.

A NEW SONG OF OLD SAYINGS.

BONAPARTE, the bully, resolv'd to come over,
With flat-bottom'd wherries, from Calais to Dover;
No perils to him in the billows are found,
'*For if born to be hang'd he can never be drown'd.*'

From a Corsican dunghill this fungus did spring,
He was soon made a Captain and would be a King;
But the higher he rises the more he does evil,
'*For a Beggar on Horseback will ride to the Devil.*'

To seize all that we have and then clap us in jail,
To devour all our victuals and drink all our ale,
And to grind us to dust is the Corsican's will—
'*For we know all is grist that e'er comes to his mill.*'

To stay quiet at home the FIRST CONSUL can't bear,
Or mayhap *he would have other fish to fry there*;
So as fish of that sort does not suit his desire,
'*He leaps out of the frying-pan into the fire.*'

He builds barges and cock-boats, and craft without end,
And numbers the boats which to England he'll send,
But in spite of his craft, and his barges and boats,
'*He still reckons, I think, without one of his hosts.*'

He rides upon France and he tramples on Spain,
And holds Holland and Italy tight in a chain;
These he hazards for more, though I can't understand,
'*How one bird in the bush is worth two in the hand.*'

He trusts that his luck will all danger expel,
'*But the pitcher is broke that goes oft to the well*;"
And when our brave soldiers this bully surround,
'*Though he's thought* PENNY-WISE, *he'll look foolish in* POUND.'

France can never forget that our fathers of yore,
Used to pepper and baste her at sea and at shore;
And we'll speedily prove to this Mock-Alexander,
'*What was sauce for the goose, will be sauce for the gander.*'

I have heard and have read in a great many books,
Half the Frenchmen are tailors, and t'other half cooks;—
We've fine trimmings in store for the Knights of the Cloth,
'*And the Cooks that come here will but spoil their own broth.*'

It is said that the French are a numerous race,
And perhaps it is true, '*for ill weeds grow a-pace*;'
But come when they will, and as many as dare,
'*I expect they'll arrive a day after the fair.*'

To invade us more safely these warriors boast
They will wait till a storm drives our fleet from the coast,
That t'will '*be an ill wind*, will be soon understood,
For a wind *that blows* Frenchmen *blows nobody good.*'

They would treat Britain worse than they've treated Mynheer,
But they'll find, '*they have got a wrong sow by the ear*;
Let them come then in swarms by this Corsican led,
And I warrant, '*we'll hit the right nail on the head.*'

A HUNDRED TO ONE, *or the Odds against* BONAPARTE.

By W. C. EMPSON, Esq.

SINCE the Gallic Ambassador's taken *French leave*,
And returned in high dudgeon to France,
At the loss of one Frenchman we never will grieve,
Though we care not how many advance.
As war is their fancy, why let them come on,
And attempt their long threaten'd Invasion;
To Arms, then to Arms! every Briton's brave Son,
Can we arm on a better occasion?

Bonaparte has confessed tis 'a hundred to one'
Britain's tars will not let them come over;
Let him try, should he dare,
But he'd better beware;
For should he elude 'em, she's many a brave Son,
Who would warmly receive him at Dover.

Now

Now for once the Chief Consul speaks truth I confess,
Though it seldom has happened before,
For him than no one living adheres to truth less,
Or to *falsehood* and *perfidy* more.
He declares to his *Slaves* through the Gallic domain
'*Single-handed*,' we never can beat 'em,
But we've proved the boast false, and will prove it again,
As often as NELSON can meet 'em.
Still the Corsican owns 'tis 'a Hundred to One,' &c.

Then collect, Bonaparte, all the troops you can bring,
And invade us at once if you can;
But remember we're true to our COUNTRY and KING,
And are loyal and brave to a man.
We invite you to come, and we'll soon let you know,
When insulted, what Britons can do;
For we always were ready at FACING A FOE,
And are anxious to meet him in YOU.
Then huzza, my brave boys, 'tis a Hundred to One,' &c.

THE FURY OF DISCORD: A WAR SONG.

BY JOHN CARR, Esq.

IN a chariot of fire through hell's flaming arch,
The Fury of Discord appear'd,
A myriad of dæmons attended her march,
And in Gallia her standard she rear'd.

Thy name so enchanting, sweet Freedom! she took,
But in vain did she try to assume
Thy smile of content, thy enlivening look,
And thy roseate, mountainous bloom.

For wan was her visage, and frenzied her eye;
At her girdle a poniard she wore;
Her bosom and limbs were expos'd to the sky,
And her robe was besprinkled with gore.

Nature shudder'd and sigh'd, as the wild rabble past;
Each flow'r hung its beautiful head;
The groves became dusky, and moan'd in the blast,
And Virtue and Innocence fled.

She rose from her car, 'midst the yell of her crew;
Emblazon'd, a scroll she unfurl'd,
And on it, the dreams of Philosophy drew—
"'Tis the charter," she cried, "of the world."

Plunder, keen-ey'd and lean, rang with plaudits the sky;
Murder grinn'd, as he whetted his steel;
While Blasphemy swore the Redeemer on high
Was the creature of folly and zeal.

The scaffold grew red with the blood of the brave,
Kings turn'd pale on their thrones at her nod;
While Loyalty flew to the gloom of the cave,
And Piety knelt to her God.

At length, after changing her chiefs at her will,
As their mischievous zeal grew remiss,
She sought a new fav'rite with dexterous skill,
From Obscurity's darkest abyss:

The powers of her monstrous adoption to try,
'Midst, Egypt, thy waterless waste!
She bade him the blast of thy desert outvie,
And defile all thy relics of taste.

The hero obey'd—with a merciful air,
He rung from thy natives a tear;
But the justice and valour of Britain e'en there
Shook his legions recoiling with fear.

Well pleas'd with his crimes, the Fury, with flight,
To her empire safe wafted him o'er;
While the spectres of Jaffa, with ghastly delight,
The murd'rer pursu'd to the shore.

Arriv'd—for his brow, lo! a turban she made,
Bright with gems pluck'd from Gallia's crown;
To give him a name, she Rome's hist'ry survey'd,
In the days of her early renown.

To embellish his guilt, or to soften its shade,
The Arts mournful captives she kept;
And the plund'rer and plunder of Europe display'd
To the wand'rer, who wonder'd and wept.

To support this apostate imperial shade,
This impious mock'ry of good,
She rais'd a banditti, to whom she convey'd
His spirit for plunder and blood.

The chiefs of the earth in a panic beheld
The flash of his sabre afar;
They enter'd—but pensively mov'd from the field,
And bow'd to this Idol of war;

Till fum'd with the incense of slavish applause,
O'er the globe's fairest portion he trod;
And spurning it's liberty, spirit, and laws,
Conceiv'd himself rais'd to a God.

But England disdain'd to the Tyrant to bend;
Still erect, undismay'd she was found;
Infuriate, he swore that his bolt should descend,
And her temples should fall to the ground.

Yes, here, if his banner be destin'd to wave,
It shall float o'er her temples laid low;
Over piles of her children, who, loyal and brave,
Such a victory never will know.

Oh! banish the thought—for learn 'tis in vain,
Thus, thou maniac Tyrant, to boast;
As soon shall her base be remov'd by the main,
As her empire by thee and thy host.

The sound is gone forth—'tis recorded above:
To the mountain it spread from the vale;
"Our God, and our King, and our Country we love,
And for them we will die, or prevail."

Then hasten the day, if thy threat be sincere,
Let the winds blow thy myriads along;
Then soon may thy boasted Armada appear,
Soon our rocks catch the militant song.

Thy guardian, foul deity! hideous with crime,
Shall view, as she moves to our shore,
The Genius of Britain, mild, brave, and sublime,
And shall boast her achievements no more.

Oh! direful and strange will the contest appear,
Big with freedom to nations afar:
The good who confide, and the guilty who fear,
Shall join in the conflict of war.

In heaven, with smiles, shall the happy and blest
Lean over its bright-beaming walls,
To guide and support to the regions of rest
The soul of the patriot who falls.

Britannia! thy muse, on a rock high and steep,
The fate of the fight shall proclaim;
The strings of her lyre Inspiration shall sweep,
Recording each hero by name.

The world to its centre shall shake with delight,
As thus she announces their fall;
"They sink—our invaders submit to our might,
The ocean has buried them all."

[*Loyalist.*

BRITISH THUNDER!

Perish the man whose mind is backward now.—SHAKESPEARE.

O'ER Albion's happy land again
Blood-thirsty Mars resumes his reign,
His crimson flag unfurls;
Bellona, in her iron car,
Sounds the tremendous trump of War,
Her direful vengeance hurls.

To arms! ye gallant hearts of steel,
And make these bold invaders feel
The force of *British thunder*;
Quick pour destruction on the foe,
And let proud *Bonaparte* know
He ne'er shall Britain plunder.

To scourge the pride of haughty France,
See, see, Britannia's sons advance,
And grasp the shining spear;
To guard their liberty and lives,
Their laws, their children, and their wives,
Brave Britons know no fear.

Should they e'er tempt the foaming wave,
Meet them, ye British seamen brave,
With true old *English thunder*:
Shew the vain-glorious sons of France,
Though unassisted we'll advance,
And save our land from plunder.

But should the base, the murd'ring band
On Albion's shore in darkness land,
And brave the *British lion*,
No cowards on our shore they'll meet,
No slaves to crouch beneath their feet;
This truth they may rely on.

The Frenchmen boast they'll freedom grant,
And on Albion's shore will plant
Their tree of liberty;
But here does freedom smiling live,
Such freedom Frenchmen ne'er can give:
Then to its standard fly.

Shall Britons bow to Gallia's lord?
Obey a tyrant Consul's word?
"No, no," they loudly cry;
"We'll guard our sacred shore from spoil,
From tyranny and Gallic wile;
And freely live, or die."

Then

Then o'er this land shall *George* still reign,
Britannia still shall rule the main,
Of future days the wonder:
While Freedom's flag remains unfurl'd,
We'll bid defiance to the world,
And hurl th' avenging thunder.

Loyalist. T. P. H.

AMOR PATRIÆ.

AN ADDRESS TO OLD ENGLAND'S VOLUNTEERS.

ROUSE, Volunteers, your warlike souls to arms,
Undaunted Heroes to the fight advance,
Let ev'ry breast be free from vain alarms
And bid defiance to aspiring France.

Invasion's threaten'd: hated Gallia boasts
She'll send her myrmidons with dreadful ire,
To strew your much-lov'd Albion's happy coasts,
With heaps of dead and desolation dire.

Then, fellow men, unite with heart and hand,
And fight with vigour in your country's cause:
Bold, meritorious, patriotic band,
Defend your rights, your liberties and laws.

Let ev'ry heart with lively ardour glow,
To guard its Sovereign, and its native land;
Let Justice point, and Vengeance strike the blow,
And hurl destruction on the lawless band.

Shall BRITONS sleep when BONAPARTE invades
Their Country's envied, but unconquered, plains?
Shall monsters ravish England's fariest maids,
And fix her sons in everlasting chains?

To a curs'd Tyrant's yoke shall BRITONS bend,
And Freedom's sons in bonds of slavery groan!
Shall independent souls with slaves contend
And Albion kneel at haughty Gallia's throne.

No! not till Nature's laws shall cease to reign,
Not till the Sun for ever stays its course;
Not till the Heav'ns shall lose their starry train,
Or the loud tempest cease its boist'rous force.

Rise then Old England's Loyal Volunteers,
For hark! The God of War to glory calls;
Unite those hearts ne'er yet appall'd by fears—
And boasting Gallia's vile Usurper falls.

REGULUS.

A NEW SONG AND A TRUE SONG;

Or, the CHARACTER *of the* WRETCHES *who threaten to conquer*
THE SONS OF LIBERTY.

DO you hear, my brave boys, what these scoundrels advance:
That Britain shall soon be a province to France;
That they'll do such exploits as shall make the world wonder,
And give up the nation to rapine and plunder?

Derry down, &c.

They are hoarse, these vain boasters, with tearing their throats
About their *invasions* and *flat-bottom'd boats:*
I don't think they'll venture to stir now they've got 'em,
If they should, they shall all go *down flat to the bottom.*

Derry down, &c.

Would you know who they are, with their threats to invade?
Who for ages have made of vain-boasting their trade?
A *Frenchman** himself calls them *beasts in our shape,*
A marvellous union of *tiger* and *ape.*

Derry down, &c.

Like *tigers,* they tear all they reach with their claws;
Like *monkeys,* they chatter with impudent jaws:
Like *tigers,* deceitful and cruel, they *slay*
All they get in their power, and devour them as prey.

Derry down, &c.

Like *monkeys,* they grin with a thousand grimaces,
And hold out their paws for *fraternal embraces!*
No offers of friendship, Monsieur, if you please;
For your *softest* embrace is a *bloody hard squeeze.*

Derry down, &c.

But who is the Hero that leads them this dance?
A *Corsican* stroller that stroll'd into France;
And as *virtue* in France for the most part miscarries,
T' insure his promotion, a *harlot*† he marries.

Derry down, &c.

The honours thus purchas'd, the miscreant has sullied,
Has promis'd, deceiv'd, intrigu'd, brib'd, and bullied;
Turns Atheist, turns Turk, and turns Christian at will,
His ambition to feed, and his coffers to fill.

Derry down, &c.

* Voltaire.

† The renowned *Madame Bonaparte* was ennobled by the *more than fraternal embraces of Barras*, in the plentitude of his power, after she had been *embraced* by General *Delhas*, who relieved her from the *embraces* of poor *Chenier* the poet. The Usurper, in consequence of this marriage, commanded the army in Egypt.

Destruction attends every step that he goes,
For he *poisons* alike both his *friends* and his *foes*;
He leaves his *invincible* troops to be beat,
And makes the *French* SLAVES, as he *steals* a retreat.
Derry down, &c.

Where now, ye mean vassals, has LIBERTY fled?
Her cap ye have *torn*, ye hug *chains* in her stead;
Ye *rattle* these chains, and are *proud of disgrace!*
You've EQUALITY still—for you're *equally base!*
Derry down, &c.

THE BRITISH MEDLEY.

IN wild confusion's lawless reign,
When madden'd France, like chaos, rose—
Contemn'd the Monarch of the main,
And breath'd around unnumber'd woes:
To England's coast her blood-stain'd arms she turn'd.
BRITANNIA cried, whilst her embrace she spurn'd,
Britons, strike home! Avenge your country's wrongs!
Fight, and record yourselves in Druids' songs.

From ev'ry port, the willing crew
Launch'd forth, to cut the buoyant tide,
Their floating walls; as fav'ring blew
Each zephyr on old NEPTUNE'S pride.
What tho' the foe did vainly dare the fight!
He loud exclaim'd, and sunk in whelming night,
Rule, BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA rule the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves.

Then coward treason dark combin'd,
And met the dastard traitor's doom.
United ev'ry Briton's mind,
Whose lifted sword shone through the gloom.
Peace gladd'ning echo'd o'er the tented fields,
Each voice proclaim'd, while rung the clanging shields,
God save great George our King!
Long live our noble King!
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious!
Long to reign over us!
God save the King!

Yet, as the daring foe provoke,
By deeds of harsh aggressive war;
Again shall thund'ring hearts of oak
Their missive horrors spread afar.
The valiant seamen, scouring their domain,
Shall sing in myriads on their wat'ry reign—
We always are ready,
Steady boys, steady,
We'll fight, and we'll conquer again and again.

ANTICIPATION.

A SONNET.

By Wm. Wordsworth, Esq.

SHOUT, for a mighty victory is won!
On British ground the Invaders are laid low,
The breath of Heaven has drifted them like snow.
And left them lying in the silent sun
Never to rise again: The work is done.
Come forth ye Old Men now in peaceful show,
And greet your Sons! Drums beat, and Trumpets blow!
Make merry Wives, ye little Children stun
Your Grandam's ears with pleasure of your noise!
Clap Infants, clap your hands! Divine must be
That triumph when the very worst, the pain,
The loss, and e'en the prospect of the slain,
Hath something in it which the heart enjoys—
True glory, everlasting sanctity.

WAR ADDRESS.

RISE, ye Britons, march to glory,
Dauntless stand 'midst war's alarms;
Tell the Youth of future story,
That their Sires were great in arms.

What, tho' despot frenzy threaten
Louder than the raging waves:
Free-born warriors fight for Britain;
Gallia's soldiers are but slaves.

Tyrant! tho' thy troops victorious,
Darken yonder distant shore;
Here you'll find defeat inglorious;
Come, but you return no more.

Here, no Turkish host parading,
Here no tame Italian band,
Views afar the foe invading
March resistless o'er the land.

Here, each virtuous feeling tender,
Here, each dear domestic tie
Arms our every brave defender,
Arms to conquer, or to die.

Come, ye bands inur'd to plunder,
Come, and find a narrow bed;
Vengeance soon shall point her thunder
On your Despot's guilty head.

BONA-

BONAPARTE'S WILL.

AS I am on a voyage bent,
That may prove good or ill,
I thus confusion to prevent
Think fit to make my WILL.

And first *Madame*, my loving wife,
(Tho' sorry to forsake her),
I leave, should I depart this life,
To BARRAS—if he'll take her.

She of unfruitful vines was one!
I wish he still had kept her:
Then, happy, to a duteous *son*
I now might leave—my *sceptre*.

But not a needle do I care
Who wields it after me,
Provided he be no proud heir
Of Bourbon's family.

Then to my FELLOW CONSULS, next,
I leave their titled *bubble*—
To Talleyrand, this wholesome *text*,
"A man is born to trouble."

To my dear BROTHERS I bequeath
All they can get by *rapine!*
That is, provided that *my* death,
Ere I return, shall happen.

To my companions, brave in arms
(If they get safely over),
I give up all the wealth and charms,
Beyond the Cliffs of Dover.

My friends, the Italians, Dutch, and Swiss,
To me so true and steady,
I leave my fond *fraternal kiss*—
So now to die I'm ready.

HAFIZ.

Translated from the original Morning Post.

WAR SONG.

BRITONS cease your long forbearing
Let insults fire your gen'rous blood;
Arouse, arouse, to martial daring,
And deeds of noble hardihood.

Proud Frenchmen brave us—quick assemble—
Join Britannia's patriot band;
Make these boasting Frenchmen tremble,
If they dare invade our land.

Freedom ever held her station
On this happy favour'd isle;
Freedom calls ye, rouse, brave nation,
Cease the works of Peace awhile.
Shall Frenchmen threaten our enslaving?
Shall slaves in Britain e'er be found;
Shall Gallic banners, proudly waving,
E'er be fix'd on British ground?

Now I mark your heart's quick motion;
Yes, let them come, I hear you cry;
Yes, let them pass our subject ocean!
Yes, let them come, they come to die.
Come, BONAPARTE, tyrant savage,
Thy armies marshal on our coast;
Awhile thy slaves our fields may ravage,
But ruin soon shall whelm thy host.

Gallant comrades, think of Cressy,
And Aboukir's well fought field,
Departed heroes shades will bless ye,
Whilst the avenging sword you wield,
Quick, ye gen'rous youths, assemble,
Join Britannia's patriot band,
Make those boasting Frenchmen tremble,
If they dare invade our land.

THE CHALLENGE.

A NEW SONG.

TUNE—"*All Trades.*"

YE Gallic gasconaders,
Prepare your tools of war,
And prove yourselves invaders
Of Britain—if ye dare.

All eager, arm'd, and steady,
On shore, and on the seas,
Her gallant sons are ready
To meet you when you please.

September's reign is ended,
Our harvest safely home;
Then why, if you intend it,
Do you delay to come?
The nights are long and dark enough,
Your passage to secure;
But, lest the weather should prove *rough*
Your fleet of boats—*insure.*

Britania though a small land,
Possesses wond'rous wealth:
Old Italy and Holland,
And all you gain'd by *stealth*,
And all you got by dint of force,
With it cannot compare—
Here you may fill each empty purse,
And live on princely fare.

But mark! in this same speck of earth
A *native plant* is found,
Which from the day that gave it birth,
Has bloom'd all seasons round;
Tis deadly poison to the touch
Of Tyrants and of Slaves—
And sure as fate, ye French and Dutch!
Will send you to your graves.

Then come, ye gasconaders!
With all your tools of war,
And prove yourselves invaders
Of Britain—if ye dare.
All eager, arm'd, and steady,
On shore and on the seas,
Her gallant sons are ready
To meet you when *you please.*
Morning Post.

WAR SONG.

TUNE—"*God save the King*"

BRITONS prepare, prepare,
Bellona mounts her car,
And cries "To arms!"
Her standard now unfurl'd,
Strikes terror thro' the world,
Her darts with vengeance hurl'd,
Spread wide alarms

Sweet peace, once wont to smile
On this Heav'n-favor'd isle,
Alas! is fled!
A haughty tyrant's frown
Insults her fair renown;
Torn is the olive crown
From Beauty's head.

Envy, that hag accurst,
Of all the vices worst,
His heart inflames;
His threat Britannia heard:
Hark! plunder is the word!
Unsheath'd his murd'ring sword
At distance gleams:

Come on, thou vaunting foe,
Britons shall let thee know
Where freedom shines.
Their bullets, wing'd with fate,
Shall teach thee, tho' too late,
What vengeance does await
Thy rash designs.

God of our fathers, hear
Thy suppliant children's prayer,
Their cause defend.
So shall Britannia's sons
Defy his mirmydons,
And England's thund'ring guns
His projects end.

Their country's call inspires
Her sons with martial fires,
"To arms!" they cry.
See where her legions go
To meet th' invading foe,
The only word they know,
CONQUER or DIE!

J. S.

A SONG

For the VOLUNTEERS *in the Neighbourhood of* WOBURN ABBEY,

By JAMES WILLIS, Esq.

AROUND the land the din of arms,
Each heart with martial ardour warms!
We'll join the patriot band,

Determin'd to be free or fall,
We'll dauntless meet the braggart Gaul,
And Russel shall command.

Illustrious chief! to Britons dear,
Heir to that name which all revere,
Of Albion's isle the pride!
'Twas to assert his country's cause,
Our rights, our liberty, our laws,
His great forefather died.

A patriot king now fills the throne,
Whose sacred sway with joy we own,
Our safeguard and our shield.
In his defence all hearts unite,
Each bosom burns with fierce delight,
And rushes to the field.

Lo! where our free-born peasants join,
With princes in th' embattled line;
One soul inspires them all.
French spoilers from the earth to sweep,
Or whelm them in the ruthless deep:
To conquer or to fall.

Though nations crouching to his sway,
With unavailing groans obey
The despot's iron reign;
This soil no ruffian's bloody band,
No Gallic robbers grasping hand,
Unpunished, shall profane.

Here, if the tyrant dare to tread,
Swift vengeance on his guilty head,
In thunder shall be hurl'd.
High notes shall swell the trump of fame,
And nations hail, with loud acclaim,
The avenger of the world.

DUET AND CHORUS FOR FOUR VOICES,

Compos'd by DR. G. BAKER *of Derby.*

STAND round my brave boys,
With heart and with voice,
And all in full chorus agree;
We'll fight for our King,
And as loyally sing,
And let the world know we'll be free.

The Frenchmen shall fly,
As with shouts we draw nigh,
And echo shall victory ring;
Then safe from alarms,
We'll rest on our arms,
And chorus it Long live the King.

With hearts firm and stout,
We'll repel the bold rout,
And follow fair Liberty's call;
We'll rush on the foe,
And deal death in each blow,
'Till conquest and honour crown all.
The Frenchmen shall fly, &c.

Then Commerce once more,
Shall bring wealth to our shore,
And Plenty and Peace bless our Isle;
The peasant shall quaff
Of his bowl with a laugh,
And reap the sweet fruits of his toil.
The Frenchmen shall fly, &c.

Kind love shall repay,
The fatigues of the day,
And melt us to softer alarms;
Coy Phillis shall burn,
At her Soldier's return,
And bless the brave youth in her arms.
The Frenchmen shall fly, &c

THE MAMMOTH.

SOON as the deluge ceas'd to pour
The flood of death from shore to shore,
And verdure smil'd again;
Hatch'd amidst elemental strife,
I sought the upper realms of life,
The tyrant of the plain.

On India's shores my dwelling lay,
Gigantic, as I roam'd for prey,
All nature took to flight!
At my approach the lofty woods
Submissive bow'd, the trembling floods
Drew backward with affright.

Creation

Creation felt a general shock:
The screaming eagle sought the rock,
The elephant was slain;
Affrighted, men to caves retreat,
Tigers and Leopards lick'd my feet,
And own'd my lordly reign.

Thus many moons my course I ran,
The general foe of beast and man,
Till on one fatal day,
The Lion led the bestial train,
And I, alas! was quickly slain,
As gorg'd with food I lay.

With light'ning's speed the rumours spread,
"Rejoice! Rejoice! the Mammoth's dead,"
Resounds from shore to shore.
Pomona, Ceres, thrive again,
And laughing join the choral strain,
"The Mammoth is no more."

In earth's deep caverns long immur'd,
My skeleton from view secur'd,
In dull oblivion lay;
Till late, with industry and toil,
A youth subdu'd the stubborn soil,
And dragg'd me forth to day.

In London now my body's shown,
And while the crowd o'er every bone
Incline the curious head,
They view my form with wond'ring eye,
And pleas'd in fancied safety cry,
"Thank Heav'n, the monster's dead!"

Oh mortals, blind to future ill,
My race yet lives, it prospers still;
Nay—start not with surprize:
Behold, from Corsica's small isle,
Twin-born in cruelty and guile,
A second Mammoth rise!

He seeks on fortune's billows born,
A land by revolutions torn,
A prey to civil hate;
And, seizing on a lucky time,
Of Gallic frenzy, Gallic crime,
Assumes the regal state,

Batavian freedom floats in air,
The patriot Swiss, in deep despair,
Deserts his native land;
While haughty Spain her monarch sees
Submissive wait, on bended knees,
The tyrant's dread command.

All Europe o'er the giant stalks,
Whole nations tremble as he walks,
Extinct their martial fire;
The Northern Bear lies down to rest,
The Prussian Eagle seeks her nest,
The Austrian bands retire.

Yet ah! a storm begins to low'r,
Satiate with cruelty and pow'r,
At ease the monster lies;
Lion of Britain, led by you,
If Europe's sons the fight renew,
A second Mammoth dies.

Cabinet.

ODE.

Awake! arise! or be for ever fall'n.
Milton.

WHEN Cæsar, by ambition led,
Our circumambient seas o'erspread
With his all-conquering host,
Think how our bold forefathers pour'd
Where'er the storm of danger lour'd
Around their native coast!

United in one common cause,
Their flaming vengeance knew no pause,
Their naked breasts no fear:
Rude were their arms, but firm their hearts—
Unskill'd in military arts—
Their blessings few, but dear.

By their heroic deeds inspir'd,
Shall not their prouder sons be fir'd,
And death or victory chuse?
When now a more rapacious foe
Aims at your isle a deadlier blow,
Think what *you* have to lose.

All that is dear in polish'd life,
All that is worth the martial strife,
Which ne'er your fathers knew:
O rouse! and guard your best delights:—
Your country's hopes—your country's rights
Your country looks to you!

By Virtue's prayers, by Age's fears,
By Childhood's charms, by Beauty's tears,
Unsheath the vengeful sword!
O spurn a faithless tyrant's yoke;
With spirits unsubdued—unbroke—
Nor trust his treach'rous word!

Will HE, whose desolating bands
Pour'd horror over other lands,
Respect your nation's rights?
Believe it not—Ambition knows
Compunction ne'er for human woes,
When wealth or pow'r invites.

When duty calls—when Heav'n inspires—
While lives the example of your sires,
And Freedom's name endures,
Britons, united, dare oppose
Your breasts to all invading foes,
And Victory shall be yours?

ANTICHRIST.

Since Satan, in the latter days,
Was destin'd Antichrist to raise,
Men look'd for his arrival;
Sometimes they doubted and demurr'd,
Again some new event occur'd
To give their fears revival.

But now the case is clear and plain,
None doubt of Antichrist's dread reign,
Since Bonaparte's began;
Whom, since he first in France was known,
His ev'ry word and act have shewn
The foe of God and man.

Behold him on Marengo's height,
When brave Dessaix restor'd the sight
His fault had nearly lost,
Doom the victorious chief to death,
Snatch from his brow the blooming wreath,
And his own prowess boast.

See him again on Egypt's strand,
Deserting the devoted band
Whom he to ruin led;
Them leaving his base arts to rue,
To France the false deceiver flew,
A new career to tread.

See him, on Jaffa's blood stain'd shore,
When he in Heav'n's dread presence swore
The vanquish'd Turks to save,
Four thousand captives sacrifice,
Scoff at their pangs, smile at their cries,
And rob them of a grave.

When driv'n from Acre's tow'rs with shame,
See him th' infernal project frame,
Then first conceiv'd and wrought,
With semblance of paternal care,
For his own sick the cup prepare
With mortal poison fraught.

See him the Christian faith abjure,
Partake of Tallien's rites impure,
And breathe his Pagan vows:
Heedless from whom he gain'd support,
Behold him, wild Barras to court,
His concubine espouse.

View him again on Delta's plain,
While yet he held his fleeting reign,
Complete his impious work:
Against his Saviour own his hate,
And vauntingly, in turban'd state,
Avow himself a Turk.

See him, of France First Consul proud,
Surrounded by a venal crowd
Of prostituted slaves,
Promulgating his stern decrees,
Arm'd at all points each state to seize
Which his dictation braves.

Prepar'd

Prepar'd to play a desp'rate game,
Hear him his mad design proclaim
'Gainst Britain's free born realm;
See Gallia's and Batavia's coast
Swarm with his vet'ran bands, who boast
Our island to o'erwhelm.

But let them come! we trust in God,
Whom we confess, who, at his nod,
Can their attacks repel;
Who can assert our rightful cause,
Can save our King, Religion, Laws,
And Antichrist can quell.

B

POL AND BEN.

A BALLAD.

"WHY weeps my Pol? why down her cheek
Descends the silent tear?
Why not to Ben her sorrows speak?
To whom she is so dear!

Come quickly, love, the truth impart;
With Ben use no disguise;
Says what it is that pains thy heart.
And dims those beauteous eyes?"

"Alas! I fear the cause to speak,"
The mournful maid replied;
"I know my Ben will think me weak,
And much my fears deride.

Yet where, oh, where! can Pol repose
The cause of her distress?
When Ben the real motive knows,
Say, will he love her less?

Oh! no; the British Sailor's breast,
For honest feeling fam'd,
Shares with the heart by grief opprest,
Nor of the tears asham'd.

This pity then, will Ben refuse,
To one he loves so well?
Will he not kind persuasion use,
Anxious her fears to quell?

But who, alas! shall still those fears,
When thou art far away?
My aching heart that summons hears,
Which thou must quick obey.

Do I not know the savage race,
With whom you've to contend?
Do I not know you'll ne'er give place,
Nor to the tyrant bend?

If in the contest you should fall,
And Bonaparte come,
In losing you, I lose my all,
My lover, friend, and home."

"Forbear, forbear," quick Ben return'd,
And wip'd away a tear:
His heart with fond affection burn'd,
Yet held his Country dear.

"Say, do you think us Britons fear
To call the French their foe?
Let the d—d *Corsican* appear;
We'll lay the lubber low.

Remember England's gallant sons:
Cheer up, my lass, and smile;
Do you forget the battles won
By NELSON of the NILE?

With such examples, shall us tars
Shrink when our Country calls?
Oh! no, we glory in those scars,
That save our Albion's walls.

Yet, though to Country, King, and Laws,
Ben will be ever true;
While fighting brave in honour's cause,
His heart remains with you.

I'll fill a glass of grog, my Pol,
To wash away all care;
And the sweet Little Isle extol,
To British bosoms dear."

LAURINA.

THE ANTI-GALLICAN.

NUMBER XII.

ODE TO FREEDOM.

NURSE of heroes, FREEDOM, hear;
Hear thy suppliant's fervent prayer;
Seize, oh! seize, th' avenging spear,
And all thy martial pomp prepare:
Come array'd in helmed pride,
Come with Vengeance by thy side;
Rear thy fate-fraught arm on high,
Dart the light'ning of thine eye:
Haste, Freedom, haste—and quit the tranquil scene,
Where join'd with Labour, thou dost love to dwell:
No longer loiter on the wood-fring'd green—
'Tis time to strike thy foes—to break the spell—
Which hell prepar'd, and dipt in Stygian flood,
Has delug'd Europe in a sea of blood.

Goddess, raise thine eye, and see
What horrid scenes prevail around;
Hark! how pale-fac'd Misery
Mourns her fate in plaintive sound:
Mark what piteous groupes appear,
Bound in chains, and pale with fear;
Mark their shrieks, their piercing cries,
Their looks deprest, their deep-drawn sighs;
Young orphans, widows, virgins craz'd, bewail,
And raise their clasped hands to heav'n in pray'r;
Their grief-bent forms relate their dismal tale,
And say—behold the children of Despair:
Now see where Tyranny ascends her throne,
All stain'd with blood—and mocks them as they groan.

In thund'ring voice she gives the word—
"Soldiers," the monster cries, "away"—
No sooner is the mandate heard,
Than out they rush to seize their prey;
With rav'nous speed the legions haste,
And lay the groaning nations waste;
On, on, they hold their vengeful course,
Nor staid by pity nor remorse.
The swain beholds the produce of his toil,
His wife, his children, all which gave delight;
Behold them all the dread invader's spoil,
And will not deign to shun their fate by flight:
He stays—they strike the blow—and as he dies,
He hears his ravish'd daughter's anguish'd cries.

Switzerland—once happy spot,
Where peace and joy did once reside;
How alter'd now thy hapless lot!
How chang'd thy noble free-born prid
No more the voice of joy prevails
Amid thy rocks and shadowy dales;
No more thy peasants dance the round,
Cheer'd by merry Music's sound;
Gay smiles are seen no more—but, wrapt in gloom,
Each youth in silence mourns thy hapless doom:
And as he blushing eyes the honour'd graves,
Where, safe from all their country's woes,
His patriot ancestors repose,
He cries—"I love—yet dare I now,
"The passion of my soul avow?—
Ah! no—I will not be the Sire of slaves;
Till I am free—let vengeance be my cry—
If free I cannot be—'tis time to die."

Holland, whose bold and hardy race
Had fenced out the raging sea;
Behold her foul and sad disgrace;
Behold her bound in slavery;
Down the massy bulwarks strike—
Quick, destroy the lofty dyke;
And where rich lands are seen—once more
Let Ocean's whelming waters roar;
Or rather thou their drooping souls inspire,
And fill their breasts with thine avenging fire,
Nor there alone in base subjection pine;
Low—low are laid the nations of the Rhine;

Poor

Poor Spain and Italy have felt the stroke,
And bow'd their heads beneath the galling yoke.
Say how were all these nations won?
How was Europe thus o'er-run?
Freedom, to effect their shame,
Tyranny assum'd thy name;
The masked fiend exclaim'd "I come to bless—
To fix your rights, and give you happiness."
'Twas thus deceiv'd by words the nations fell,
And found too late the promis'd heav'n a hell.

And now the monster, conquest-proud,
And jealous of our rival pow'r;
Would hither lead his hireling crowd,
To murder, ravage, and devour:
Let him come—nor force nor wile
Can e'er subdue thy fav'rite isle;
Let him come—still led by thee,
We haste to certain victory:
We shouting haste—and, form'd in martial line,
The dread avengers of the world we stand;
Whilst children, virgins, wives, surround thy shrine,
And call down blessings on their native land.
Yes, yes, their patriot pray'r is heard,
Their pray'r to heav'n and thee preferr'd—
Now the rival hosts engage,
Far resounds the battle's rage;
And now the work of death is done,
Hark! Britons shout—the day is won.
The day is won—War's murd'rous horrors cease,
And Freedom's sons resume the works of peace.

The impressive style, the importance of the subject, and the Right Reverend Author's desire that its contents should be generally promulgated, induce the Editors of the Anti-gallican, to give to their readers the following Extracts from the Lord Bishop of Llandaff's Intended Speech to the House of Lords on the opening of the present Session.

My Lords,

IN obedience to his Majesty's commands, and in compliance with my own sense of public duty, I this day appear in my place in the noblest assembly upon earth, convened by the most gracious Monarch that ever sat upon a throne, and required to deliberate upon the most important subjects that ever occupied your Lordships' attention, or that of any of your predecessors in this house.

I, my Lords, could have been well contented to spend the little remainder of my life in retirement, and buried in obscurity; indifferent, alike, to the calls of professional emolument, and professional ambition: but I cannot be contented to remain indifferent to the summons of my Sovereign, in a time of distress? deaf to the calls of my country,

when its existence is endangered.—Endangered we all know it to be: but where is the dastardly soul (none such I am confident, is to be met with amongst your Lordships; none such, I hope, is to be met with amongst any of those in whose hearing I now speak) —where is the dastardly soul, who accompanies his prospect of danger, with a feeling of despair?

Without laying claim to any extraordinary degree of courage, any man, of an advanced age, who has well contemplated the short and slippery course of this world's concerns, may acquire such a firmness of mind, as will enable him to sustain with stoical fortitude all the vicissitudes of fortune, which may await him; or, (to speak in language more appropriate, I am sensible, to your Lordships' principles, more consonant to your feelings, as well as to my own,) to acquiesce, with Christian resignation, in every dispensation of God. What cause can such a man ever have for terror and despair? On such a man (I here see many such)—*Manca ruit semper fortuna.*—The worst that can happen to any individual amongst us is Death; and he who fears to die in the just defence of his country, does not deserve to live in it. I put the matter at the very worst, and that worst is nothing: good men do not dread it, brave men do not shun it, wise men hourly think of it; it terrifies none but bad men and cowards. What ground then for our despair? our cause is good, our conscience on this point is clear—we are not fighting to plunder other men's property, but to protect our own —we are not fighting to subvert the Liberty of other nations, but to prevent the yoke of slavery from being fastened on our necks and on those of our posterity—we are not fighting in contempt of national character, in despite of the civil order of the world, in derision of Religion, in mockery of Heaven—No! we are fighting to preserve this happy land from Atheism, from Despotism, or Anarchy, from that moral contamination of principle and practice, which outrages the very nature of human kind.

But why speak of the worst, when there is little probability of the worst happening? To some, indeed, it must happen; some gallant men must fall in the noble conflict; but that the nation will be subdued is not to me a probable event. The events of war, we acknowledge it with humility, and we have abundant reason to acknowledge it with gratitude and piety, are in the hands of God.—Our duty is to trust the issue of the contest to him, as if we were not concerned in bringing it about—but it is our duty also to exert our own energy, as if every thing depended on ourselves. And are we not doing this, in a manner and to an extent unheard of in former times, in our own Country, and unprecedented in the most illustrious nations of antiquity?

We read of a law in *Sparta* which made it death for a man to refuse hazarding his life in the defence of his Country.—We have no such law; but we have something a thousand times better than such a law—we have a British spirit.—That spirit is now roused, it pervades the whole country, it animates the nobility, gentry, yeomanry, all orders and descriptions of men, to do that voluntarily, which even *Spartans* were compelled to do by the fear of Punishment. Every city, town, and village, from the Land's End to the Orkney islands, pours forth its voluntary legions, in defence of their Country and of their King.

Glorious and unexampled on the surface of the earth is his Majesty's situation!—

situation!—Other princes there are who reign over more extensive regions—other Princes there are who support their thrones, in times of peace, by more numerous armies; and exercise over their subjects a more unlimited sway.—But where is the Prince, in Europe, or in the world, who, in the day of danger, sees himself protected as his Majesty is, by the united efforts of all his people—by the persons of those who are able to wield a weapon;—by the prayers of the aged and of the Sex;—by the purses of the rich;—and by the hearts of all?—Surely all this is well—it does honour to the King, it does equal honour to the people. They know for whom and for what they expose their lives—they know that they are not miserable *Conscripts*, driven in chains to be sacrificed on the altar of an ambitious leader, whom they detest; but loyal subjects, voluntarily encountering danger for a legal and beloved monarch; and not for him only, but for themselves; for the preservation of that limited monarchy, which is the primary source of all the blessings they enjoy, as members of civil society.

Is any one ignorant of these blessings? does any one think that he has nothing to fight for, that his condition is so mean and uncomfortable that, let what will happen, it cannot become worse under any constitution which may take place? Mistaken man! go and see if thou canst find in France---a trial by jury---an *Habeas Corpus* act---an incorrupt administration of justice---an equality of law---a security of life and property---a parochial maintenance for thy orphans and thy widow---and for thyself, when age or accident shall have unnerved the arm of industry? Blessings these! which the meanest Englishman so liberally enjoys, that he is apt to overlook them; which the greatest Frenchmen so eagerly desire, that they will ere long with swords in their hands demand them. The soldiery of France, of Holland, Switzerland, Italy, glutted at length with slaughter, satiated at length with plunder, will, ere long, begin to be ashamed, officers and men, of the part they have acted in this revolutionary tragedy of the world; they will at length make an atonement for the mischief they have done, and snap, at once, the despotic chains, which in a fit of faction, passion, and insanity, they have contributed to impose on their respective countries.

But be this as it may,—for there is little certainty in any political prediction, and least of all in mine,—permit me to congratulate your Lordship's and the nation on that military ardour which is every where excited. It is every where excited to such a pitch, that were our Generals commissioned to say to their troops, as the Jewish officers were obliged, by the law of Moses, to say to their soldiers before they engaged in battle—"What man is there that is fearful and fainthearted, let him go and retire unto his house"—Not one in an hundred, I think, would retire from their ranks.

It has been said of *Carthage*—that all her citizens were merchants, mindful of nothing but of the acquisition of wealth:—and it has been said of *Rome*—that all her citizens were soldiers, mindful of nothing but of the acquisition of Military Glory.—The issue of our present struggle will, I trust, teach all future Historians to say of Britain, that she united characters hitherto esteemed discordant, and incompatible, and combined for her defence the strength of Carthage and of Rome—

Rome—that her soldiers were merchants and her merchants were soldiers. Had Carthage been, after the second Punic war, what Great Britain now is, the exclamation of *Cato* (which our *modern Catos*, forsooth, have so vociferously adopted) the—*delenda est Carthago*—would have been considered by the Roman Senate as an impudent gasconade, unworthy of its attention.

Let our enemies mark the difference between Great Britain and Carthage, to say nothing of that between Rome and France. We are not defended, as Carthage was, by mercenaries, seldom faithful, always uninterested in the event of war, and sparing of their blood.—We are not supported, as she was, by tributary states, impatient of our yoke, and watching for an opportunity to throw it off.—We are not assisted, as she was, by allies, envious of our prosperity, and secretly hoping to benefit themselves by our downfall—better none than such allies!—No! we have no mercenary forces, no tributary states, no alliances! but we have more than an equivalent for them all.—A free constitution---the work of ages! the wonder of the world! the wish of surrounding states! the *palladium* which our ancestors have committed to our custody; which, whilst we possess it, will render us invincible, and which, whilst we have life, we have to a man determined to defend.

Europe, already subdued by her fears, or dishonoured by her hopes, or maddened by resentment for, perhaps, some real, for many fancied, insults on the ocean—on any supposition, Europe now stands aloof, leaves us to ourselves, deserted at our utmost need—So was *Corsica* left; so was *Poland* left; and so, if we are conquered, will every European state be left, in its turn, till the gigantic military despotism of one nation shall overspread the globe.

This idea is so forcibly impressed on my mind, that, were I this day standing in the midst of all the cabinets of Europe, I would not scruple to exclaim—Infatuated are your Councils! You are all jealous of each other, all envious of us, all occupied in paltry considerations of your own particular interests, unmindful of the general safety, blind to the subtle progress of a mighty power, equal already to the strongest of you, daily increasing in strength, and, for a century past, determined to annihilate you all.—

What a Frenchman said of the Romans is so peculiarly characteristic of his countrymen at this time, that I cannot forbear applying it. "Enemies to the liberty of all nations; having the utmost contempt for Kings and Monarchy, they grasped with insatiable ambition the conquest of the world, they seized indiscriminately all provinces and kingdoms, and extended their empire over all nations."

But enough of these tragical forebodings with respect to the mischief impending over other nations:—I beg your Lordship's patience whilst I shortly mention some of the means which, in addition to our present exertions, may help to avert the catastrophe from ourselves.

In the first place then, my Lords, I am of opinion, that the first class of the people, adopting the division prescribed by a late Act of Parliament, should be called out and taught the use of arms, not merely as a temporary expedient to answer the present exigency, but annually continued as a permanent measure of the Executive Government. Unwise and defective is that policy, which is occupied in devising remedies for the present evils, without

out extending its views to prevent the recurrence of danger. I readily join in the general praise so justly given to Volunteers; but this commercial nation ought so far to become a military nation, as always to have within itself a sufficiency of men ready disciplined for its defence. This may be completely effected for the present occasion in a short time: and when the pressure of the present occasion is removed, it may be established as a permanent measure in the course of six years, without giving any sensible interruption to our agriculture, our manufactures, or our commerce.

The population of the country would annually supply, at least, fifty thousand youths, who in the preceding twelve months had attained the seventeenth year of their age; in six years we should have three hundred thousand young men sufficiently instructed in the use of arms. In the seventh year, fifty thousand of them might be dismissed, as *emeriti*, from further attendance on military duty, except when the country was invaded. Thus by a slight service of a few days annually for six years, the whole nation (for no substitutes should in this arrangement be allowed) would at length become a nation, not of warriors, but of peaceful citizens, of all occupations and denominations, ready to become warriors, whenever the safety of their country should require the exertion of their skill and courage. Neither France alone, nor France with all Europe in her vassalage, would venture to set a foot on this island thus prepared to receive them:—Great Britain, single handed, would defy the world.

I own I prefer this Militia Rotation, if I may so call it, which I have submitted to your Lordships' consideration, not only to the Volunteering System, but to every other mode of *extraordinary* defence. It would not supersede the Standing Army, it would be subsidiary to it, and might greatly assist in recruiting the ranks of the regular forces, and perhaps in diminishing their number. Some men are apt to speak of every species of Militia Force with contempt; this has been always the case. *Lord Clarendon* in one part of his History speaks in a most disparaging style of the London Trained-bands: but he is forced to do them justice in another, where he informs us, that they courageously resisted with their pikes the cavalry of Prince *Rupert*, though led on by himself, and thereby saved the army at the battle of *Newbury*. It was by a force of this kind that the Romans first conquered Italy, and then the world. And, in our time, a force of this kind captured a most gallant army at *Saratoga*, and thereby acquired independence for *America*.

I forbear, my Lords, entering into any detail on this subject; the very mention of which may appear to some to be a going beyond my province. But the—*ne sutor ultra crepidam*—the, *tractent fabrilia fabri*—the, let Bishops mind their Bibles—these, and sarcasms such as these, from whatever mouth they may proceed, affect not me; nor ought they to affect any honest man, who is desirous to serve his country by his advice.—The advice may be worth nothing, but your Lordship's candour will, I am persuaded, suffer the rectitude of the Speaker's intention to sanctify the imbecility of his judgment.

With respect to Ireland, I declared my opinion of its situation when the Union was debated in this House. I said then, and I have seen no reason since to change my opinion, that the Union would be more advantageous to Ireland

Ireland than it would be to Great Britain, and that it would be eminently useful to them both. And notwithstanding the treasonable combinations which exist in Ireland, I believe this to be the opinion of a great majority of the Irish people: and that France will be exceedingly disappointed in her expectations of a general rising of the Catholics in her favour, should She land any forces in that country.

One of the most able and active instigators of rebellion amongst them, declared, at a time when men are most disposed to disguise nothing, that he deprecated all connexion with France, and I give full credit to his declaration. Whatever might have been the designs of him and others, when they first united for the pupose of Rebellion, they could not be ignorant of, or insensible to what had happened to Holland, Switzerland, Italy, — to every country which had received the fraternal embrace of France—they could not but know, that it chilled, like the embrace of death, those whom it touched; that it stiffened with horror and suspicion all the mild charities, and paralysed all the noble energies of social life. What was it then that moved these unhappy men to undertake so wicked and so dangerous an enterprize? Was it a mistaken sense of honour (to speak of it in the gentlest terms)? Did they wish to render themselves illustrious, by rendering their country independent, and unconnected with us or any other nation? Wild Ambition! Idle Expectation! Improvident Policy! which aimed at an object not attainable, in the present state of Europe, and disadvantageous to Ireland, if attained. Did they unite to redress the grievances under which they imagined their country laboured? They ought to have remembered, that Ireland has been treated with more indulgence (I do not say with more than She deserved) but with more indulgence during the present reign, than during any other equal period of time since her connexion with Great Britain; and they ought particularly to have considered that the Union was intended (and its intention will, I do not doubt, be finally accomplished) to remove every shadow of grievance which remained.

My Lords, churchmen and dissenters of every denomination, are equally zealous in the common cause—they seem to me to emulate the patriotism of the Patricians and Plebeians at Rome; who, for five hundred years, waged an eternal war of words about their respective rights, claims, oppressions, privileges,—but when their country was in danger, when an enemy invaded their territory, they laid aside their disputes; their only contention then was which of them could show the greates courage in repulsing the enemy of them both.

I have spoken with confidence, but not, I hope, with arrogance—with confidence, because my mind was made up; without arrogance, because I am extremely sensible, that the fallibility of judgement which belongs, in some degree to most men, belongs in a great degree, to myself. I am ashamed, my Lords, to speak of the personal service of a man in his 67th year; he could render none to his country. Yet if the last extremity should arrive, we must all of us do what we can. All professional immunities must give way to public necessity; all exemptions from military duty must cease.—They ceased in Corsica, when, at the call of their country, five hundred priests took up arms to resist Gallic oppression—They ceased in ancient Rome, whenever the Romans were threatened,

threatened, as we are now, with a gallic invasion; and they must cease with us, before we cease to be an independent people.

Speaking of Queen Elizabeth, his Lordship proceeds:—What would this Princess have said, had she witnessed that colossal aggrandizement of France, which it is our misfortune to behold? She would have called upon all the powers of Europe to unite in reducing it; and, had she found the powers of Europe as deaf to her exhortations as they are to ours, she would have done, what a monarch, as beloved as herself, (and none was ever more beloved,) is now doing—She would have called out her own people, and relied, under God, on their loyalty and bravery for success.

Some of your Lordships are old enough to remember the time, when, in the latter part of the reign of George II. immense preparations were made by France at Toulon, at Brest, and in every other port of that kingdom, for the invasion of this. The alarm of the nation was extreme; Government was panic struck; the militia was called out, and Getman auxiliaries were brought into the country to defend it. I shall never forget the phrenzy of joy which seized the whole nation, when news was brought, that *Boscawen* had destroyed the Toulon fleet; and when news was brought, three months afterwards, that *Hawke* had destroyed the Brest fleet.

Without disturbing the ashes of the dead, without distressing the modesty of the living, by comparisons, may I not be allowed to state my firm expectation, that the commanders of the fleets which now watch the motions of the enemy at Toulon, at Brest, and in every other part of the world where they are to be found, will on no distant day, afford their country equal causes for similar triumph and exultation? There is not an Admiral, an officer, a sailor, in the British navy, who does not burn with impatience to have an opportunity of attacking the enemy: who is not ready to exclaim with Macduff,

> Within my sword's length set him, if he 'scape
> Then Heav'n forgive him too.

The navy will think itself unfortunate, if not dishonoured, should the safety of the country be left to the protection of the army alone. The army, though it unites with the whole nation in a just estimate of the skill and courage of the navy, is eager to gather unfading laurels, from finishing what the navy may, by some unlucky chance, be obliged to leave undone.

The preparations of France may, for ought I know, my Lords, be greater now than they were in 1759; but I am certain of this, that there never was a time, in the history of Great Britain, when our preparations were so extensive, when the nation was so united within itself, its spirit so high, its sense of danger so strong, its indignation so roused, its detestation of French principles, French cruelties, French rapacity, French ambition, so general and sincere as at this moment.

We have not, it must be confessed, and I am proud to confess it, a few thousands of Hessians and Hanoverians to defend us—but we have a whole nation of loyal and brave subjects in arms. It is not in my power to animate the country, nor do I speak so warmly of our preparations, with any view to attempt it; as a plain man I plainly speak my mind. I know that the whole country, from the throne to the cottage, is animated with the noblest ardour; and I know too, that if there is

a man in the empire whom the occasion does not animate, in vain will you attempt, by the most ardent words, to warm the frigid cowardice or disaffection of such a man's heart.

The occasion is extraordinary; and we meet it, as we ought to do, with extraordinary resolution and exertion. A successful invasion, had it ever been accomplished during the monarchy of France, would have been terminated by, perhaps, a disadvantageous peace; but we should have retained our rank in the scale of nations. A successful invasion by the republic of France (heaven avert so great an evil!) will never be terminated but in complete national degradation, in public bankruptcy, and individual beggary. This limited monarchy, the glory of civilized society! will be overthrown—our aged monarch (God protect him!) and his numerous sons, will be buried, such is the acknowledged bravery of his race! in the last ruins of their native land.—Your rank, my Lords, by which, for the benefit of all, you are now distinguished from the rest, will be heard of no more.—The landed gentry will be obliged to become farmers, and be compelled, by unheard of, unthought of, Exactions, to give up the lamented produce of their own lands and of their own labour, to feed the luxury of a foreign country.—The farmers will be made labourers, and the labourers will be made slaves—And, in addition to all these calamities, the youth of every class will be made *conscripts*—and dragged from their country and their fathers' house, to fight the battles of violent and unjust ambition in every part of the world.—Sooner than all this should happen, I would say (did christianity permit such a wish) may the fate of the *Saguntines* become the fate of *Britons!*

Such, my Lords, would be the final event of a successful invasion of this country by the republic of France. I have in some degree described it, but I do not in any degree expect it; I expect the direct contrary. My hope and my firm expectation is, that, instead of success, the enemy will experience defeat; instead of triumph, disgrace and ruin---that under the good providence of God, the arms of Great Britain will not only preserve our own independence, but be instrumental in exciting the spirit of other nations to recover theirs, and eventually contribute to the establishing the true liberty, and promoting the true prosperity, of France itself---but on this subject I forbear.

EXTRACTS

From the Pamphlet entitled the COUNTRY IN ARMS; *or, no* DANGER *from* INVASION.

Cowards alone fear death—men of honour will always be found at the post of danger; and then a nation in arms becomes invincible.

THE immediate consideration upon the subject of invasion, is not the number of chances there are, for and against a landing of the enemy in sufficient force to endanger the safety of the country, since there is no doubt of its being twenty to one against it; and for the sake of argument, we should have no hesitation in allowing that there was a million to one; but we ought to admit, or at least to act as if, they would invade us, with one hundred or one hundred and fifty thousand veteran troops.—This is the point to which we must look with steadiness and resolution: for it is better

better to take apparently superfluous precaution, than leave that to accident, against which reason may prepare to act; and which at such a momentous crisis, after the revolutionary madness has shaken the foundation of civilized Europe, would be a folly disgraceful even to inexperience;—and these are not times when one ought to treat with ceremony the prattle of theorists; —no, we must look to the worst of events which it is possible for the enemy to prepare for us:—we must prepare ourselves to act as becomes a free and independent nation, which has sufficient of physical strength, if called into action and properly directed, to repel the efforts of the barbarous and civilized world united;—and it would be equally reprehensible in the meanest or most exalted individual, to waver between the alternative of risking in any extent of chance in our favour, the possibility of becoming an enslaved people.

Rather let us bestir ourselves like the lion crouching in his lair, prepared to dart upon the enemy, and with courage peculiar to BRITONS, chastize him for his audacity. Let us shew to the universe, that BRITAIN is at once the NURSERY of the ARTS, the SCHOOL of SCIENCE and PHILOSOPHY, and the FIRM PROTECTRESS of FREEDOM and the CAUSE of HUMANITY, giving a vivifying colouring to social and intellectual harmony. In this sea-girt region, where the elements are softened by the bland touches of nature, it seems that destiny has irrevocably fixed the EMPIRE of FREEDOM, leaving its defence to the wisdom and courage of *British Heroes*; and while approximate and remote nations are contemplating the collossal strides of an ambitious chief, let it be recollected, that if by any chance his army should elude the vigilance of our brave officers and men of the navy, and which nothing but the event of a continued calm could enable him to do, who are upon the ocean what the Romans were by land, in æras illustrious of their greatness, invincible and incorruptible; there is the same spirit and and game-like resolution stimulating every description of Englishmen, and, if brought into action, would perform the same heroic part.

Fighting, we are aware, is a business that few persons prefer to pacific pursuits, or ease and retirement; but if the battle must be fought; or, rather than endure years of public inquietude, and the enemy may render their undertaking more formidable, by taking time for preparation, and kept upon the alert from an apprehension of invasion, it certainly would be preferable to prepare ourselves for the event, and court the issue, while our foe calculates upon the ruin of our funding system, by his procrastination, which he ignorantly supposes would prove the ruin of our national prosperity—at all events, this spirit properly and unequivocally manifested, Madness itself would be appalled at the undertaking; and which we have no doubt, would prove the effectual means of lowering the ambitious tone of the First Consul, and thus afford the Continent an opportunity of recovering its due equipoise.

To know that the leader of our enemy is the avowed advocate of military despotism, ought to be sufficient to rouse us into action; for if he is permitted to fix the lever of his ambition, he would then quietly move the machines of his tyranny, in the destruction of all that is sublime and beautiful in the arrangement of social

and commercial intercourse between men and nations; and knowing that he is our determined enemy, we cannot be too solicitous of guarding national independence, and providing security for the present and future blessings which we enjoy pre-eminently over all surrounding nations—and which is not more owing to the acquirement of exertion, than it is to the fortunate situation which we inhabit upon the face of the globe. These blessings which have been the atchievement of ages, the happy propitiation of physical, moral, and political causes, appear to be the grand desideratum of the human race.

We judge not by comparison, for there is a paramount distinction :—We feel that we are happy, and we have abundant reason to suppose that the inhabitants of other parts of the European world, live in a state of uncertainty and comparative wretchedness; and which is sufficient to inspire every British bosom with increasing love for his HOME, his KING, and his COUNTRY; and glowing with enthusiasm, what privation is he not desirous of imposing upon himself, which is essential to the object of preserving a good so supreme? And fired with that enthusiasm, which has proved the ultimate salvation of all independent states;—that enthusiasm which consolidated the freedom of the British Empire; and which alone can preserve it from the fangs of a desperate and enterprising foe.—This is the object for which we have to fight. Where is the man who is insensible enough not to feel an arduous disposition hurrying him to preparation? Where is the dastard that, at such a crisis, would prefer indulgence and dishonour, to crowns of glory and permanent security for the future?

When Philip of Macedon threatened the Athenian people with destruction, the admonitions of Demosthenes were given in vain—the eloquence of that sublime orator was in vain exerted to rouse them from their fatal security—in vain did he tell his countrymen that "*If each of you renouncing all evasions will be ready to approve himself an useful citizen, to the utmost that his station and abilities will demand—if the rich will be ready to contribute, and the young to take the field—in one word, if you will be yourselves, and banish those vain hopes which every single person entertains, that while so many others are engaged in business, his services will not be required, you will then recall those opportunities your supineness hath neglected, and chastise the insolence of this man.*" But the people of Athens were dead to all the calls of honour, patriotism, and independence; their apathy was incorrigible, and Demonsthenes, wearied with re-iterating his arguments, breathed in strains of the most captivating eloquence, told them in full senate, that "*The candidates for office and employment, go about soliciting your voices the slaves of popular favour. To gain the rank of general, is each man's great concern, not to fill his station with* TRUE MAN-LIKE INTREPIDITY—*courage if he possesses it, he deems unnecessary :—for thus he reasons: He has the honour and renown of this city to support him; he finds himself free from oppression and controul; he needs but to amuse you with fair hopes; and thus he gains a kind of inheritance in your emoluments.*" Do not let our hopes of peace, or too much reliance upon our navy, produce a fatal security. Let it not be said, that men in power only look for emolument—

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let not our arming be converted into a commission brokerage—or favoritism controul the liberal plan of giving preference to merit; extraordinary times discover latent capacity—give it a chance of being unfolded. Draw into action all your energy; and it will prove the æra truly illustrious of British glory. Look round the globe, and you will perceive invidious governments anxious to circumscribe our power and influence; that power, and that influence, which alone has so materially contributed to the convenience, and given embellishment to three-fourths of the nations on the face of the earth.—Let every Briton be found at at his post.—Let the idea of the illustrious Lord Chatham be realized.—Let the aggregate inhabitants of the united kingdom be trained to the use of arms*. This measure properly conceived, and carried into effect, we might carry on an offensive war with every prospect of success: and the nation secure at home, commerce would lose nothing in activity, nor the country be checked in its rising progress.

War, conducted as a business of parade, is very different from the kind in which we are engaged; and it is trusted that men who have most at stake, will be the first to set the example; and not act like the field officer, who, placing his men behind a stone wall, ordering them not to fire upon the enemy, who were approaching, until they should pass a bridge which was over a rivulet a small distance from the wall, and then conduct themselves as brave soldiers; and after giving this officer-like advice, ride off, leaving his regiment to act as their fear or courage might dictate; the consequence was that, before the enemy were within one hundred paces of the wall, these men, regardless of the commands received from their Hudibrastic Colonel, discharged their pieces, and then fled in every direction.

Such examples we believe are rare; but if there is any importance attached to this anecdote, (and we pledge ourselves for its authenticity) it is important to know, however, that the rich must set the example to the middle classes of society, and we have no doubt, that men of honour will every where be found ready to give up every consideration, and life itself, in support of the cause in which we are engaged;

* Men, trained to the use of arms, very soon fight as well as veteran troops. It is a fact well known in the history of of the American war, that there was a company of gentlemen of Philadelphia, called the Silk Stocking Company, and in the campaign of 1776 and 1777, they were called into actual service, at the affair of Prince Town, New Jersey, when the American army fell upon the rear of Earl Cornwallis's troops; those gentlemen led on the attack, and though it was the first time of their being brought into action, they acquitted themselves like veteran troops;—and we have still a more remarkable illustration of this in an instance of a new raised troop, in the late war in Ireland; every military man must have applauded the action; and it is remarkable that no public notice has been taken of the circumstance: we allude to the affair of Kilala, where Colonel Vereker, commander of the Limerick militia and yeomanry of the country, gave the first check to the French general Humbert, who was marching in victorious career in the high road to Dublin; having overcome in his march every obstacle, though he had been opposed by troops of the line and others; until this band of men---men, who were alive to the supposed danger with which their country was threatened, (for it was not then known with what force the enemy might invade), put an end to their march.

engaged;

engaged; every man who has seen actual service, will agree in opinion, that if war must be undertaken, it must not be considered as amusement, and that it is only by superior bravery, it can be rendered successful. We might illustrate this from innumerable examples, selected from our own history.—General Wolfe was only desirous of gaining the heights of Abraham, which he considered as defeating his enemy. That hero, whose name lives in the memory of a grateful country—whose fame is inscribed with living branches of the never fading laurel, addressed his soldiers in these terms: "*I congratulate my brave countrymen, and fellow soldiers, on the spirit and success with which you have effected the important part of this enterprize, the formidable heights of Abraham are now surmounted, and the city of Quebec, the object of our toils, now stands in full view before you.*" The ardour of his army scarcely allowing him time to proceed, the enemy every where attacked, when the French were routed in every direction.—Such is the spirit of British soldiers when they have confidence in their commander, such influence had these cheering words from a general, who shared in all their toils, that the battle was considered as won; and the world admiring the atchievement, has done justice to British valour. Let the commanding officers of our army obtain similar confidence.

It might be asked, what is there in one man superior to another as a soldier but physical energy? Compare Englishmen to the nations of any other country, and their superiority of strength is strikingly apparent; and this superiority has been acknowledged from the period of the first invader, the usurper Julius Cæsar, who was treated so roughly by the Aborigines of the country, as obliged him to form a pretext for abandoning the island; and, if William I. obtained a battle over Harold, it was because the tyranny of the latter, who had no legal or legitimate pretensions to the throne, had rendered himself odious to the nation by his tyranny and cruelty; and all subsequent changes in the reigning order of things in our country, has originated in causes somewhat similar.

As to military tactics, the great object is celerity, by which the French, and the skill of their artillery-men, directing their actions by a spirit of enthusiasm, which has long since evaporated, established the superiority over the Austrian troops, and it would be uncandid not to admit that superiority. Englishmen however, are capable of moving with the same celerity; having more steadiness than the French, are stronger men, consequently have more firmness in charging with the bayonet; and it is with that weapon, the fate of the enemy ought to be decided.

In this mode of fighting, our superiority consists; if we abandon it depending upon expedients, we may leave that to chance which our courage would reduce to certainty.—Honourable death, statues, and rewards await the brave soldier—servitude, chains and ignominy are the lot of the pusillanimous.

GENERAL WOLFE's INSTRUCTIONS IN CASE OF INVASION.

The following instructions were drawn up by General Wolfe, in 1755, *when Britain was threatened with an invasion by the French. They were designed for the use of the* 20*th regi-*

ment of foot, then stationed at Canterbury; and as they are calculated to be of infinite service to the army in general, and to raw troops in particular, the publication of them at the present juncture, when our coasts are again menaced by the enemy, seems to be particularly proper. Coming from so high an authority, and recommended by a name which every British officer must hold in veneration, we have not a doubt but they will experience that attention to which they are unquestionably entitled.

WHOEVER shall throw away his arms in action, whether officer, non-commissioned officer, or soldier, unless it appears that they are so damaged as to be useless, either under pretence of taking up others of a better sort, or for any cause whatsoever, must expect to be tried by a general court martial for the crime.

If a serjeant leaves the platoon he is appointed to, or does not take upon him the immediate command of it, in case the officer falls, such serjeant will be tried for his life, as soon as a court-martial can be conveniently assembled. Neither officer, non-commissioned officer, nor soldier, is to leave his platoon, or abandon the colours for a slight wound. While a man is able to do his duty and can stand, and hold his arms, it is infamous to retire.

The battalion is not to hallow, or cry out, upon any account whatsoever, although the rest of the troops should do it, till they are ordered to charge with their bayonets: in that case, and when they are upon the point of rushing upon the enemy, the battalion may give a warlike shout, and rush in. Before the battle begins, and whilst the battalion is marching towards the enemy, the officer commanding a platoon is to be at the head of his men, looking frequently back upon them, to see that they are in order; the serjeant, in the meanwhile, taking his place in the interval; and the officers are not to go to the platoon till they have their orders, or a signal so to do, from the commanding officer of the battalion; and this will only be given a little before the action begins.

If the battalion should be crowded at any time, or confined in their ground, the captain or officer, commanding a grand division, may order his centre platoon to fall back, till the battalion can extend itself again, so as to take up its usual ground.

All the officers upon the left of the colours are to be upon the left of their platoons; the captain of the piquet is to be upon the left of his piquet, and the ensign in the centre. Every grand division, consisting of two companies as they now are, is to be told off into three platoons, to be commanded by a captain, a lieutenant, and an ensign, with a serjeant to each. The rest of the officers, and non-commissioned officers, are to be distributed in the rear, to complete the files, to keep the men to their duty, and to supply the place of the officers and serjeants that may be killed, or dangerously wounded.

Every musqueteer is to have a couple of spare balls, an excellent flint in his piece, another or two in his pouch, and as much ammunition as he can carry.

A soldier that quits his rank, or offers to fly, is to be instantly put to death by the officer who commands the platoon, or by the officer or serjeant in the rear of that platoon. A soldier does not deserve to live who will not fight for his king and country.

If

If a non-commissioned officer or private man is missing after an action, and joins his company afterwards unhurt, he will be reputed a fugitive and a coward, and will be tried for his life. The drummers are to stay with their respective companies, and to assist the wounded men.

Every officer, and every non-commissioned officer, is to keep strictly at his post and platoon, from the beginning to the end of an action, and to preserve all possible order and obedience. The confusion occasioned by the loss of men, and the noise of the artillery and musketry, will require every officer's strictest attention to his duty. When the files of a platoon are disordered by the loss of men, they are to be completed afresh with all expedition—in which the officers and non-commissioned officers in the rear are to be aiding and assisting. Officers are not to go from one part of the battalion to another, without orders, upon any pretence whatsoever.

The light companies of the battalions are never to pursue the enemy without particular orders so to do; the picquet and grenadiers will be detached for that purpose, and the battalion is to march in good order to support them. If the firing is ordered to begin by platoons, either from the wings or from the centre, it is to proceed in a regular manner till the enemy is defeated, or till the signal is given to attack them with the bayonets. If we attack a body less in extent than the battalion, the platoons in the wings must take care to direct their fire obliquely, so as to strike the enemy. The officer is to inform the soldiers of his platoon, before the action begins, where they are to direct their fire, and they are to take good care to destroy their adversaries. There is no necessity for firing very fast: a cool, well-levelled fire, with the pieces carefully loaded, is much more destructive and formidable than the quickest fire in confusion.

The soldiers are to take their orders from the officers of the platoon, and he is to give them with all possible coolness and resolution.

If a battalion in a front line should give way, and retire in disorder towards the second line, every other platoon, or every other company, is to march forward a little, leaving intervals open for the disordered troops to pass through; and after they are gone by, the battalion forms in one front, and moves forward to take the post in the first line, from whence the broken battalion retired.

If a battalion on either flank gives way, and is defeated, the picquet, or grenadier company, which ever it may happen to be, is to fall back immediately, without any confusion, to protect that flank of the regiment.

If the order of battle be such (and the country admits of it) that it is necessary to make breaches in the enemy's line, for the cavalry to fall in upon them, the grand divisions of the regiment are to form a firing column of three platoons in depth, which are to march forward, and pierce the enemy's battalion in four places, that the cavalry behind us may get in amongst them and destroy them. In such an attack, only the first of the three platoons should fire, and immediately present their bayonets and charge. These four bodies are to be careful not to run into one another in their attack, but to preserve the intervals at a proper distance.

All the attacks in the night are to be made with the bayonet, unless when troops are posted with no other design than to alarm, harrass or fatigue the enemy,

enemy, by firing at their out posts, or into their camp.

All parties that are intended to fire upon the enemy's columns of march, upon their advanced guard, or their rear, are to post themselves so as to be able to annoy the enemy without danger, and to cover themselves with slight breast works of sod behind the hedges, or with trees, and walls or ditches, or any other protection, that, if the enemy return the fire, it may do no mischief.—These little parties to keep their posts till the enemy prepares to attack with a superiority; upon which they are to retire to some other place of the same kind, and fire in the same manner; constantly retiring when they are pushed. But when a considerable detachment of foot is posted to annoy the enemy in their march, with orders to retire when attacked by a superior force, the country behind is to be carefully examined, and some parties sent off early to post themselves in the most advantageous manner to cover the retreat of the rest—this is always to be done in all situations when a considerable body is ordered to retire.

If an entrenchment is to be attacked, the troops should move as quick as possible towards the place, not in line, but in little firing columns of three or or four platoons in depth, with small parties between each column, who are to fire at the top of the parapet, when the columns approach, to divert the enemy's fire, and to facilitate their passing the ditch, and scrambling over the parapet, which they must endeavour to do without loss of time. It is to very little purpose to fire at men who are covered with an entrenchment; but, by attacking in the manner abovementioned, one may hope to succeed.

If the battalion attacks another of nearly equal extent, whose flanks are not covered, the grenadiers and picquet may be ordered to detach themselves, and surround the enemy, by attacking the flank and rear, while the light companies charge in front. The grenadiers and picquet should therefore be accustomed to these sort of movements, that they may execute their orders with a great deal of expedition.

If the centre of the battalion is attacked by a column, the wings must be extremely careful to fire obliquely, and that part of the battalion, against which the column marches, must reserve their fire, and if they have time to put two or three bullets in their pieces it must be done. When the column is within about twenty yards, they must fire with a good aim, which will necessarily stop them a little. This body may then open from the centre, and retire by files towards the wings of the regiment, while the neighbouring platoons wheel to the right and left, and either fire, if they are loaded, or close up, and charge with their bayonets.

The loss of the field officers will be supplied (if it should happen) by the captains, who will execute the plan of the regiment with honour.

If the battalion should have the misfortune to be invested in their quarters (or in a post which they are not commanded to defend) by a great superiority, they have but one remedy, which is to pierce the enemy's lines in the night, and get off. In this case, the battalion attacks with their ranks and files closed, and with their bayonets fixed, and without firing a shot. They will be formed in order of attack, suited to the place they are in, the troops they are to charge, and the nature of the country through which they are to pass.

If the battalion attacks the enemy's camp or quarters in the night, all pos-

sible means will be used, no doubt, to surprise them; but if they are found in arms, they are to be vigorously attacked with the bayonet. It is needless to think of firing in the night, because of the confusion it creates, and the uncertainty of hitting any object in the dark.

A column that receives the enemy's fire, and falls immediately in among them, must necessarily defeat them, and create very great disorder in their army.

ADDRESS

TO THE

PEOPLE OF ENGLAND,

But more especially that numerous and valuable class of my Fellow-Subjects, the ingenious and industrious working MANUFACTURERS, *of large towns; and the laborious and virtuous* POOR *throughout England, who may unhappily imagine an Invasion of it, and a change of government, would better their present condition.*

Friends and Countrymen,

THOUGH the title which I have prefixed to this letter is general, and embraces every class and description of men, from the highest to the lowest, yet I would wish it to be understood on the present occasion, that I am not addressing persons of rank and property, for those who have a large and obvious stake in the country, are sufficiently convinced of their danger from the threatened invasion. It is that description of persons who are *really the People*, and who constitute the great mass of every society, those who exist by their daily labour, whom I would wish to convince of the danger that besets them, and to satisfy *them*, that they have also something at *stake*, which is of infinitely more value and importance than a little property; that their honour, their liberties, their independence, their wives, their children, their means of existence, and their existence itself, is threatened by a cruel and *savage* enemy.

I shall not appeal to your passions, though the indignation of every Englishman (a nation famed for humanity and honour) must be most powerfully excited by the perfidy and the cruelties of the Tyrant of France. There is not an Englishman who would not be ashamed to unite with or to rank under the banner of the *Murderer of Jaffa*; the man who massacres in cold blood prisoners, children, and women; the man who *poisons his fellow soldiers*; the desolator of nations; whose steps are marked with horror, rapine, and murder, wherever his ferocious and plundering bands have erected his standard.

But it is not to this or any other passion I would wish to appeal. It is to your *reason*, and to your *interests*. I would show you, as I think I can, that it is as much your interest to oppose the plunderers and assassins of Bonaparte, as that of any man of property among us.

Those who wish to betray you will insinuate "that your lot is poverty; you exist by your labour from day to day; that you can but work hard and gain little in whatever hands the government of this country is vested." But this is *not true*, for you would find, that if this country was subdued by the French, you could not gain *an existence by your labour*, if indeed existence would be allowed you at all.

No man feels more sincerely for the hardships of the poor than the writer of this Address. That they have many

to

to encounter is too true, and such has been the case from the beginning of time, and it is to be feared ever will. Yet the condition of the poor in this country is infinitely preferable to their condition in any other country in Europe. Though individuals may occasionally have much to suffer, yet there are many alleviations of their hardships, and their condition may be bettered by many more circumstances than are to be found in any other country. This is a great, opulent and trading nation; every man who is willing to work can find employment, and certain and ready pay. This is not the case in any other country in Europe, and particularly in France, where the poor are now literally *starving*; where the *highways are crowded with beggars*: where, notwithstanding the thousands who have been massacred, many other thousands have actually perished for want at different times, since the commencement of the Revolution.

Should the French successfully *invade this country*, its trade and manufactures must be inevitably ruined. That wealth which enables your employers to pay and maintain you will all be plundered, and you will find too late, that you cannot "work and live:" —that you can neither get employment nor subsistence.

The condition of the poor, however deplorable as it may seem, is still better in this country than in any other, in the prospects which are opened to industry and enterprize. It is perhaps the only country in Europe where a poor man by application or invention can entertain the hope of becoming rich. I could enumerate almost thousands of instances within my own knowledge, where men by diligence or ingenuity have risen from the very lowest stations to sit among the Grandees and Legislators of their country. The late most ingenious, most respectable *Mr. Wedgwood*, was a poor boy, and even in his maturer years worked as a common journeyman potter. *Sir Richard Arkwright*, was an obscure country barber, till his ingenious invention raised him to a princely fortune. The story of Whittington is every day realized in the metropolis, by persons who have not indeed risen by the casual aid of a *Cat*, but by surer means—by activity and industry. A late most respectable, and most *respected Chief Magistrate* of London, is not ashamed to own that he rose from one of the lowest situations in life, and that the streets through which he rode in state he had formerly traversed *without Shoe or Stocking*.

Now shew me any thing like this in France! and yet more; if the French were unfortunately ever to come among us, all this would be at an end; the hopes of the poor man would be for ever crushed, for our trade would be ruined.

However humanity may be disposed to commiserate the hardships to which many of the poor are exposed, still in this happy country there are some circumstances that serve greatly to alleviate them. That noble, that honourable, and humane institution, the parochial provision which is made for them, must be a great source of comfort to every poor old man; it must be a consolation to know, that in old age and infirmity he will not be left to perish for want in the highway; to know that he has a *right* to a maintenance from his country; that he can *claim*, and need not beg it. This too, would be destroyed by a successful invasion, and the last hope and solace of the poor man, would thus be taken from him.

Besides the parochial provision, what country can boast such noble institutions for the relief of poverty and distress

as this? In sickness, you are taken care of; there are alm-houses for old age; and your children are clothed and educated by the spirited contributions of your fellow citizens.—Alas! were those desolators of the earth to come among us, every hospital and alms-house would be razed to the ground, and that which supported them would be the prey of *wolves* and *tigers*.

Under the horrid reign of the *Corsican Tyrant*, you would not only be *poor*, but you would be *slaves*. You would not be *tried* by your *Peers*, your *equals*, your fellow-citizens, men of like passions and feelings with yourselves: you would be tried by a *Military Tribunal*, or worse, by his sordid, venal, cruel Judges; for he has an inveterate *hatred to the Trial by Jury*. You would not be called upon to serve your country as volunteers, or enrolled in a national militia, which even the KING himself cannot order on foreign service. You would be dragged in *chains* as *conscripts*, and transported to serve as something worse than slaves in St. Domingo, Guiana, Africa, and the most unwholesome climates upon earth.

The condition, too, of a French soldier, is the most *miserable* that can be conceived, and their valour is in most cases the effect of despair in men to whom death is a release! They are allowed not half the pay of an English soldier, and yet this miserable pittance is always in arrear. They are *starving* and *in rags*, unless they have the good luck to be sent into Holland to be cloathed at the expence of that unfortunate people, whom the FIRST CONSUL insults and derides under the title of Allies.

But under all these horrible and humiliating circumstances, perhaps a dastardly conduct will not even secure to you the wretched boon of existence. He will *not even let you starve in quiet*.

Do you think that he murders only the rich? Alas; it is a melancholy truth, that the hardships and insults inflicted on a conquered country by an invading enemy, fall chiefly on the poor. The rich can find means to fly, or have something to offer that may save or redeem their persons. When he desolated Franconia, Suabia, and Piedmont, do you suppose that he cut off only the opulent? No such thing, it was the harmless peasants, their wives, and children, that experienced his cruelty.—When he stormed Alexandria, and massacred the wretched inhabitants, who *fled for protection to the house of God*, did he make any distinction between the rich and the poor? No! man, woman, and child, were indiscriminately put to the sword. When he murdered in cold blood 4000 persons of all ages and sexes on the sand hills of Jaffa, were they all *rich* people? They were the *poor* inhabitants of a *poor* Turkish village.—What does the French historian of their exploits relate of the conduct of Bonaparte's Army in Egypt? "If the miserable inhabitants of any village quitted it through terror on the approach of the French, on their return they found nothing but the mud of which the walls were formed," the roofs and all the utensils being burnt and destroyed.—"Nothing was found either of corn or of animals, but the bodies of their faithful dogs, killed in attempting to defend their masters' property." If the French made any stay in a village, "such of the inhabitants as fled were treated as rebels." When they submitted and came in a body to pay the heavy contributions, amounting generally to their all, they were often shot at by the riflemen (through mistake,

mistake, so careless are the French of human blood,) and most of them slaughtered. "When they staid quietly in their villages, or joined the French, they were only compelled to supply the wants of the army, saw their provisions eaten with regularity, and had a few of their wives and daughters ravished."—See Denon's Travels in Egypt, published under the patronage of the First Consul.

To do the First Consul justice, his *impartial* cruelty is equally dealt out to both friend and foe. Those who have betrayed and deserted their country, receive in return only insult and indignity. Ask the unfortunate Irish, many of whom are now starving in the streets of Paris, for their love of French principles, and their admiration of Bonaparte? The mutineers of the *Hermione*, however, one would think by their atrocity and cruelty, would have merited his esteem; they were "of the same kidney" with himself; yet what was their reward?—Only the miserable privilege of re-shipping themselves, and coming home to be hanged on gibbets.

My countrymen, let me intreat you to make use of the *native, plain good sense* of Englishmen. The person who now addresses you is *one of yourselves*. He is neither a person of rank nor fortune, he knows that it is impossible in any country that *every man can be rich*; but in this country he knows and feels, that he enjoys many advantages which he could not have under the present *execrable tyranny* exercised in France, where people can neither *write* nor *speak their thoughts*, where every social pleasure is destroyed by the suspicions of a jealous and cruel government, where every thing is decided by *the point of the Bayonet*, and where the miserable inhabitants exist in perpetual fear of their lives.

Your forefathers detested the *Slavery of France*, and boldly resisted all their attempts to enslave Britain. If you will enquire and examine into *the truth*, you will find that France now exists in a *more abject state of slavery* than under the worst of its Kings.

Bonaparte hates you; he may, perhaps, affect to smile upon a traitor, but if that traitor is an Englishman, "his smile is death," as was remarked by one of his own attendants at Jaffa; and let it not be forgotten, that the very General appointed to command the expedition against you, has declared, "that if he comes, he will make England such a country that it will not be fit for Englishmen to live in."

These, my friends, are serious facts; and I am not deluding you by fine words; and could you, however unpleasant your present condition, bear to see that country that gave you birth, that country, the nurse of Liberty; that has produced a race of heroes, the terror of tyrants, who made the *proud Louis tremble* on his throne; could you bear to see that country made a desart?—Perish the wretch who says "because we are *poor* we must be *rebels!*" Why cannot a poor man have in his heart the same sentiments of honour and of patriotism as his richest neighbour? I detest the villain that would dare to tell me the contrary; and when the *Agents of France* utter such sentiments, they *insult* and *mock* us, and would lead us to our ruin. We will however teach them a different lesson. It is only by *acting as men* that we can be respected even by an enemy. *Cowards and traitors* are always despised; but Englishmen, thank God! are neither: they will be found to resist

tyranny

tyranny in every form, let the tyrant be whom he may. They will shew their enemies that *virtue* and *valour*, and *honour* and *patriotism*, are the lot, not merely of the rich, but of the poor; and that to be *rich* in these qualities, is to be really greater than the possessor of millions.

VALERIUS.

SPEECHES

Of Lady Milbanke, *and Sir* Ralph Milbanke, *to the* Sunderland Volunteer Infantry, *on Monday November the 2d*, 1803.

AT nine o'clock in the morning the regiment paraded in Villers-street, where they took the oath of allegiance, dressed in their new uniform. During which time, Lady Milbanke gave a breakfast to the ladies at the George Inn.—At ten the men were marched down to St. John's chapel, preceded by their band.—The new colours were placed one on each side of the reading desk during prayers, and an excellent sermon was delivered from Psalm lviii. verse 10: "Doubtless there is a God," by the Rev. G. Stephenson, A. M. chaplain to the corps. The colours were borne to the altar table, one supported by R. Lambton, Esq. M. P. the other by Brook Richmond, Esq. where they were duly consecrated by the chaplain; the standards were then taken to a temporary building erected on the town moor for the occasion, where they were delivered by her ladyship to Col. Sir Ralph Milbanke, with the following speech:

Sir,

When I look around on the present scene, and behold this loyal and patriotic corps in arms for the defence of our native land, and reflect that you are honoured by being called to the command of it, I freely avow my bosom glows with honest pride—I must be insensible to every feeling which ought to animate the heart of a wife and an Englishwoman, if this was not to me a moment of enthusiastic exultation. Many of those I have now the honour to address, were Volunteers also in the former war;—return and increase of their country's danger has again brought them forward, and added to their numbers. Thus will the spirit of Britons ever rise in proportion to the cause which may call it forth.

During the late conflict, our inveterate antagonists were more distracted in their councils, more unsettled in their government—they were opposed by other powers; but, at this crisis, Bonaparte, under the title of First Consul, has established a systematic tyranny of the European nations: some have tamely submitted to his yoke; some, like unhappy, deluded Switzerland, confiding in his faithless promises, have sunk beneath his iron rule; while others meanly stand aloof, to behold, with calm indifference, his desolating sway!

Bonaparte has now concentrated all his force to attack the British Isles, and insolently boasts that we are unequal to the fight! He vainly expects ere long his arm will effect universal conquest: but, "there is a step which he must overleap, or else fall down,"—a step too lofty for even his vaulting ambition to overleap;—it is the British empire. On that step will he fall. Our fleets sweep from the seas his tri-coloured flag, insult his coasts, and interrupt his preparations for invasion: but should his transports elude the vigilance of our naval commanders, and reach these shores, his Gallic legions will again experience

perience they are not invincible when opposed to Britons.

Should Bonaparte obtain ascendancy over the country, as the barbarous hordes of former ages, who, when they overran more civilised nations, delighted to destroy the beautiful productions of art and learning they were too rude to imitate or value—so would that remorseless tyrant, with malignant joy and savage fury, destroy our glorious constitution, the object of his hatred, the monument of his shame. That beloved monarch, so justly dear to us, would be torn from his throne, our senators degraded, our equal laws annulled, the ministers of our pure religion reviled and persecuted, the celebration of our holy rites forbid! Lives there, my countrymen, one who would not shed his blood to avert these scenes of horror? I know there does not; "for honour's thought dwells solely in the breast of every man:"—Nor is there one among you who would stoop to drag on a wretched and humiliating existence, deprived of liberty, the subject of a foreign power, the slave of Bonaparte?

My sex, weak and defenceless, is incapable of active exertion; but it remains for us to testify, by every method in our power, the respect and gratitude we entertain for all the gallant champions of our safety. As a proof of mine, for the Sunderland Volunteers, I have presumed to offer these colours, and hold myself greatly honoured that they are accepted.

I flatter myself no one here needs any assurance of my attachment to this place; gratitude demands it warmly, nor is the call unanswered.

The situation of Sunderland, as a sea-port of very considerable commerce—its importance in the national scale, as a nursery for seamen, distinguished for skill and courage, even in a navy where all are brave—must interest every one in its prosperity and safety. But should our presumptuous foes direct their attack to any other quarter, I am bold to say all local interests would be disregarded, and the first and only wish of the Sunderland Volunteers, would be to face the invaders where danger threatened most.

The very generous manner in which the inhabitants and others have contributed to equip this corps, demands our best acknowledgments; but I am certain they will derive more satisfaction from the consciousness of their patriotic liberality, than from my thanks.

I am commissioned by Nathaniel Atcheson, Esq; to request the Sunderland Volunteers will accept from him their camp colours, as a token of his high regard, and the interest he takes in their success.

Sir Ralph Milbanke, receive these banners; you and your gallant comrades may speedily be called forth under them, to fight your country's battles; should it prove so, I will pray Almighty God to crown you and your fellow-soldiers with happy, glorious victory. But should you fall, a weeping widow will yet proudly say—"He was ever faithful to his King and Country, and in their cause he fell!"

Sir Ralph Milbanke's Reply.

MADAM,

If ever there was a moment of my life in which my feelings were strongly agitated, they are still more so at this present time.

The circumstances of receiving these colours from you, with whom I have been connected, by the tenderest and dearest ties, for many years, and to whom I am attached by the strongest sensations of gratitude and affection, must

must deeply affect my mind. The circumstances, also, of the times in which they are presented, must awaken my feelings, in conjunction with those of all present—in conjunction with those of all true Britons.

We are now engaged in a war, different from all preceding wars; a war, not for a point of honour, not for the possession of some territory, not for any thing definable in its nature, or certain in its extent—but, with an enemy, restless, perfidious, and ambitious, eager to wrest from us that happiness of which he has deprived the greater part of Europe—bearing an irreconcileable hatred to this country, for having refused, opposed, and stopped his progress towards universal dominion.

It affords me, however, the greatest satisfaction, to observe the spirit, the manly and ardent spirit, of loyalty and attachment to our constitution, which has prevailed.

I am confident there is no man who hears me this day, not an inhabitant of the most distant part of our island, not an inhabitant of the whole territory of Great Britain, who would not prefer death, honourable death, to an ignominious surrender of our liberties to a haughty nation—and that nation the old, the constant, the determined enemy of our country.

Let us bear in mind how our ancestors have opposed their numerous forces, and were victorious—how we, in modern times, have opposed them, and have been victorious. Victory never has, nor ever will desert Englishmen, closely and firmly united in a cause so glorious as that of their religion, liberty, and independence.

Happy, indeed, and proud I am, to have been called forth to fill so distinguished a situation as that in which I now appear, by the inhabitants of a town and vicinity to whom I am bound and devoted by reiterated obligations; happy to unite with you, who have come forward with so much zeal and alacrity, in the present crisis, to join you in every exertion, to share your fortunes, to encounter all danger with you, for the defence of our King and Country, and strenuously to support the cause of Great Britain to the latest hour of my life.

Who can forget the conduct of Bonaparte, in his treatment of Switzerland? once a brave and free people, and famous, in the annals of history, for their resistance to oppression and tyranny. Those who have trusted to his faithless promises, he has deceived by a phantom of liberty, only to make their degradation the more humiliating, and the fetters with which they have been bound, more intolerable and more galling. Who can forget his sanguinary transactions in Egypt? Nay, wherever, like a malignant star, he has spread his baneful influence, and his pernicious beams.

His crimes, his cruelties, his atrocities, are unparalleled. Who but must turn with loathing, from successive fields of carnage, and shameless violations of all faith, equity, and humanity. Yet I feel a confidence, that the time is not far distant, when a period will be put to this usurper's power, to the career of this offender against God and man, this scourge of the human race.

Friends and fellow-soldiers, if our enemies should have the audacity to invade this country, let the words* engraven on this banner, animate your courage, stimulate you to noble deeds of loyalty and patriotism. Let us (firmly united with the rest of our gallant countrymen) prove to the world, how we Britons, alone and unassisted, have

* Semper fideles regi et patriæ.

have opposed a great and powerful nation, have checked ambition, have beat down despotism, have driven their armies back with shame and disgrace, and have trampled their insulting banners under our feet.

(To the Ensigns who received the Colours.)

In delivering these colours to you, I am certain I deliver them to a corps upon whose zeal and loyalty their country may rely on every occasion. I now commit them to your charge, being confident that the Sunderland Volunteers, wherever they may be engaged, will distinguish themselves by their courage; and that these colours will lead them on to glory, and be conspicuous in the front of the battle.

Translation of a Letter written in 1797, *by an Ambassador of one of the powers allied with the Directory. The original may be found in No.* 101, *of* "Paris pendant l'Annee, 1797." *Its re-publication at the present moment may not be unserviceable, inasmuch as it identifies the* Hero of 1797 *with the* Consul of 1803, *and serves to establish more firmly the truth of those atrocities with which the Corsican has been publicly accused, by Sir Robert Wilson and others, since the period which it was written.*

ATROCITIES OF BONAPARTE, IN 1797.

"ESCAPED at length from the long and cruel fatigues of the most murderous of wars, I am just arrived from the Army of Italy, after being lamed for life at the battle of Arcola. I have paid the debt of gratitude, which I owed to my country; I have given her proofs of my zeal and of my love, and have sealed them with my blood. Become an invalid in the bloom of youth, and no longer able to fight in her service, I am entitled to her protection. In her bosom have I sought an asylum, and no longer able to serve her with an arm paralised by the steel of the enemy; I, nevertheless, devote to her a heart which adores her, and a holy boldness in denouncing to her, I will not say abuses, that would be too cold an expression, but deeds of atrocity, at which Nero himself would have blushed, and which Suetonius would not have dared to impute to that monster.

"Believe me, I do not dispute the great military talents of Bonaparte; his successes speak for themselves. But what I contend for is, that Bonaparte is the most dangerous of all the French citizens; that Bonaparte is a citizen in the manner of Cæsar, that it is in the manner of Cæsar that he loves equality, and that it is with all the contempt which Cæsar entertained for the Senate of Rome, that Bonaparte speaks of the Government of France. For the truth of my assertion, I appeal to all who are in the habit of being constantly about his person. He is Gustavus in the midst of battle: but like Gustavus, he pants for a throne and a crown, not to set it upon the head of this or that prince, but to place it upon his own.

"The most violent satraps of the great king had less power, and certainly less insolence and less vanity, than Bonaparte has given proofs of during his campaigns in Italy.

"These are facts of the greatest notoriety. I only relate what all have seen, what every general has heard, and what all are ready to depose, whenever they are called on by the Directory, with

with the exception of a wretch of the name of *Le Clerc*,* the slave of Robespierre, of *Rusca*, a drinker of blood, and a shameless robber, and of a few brigands of the same stamp.

"Ardently do I hope, that some one more skilful than myself, will furnish the public with a detail of the atrocities committed by Bonaparte: they exceed all possible belief! I call upon every true Frenchman, now at the head of our armies in Italy, to save their country and their fellow-citizens, and to declare to the Directory what they know of the facts which I am about to denounce. I call too, upon the Directory, to interrogate the best generals in the army. Guarantee them but from the *poniard* of Bonaparte, then will they speak out, and this is what they will depose.

"Bonaparte, besides the contributions which he levies, exacts also enormous sums for himself, and appropriates to his own use as much of the spoliation of the countries he has devastated as suits his convenience; this money is lodged in the hands of several bankers at Genoa, Leghorn, and Venice. Very considerable sums also have been sent into Corsica.

"Bonaparte is at once the vainest and the most impudent of mortals. But he unites the vanity of a child to the atrocity of a daemon.

"I say—(and it is what twenty thousand men know without daring to say it, but what all will say, now that, like another Curtius, I throw myself into the gulph for the safety of my brethren in arms)—I say, that in no age, and under no tyrant, have crimes more enormous been committed, than those which are daily committed under the direction and authority of Bonaparte!

"Will it be credited, that in the hospitals appropriated to the sick and wounded, the surgeons devoted to Bonaparte have *a constant order*, as soon as they see a sick soldier past recovery, or one whose incurable wounds will render him no longer of use to the service, to set a mark upon his bed; which fatal mark announces to the attendants that this victim *is to be carried away with the dead!* He is accordingly thrown into a waggon appointed to remove the dead bodies to the grave, and is generally *strangled* or *smothered!* But notwithstanding these precautions, as the carriages move along to the place of interment, the cries and groans of the unfortunate men about *to be buried alive*, may be distinctly heard on all sides! To this horrible fact I have myself been an eye-witness, as well as to what I am going to relate.

"In the month of July, 1797, after an action which took place near Salo, on the Lac de Guarda, Bonaparte gave orders that *not only the dead, but the dying and wounded, should be buried!* The wretched victims were placed upon five waggons, and at midnight were dragged to an enormous ditch, and precipitated therein. The cries of the living being distinctly heard, the monsters threw down eight loads of burning lime upon them, which, falling upon the undressed wounds of the poor victims, caused them to send forth such piercing moans, that the virtuous curate of Salo, seized with horror at the transaction, died in consequence of the affright!

"Such are the atrocities to which I have been an eye-witness, and which

* "This wretch afterwards married the Corsican's sister, and was sent with the command of the army to Saint Domingo, where he paid the forfeit of his crimes."

I denounce

I denounce to all men and to all ages! If the Directory wish to be satisfied as to the truth of my assertions, they have it in their power to be so. I do not sign my name to this Letter, as I am not desirous of being assassinated before the examination of the crimes I have denounced can take place. I call upon the Directory to verify the facts; and, that done, I will immediately present myself before them as a witness. In the mean time I shall make myself known to REUBELL."

BERNE, JUNE 2, 1803.

"I will now keep my promise, and send you a faithful account of our present Government, of our Parties, and of our sufferings, from the tyrannical interference of the Corsican in our last struggle for liberty and independence.

"The French innovators have mistaken and misunderstood our national character, in judging of it after the selfish and inconstant French, after the thoughtless and unthinking Italian, or after the dull and phlegmatic Batavian. We are the very opposite; we are not only constant, firm, and intrepid, but obstinate and stubborn; and when centuries have not been able to eradicate from our minds the attempts of Austria to tyrannize over our ancestors, how can France expect its recent oppressions and tyranny, which we so cruelly feel and witness, can be forgotten, forgiven, or submitted to?

"Had the Government which the Corsican has forced upon us, been *our own and free choice*, it might have quieted if not satisfied our parties; but the *very idea of force* being used, which proved *our freedom enslaved and our independence lost*, has such an effect upon all true Swiss, that we had preferred anarchy or even the worst of governments of our own choice, to the best regulated government in the world, imposed upon us by the cruel hand of power, and by a foreign tyrant.

"Mr. D'Affrey, our present Landamman, in wishing to gain over the different parties, has offended and displeased them all. We do not see in him our First Magistrate, but the First Slave of Bonaparte in Switzerland, in a place as degrading to himself, as insulting and humiliating to us. When he speaks of his patriotism, we think of nothing but his ambition, and when he talks of his love of his country, we remember his adulation of, and obligation to, our Common Tyrant the Corsican Tyrant of France, Italy, Germany, and Holland. Bonaparte may succeed with French Royalists, and Republicans, Aristocrats, and Jacobins; he may succeed with the contemptible French Egotists, Rebels, and Regicides, to blend such heterogeneous beings in the same Councils and in the same Senate; he may succeed in Italy and Holland; but in Switzerland, where our first thoughts, our first lessons, our first instructions, were *honour* and *liberty*, the *love of our Country*, and the *hatred of tyranny*; places *vice* and *power* with *guilt*, *equality with slaves*, and *fraternity with criminals*, excite no other sentiments but those of disgust, horror, and revenge; and how is it possible for us—for true Swiss Patriots, who have bled in our country's cause, to sit by the side of the Traitor who betrayed it—the villain who sold it—the coward who deserted it—and the Rebel who fought against it. Our animosities are, therefore, great and irreconcileable, and hardly a day passes without some duels or other scenes of bloodshed, and

the total extermination of one party or other, can only terminate our differences, our reproaches, our hatred, our complaints, and our sufferings.

"To this, too true relation, you may, perhaps, object our address to the Corsican Usurper; but they were all extorted by force, dictated by the sword, and signed by fear, under the French bayonets; you can form no idea of all the baseness, bribes, intrigues, threats, and cruelties that were by turn employed by the French emissaries and Swiss traitors to obtain the signatures—they were, in a few words, *worthy of the little Soul of the Great Upstart at St. Cloud*; and, as a proof of their sincerity and unanimity, those very addresses are now new causes of aversion, contest and combats, not only amongst the Swiss patriots, but even amongst the Swiss Jacobins, who reproach each other with those base and shameful manœuvres.

"But another evidence of our general detestation of France. One of the last acts of our late infamous Government was to cede to France some brigades of Swiss troops; most of the officers of these brigades resigned, and more than half of the soldiers deserted; to complete those and to levy fresh troops for the Corsican, has been lately the constant endeavour of our present government; but great as the poverty of our people is, and liberal as the offers of France have been, recruits enough have not been engaged to complete one single demi-brigade, when at the same time those of our countrymen formerly in the British service, are teized and exposed by hundreds every day, who offer themselves as soldiers; I can assure you it is not exaggeration when I affirm that, if our geographical position permitted it, in one week 20,000 men might be raised for England in Switzerland.

"Since our Corsican Constitution, emigration formerly confined to the Canton of Basle, have extended to an alarming height in all the other cantons, whole parishes and villages emigrate *en masse*, to avoid the sight of Bonaparte's soldiers, and to escape their cruelties; the price of property has decreased nearly 50 per cent. and should it continue in the same manner, after some years more of French fraternization, Swiss traitors and French slaves will be the only inhabitants of degraded and wretched Helvetia.

"Debauchery, immorality and irreligion, with all their consequent crimes, have accompanied the French here as well as every where else. Our wives, our daughters, are dragged away from the protection, from the arms of a father and a husband, to satisfy the lust, the vile passions of a vile soldiery; the moral principles of our youths are corrupted, vitiated, and totally perverted. Thieves, plunderers, housebreakers, highwaymen, assassins, and murderers, croud our prisons, protected by the French, escape or mock our laws.

"No respect, no safety, no protection, either of our persons or property; add to this an uncommon poverty from French plunder, from want of work, from want of encouragement to industry or prospect of gain, and you can form but an incomplete notion of our distresses, of our sufferings, and our complete misery. From being the most virtuous, moral, happy, and free nation, we are become a vicious, beggared, enslaved, and ruined people, and this cruel, abominable, and incomprehensible change, French tyranny, French seduction, French examples,

examples, and French principles have effected in less than five years!!!

"England, and England alone is our hope of relief, and our preventive from despair; and believe me, that the first cannon shot against France that resounds in our mountains, will be a signal for us to exterminate our oppressors or to perish in the attempt."

LORD BOLINGBROKE,

Upon the Subject of Invasion.

NOBODY can be ignorant, that the necessary preparations for an effectual invasion of this Island, would take up a great deal of time, and require such a number of ships, both for transports and converts, that all Europe must be fast asleep, if it should pass unobserved.

"But let us suppose that a foreign power shall conjure up a great naval armament all on a sudden, without any body's notice, and find means to steal into England, by the assistance of a dark night, or a favourable wind; yet, I should be glad to know, what they are to do when they get here; for though they might land upon us in such a clandestine manner, I presume it would not be altogether so easy for them to sculk back again, or a very difficult matter for us to intercept their supplies.

"Suppose then that 20,000 men, of which very few can be horse, are landed in England, without any human probability of being supplied from abroad, this army can never march 20 miles into the country; for they cannot put themselves into a marching posture, in less than a fortnight or three weeks; and, by that time, we may have 100,000 militia, drawn down upon them; whereof 10,000 shall be horse, and as many dragoons as we please: and if this militia does nothing else but drive the country, cut off their foragers and stragglers, possess themselves of the defiles; and intercept provisions,—their army might be destroyed in a short time."

If this reasoning be just in any degree, and it was never yet answered, what danger can we possibly apprehend from such an invasion; when our militia is backed with a body of several thousand regular troops, besides a sufficient number to man our garrisons, and secure Scotland.

This was the opinion of the great Duke of Marlborough, who declared, upon a very important occasion, that he would undertake to defeat any body of men, which possibly could be landed upon us by surprise, with only his own regiment of guards, two or three regiments of dragoons, and such a train of artillery as he could easily draw out against them: whereas they could not possibly bring any with them of any consequence. Besides, it ought to be considered, that having no fortified towns to secure themselves, till people could come in to join them, it would be impossible to stand long against such a force.

INVASION.

The following Letter of Mr. BURKE's, *addressed to his friend Dr. Lawrence, a short time previous to his death, will be found interesting*:—

"*My dear Sir,*

"THE very first relaxation of my complaints, which gave me leisure and disposition to attend to what is going on, has filled my mind with many uneasy sensations, and many unpleasant reflections. The few of us, who have protracted life to the extreme limits of our short period, have been condemned to see extraordinary things—new systems

tems of policy—new opinions—new principles—and not only new men, but what might appear a new species of men. I believe that they who lived forty years ago (if the intermediate space of time were expunged from their memory) could hardly credit their senses, when they heard from the highest authority, that an army of 200,000 men was kept up in this island; that in the neighbouring island there were at least four score thousand more; but when he should hear of this army, which has not its parallel, what must be his astonishment to hear, that it was kept up for the mere purpose of an inert and passive defence; that in its far greater part, it was disabled, by its constitution and very essence, from defending us against an enemy by any one preventive stroke, or any operation of active hostility? What must his reflections be, on hearing that a fleet of 500 men of war, the best appointed, and to the full as ably commanded, as this country ever had upon the sea, was for the greater part employed in acting upon the system of unenterprising defence? What must his sentiments be, who remembers the former energy of England, when he is given to understand, that these two islands, with their extensive and every where vulnerable sea coast, should be considered as a garrison sea town? What would he think if the garrison of so strange a fortress should be such as never to make a sally; and that, contrary to all that has been hitherto seen in war an infinitely inferior army may with safety besiege this garrison, and, without hazarding the life of a man, ruin the the garrison and the place, merely by the menaces and false appearances of an attack? What must his surprise be, on finding, that with the increases of trade, and balances unknown before, and with less outgoing than at any former time, the public credit should labour, even to the edge of a bankruptcy; and that the confidence of the people in the security of their property should lessen in proportion as all the apparent means of their safety are augmented! The last part of this dreadful paradox is to be solved but by one way; and that is by an obscure undefined scene which the people entertain that the apparent means of their safety are not real, nor well understood, and that they confide in their Government, more from their opinion, that some sort of Government should be supported, than from a conviction that the measures taken by the existing Government for the public safety are rational or well adapted to their end. Had it pleased God to continue to me even the late weak remains of my strength, I purposed to make this the subject of a letter, which I intend to address to a brother member of yours, upon the present state of affairs? but as I may be never able to finish it, I regard this matter of defence as so much the most important of all considerations at this moment, that it supercedes all concern of my bodily and mental weakness, and urges me, by an impulse I cannot resist, to spend at least my last breath in laying before you some part of the anxious thoughts with which I have been oppressed, and which, more than any bodily distemper, have sunk me to the condition in which you know I am. I have no hand to write, but I am able to dictate from the bed on which I pass my nights and days.

"What I say may have no weight; but it is possible that it may tend to put other men of more ability, and who are in a situation where their abilities may be more useful, into a train of thinking. What I dictate may not be

be pleasing either to the great or to the multitude; but looking back on my past public life, though not without many faults and errors, I have never made any sacrifices to the favour of the great, or to the humour of the people. I never remember more than two instances in which I have given way to popularity, and those two are the things of which in the whole course of my life, now at the end of it, I have the most reason to repent. Such has been the habit of my public life, even when individual favour and popular countenance might be plausibly presented to me as the means of doing my duty the more effectually. But now, alas! of what value to me are all those helps or all those impediments? When the damp chill sweat of death already begins to glaze our visage, of what moment is it to us whether the vain breath of man blows hot or cold upon it? But our duties to men are not extinguished with our regard to their opinions. A country, which has been dear to us from our birth, ought to be dear to us, as from our entrance, so to our final exit from the stage upon which we have been appointed to act; and in the career of the duties which must in part be enjoyments of our new existence, how can we better start, and from what more proper post, than the performance of those duties which have made the occupation of the first part of the course allotted to us?"

LIEUTENANT FAIRMAN'S LETTER.

Lieutenant Fairman having evinced a mind of candour and liberality in his Letter to the Right Honourable William Windham, on the expediency of allowing a drawback of the DUTIES UPON WINES, for the consumption of the army, &c. *and his reflections on the character and conduct of Bonaparte, being so well delineated, we make no apology for their insertion in our present number.*

RARELY does it happen that there are any beneficial chances in the lottery of war as a temptation for the army to barter their blood for lucre. Seldom have they an opportunity of acquiring any *spolia opima* from the enemies of their country. The distressed state of their finances forms a shocking contrast to the splendid misery of their lives. A conflict with a regicide Republic is, of all others, the least calculated to hold out golden prospects. Little is there to be derived from such a contest more than solid glory—a passion by which, it is devoutly to be wished, the British soldiery may ever continue to be laudably animated. A war with Jacobinism has no advantages to soften its hideous features; nothing to diminish its horrors—to smooth its wrinkled front. It is a struggle of social order against lawless barbarity; a combat of justice and religion against plunder and atheism. No wonder, then, if hagard SANS CULOTTES, gaunt with famine, and flushed with liquor, display transitory acts of desperation (for I cannot call it valour) when opposed to an inferior number of troops neither goaded by necessity, nor wrought up to frenzy and fanaticism by the hope of pillage and other adventitious aids. But notwithstanding our vast disparity of force, we have had our successes—such as, taking into consideration the unparalleled disadvantages under which they were obtained, in vain might be sought for at any former period of history.

I cannot close my letter, Sir, without offering a few incidental reflections, which in all human probability, will never meet the eye of the party they are levelled at; and on whom, if by possibility of accident they did, there would be still less likelihood of their making an impression. In acknowledging the abilities of One who never placed any limits either to the ambition of his views, or to the effects of his resentment, I feel the less remorse in being obliged to express an abhorrence of his principles, and of his indifference as to the means of carrying them into execution. When superior endowments are converted to improper purposes, it is making but an ungracious return for the pre-eminent enjoyment of the choicest blessings. Happy might it have been for agonized Europe, had talents so transcendent been applied to nobler objects than the paltry gratification of *personal* aggrandizement. Fortunate would it have been for regenerated France, if, instead of aiming at an imperial diadem, the possessor of them had secured himself a crown of glory, by abdicating, to its rightful successor, the usurped sceptre he arbitrarily sways. So generous, so heroic an act, would have displayed a magnanimity of mind, a disinterestedness of soul, that would have transmitted his name through the remotest regions. This was the high road to immortality. Thus might he have acquired never-fading laurels. Here would have been a stroke worthy of his genius. With justice then might he have assumed the appellation, "GRAND PACIFICATOR!"

The person, of whom I am speaking, was equal to the imposed task. He is a man, I hesitate not to say, who might have effected this glorious deed. His means were fully adequate to its accomplishments. To an indisputable bravery and a quickness of conception, which, in the midst of difficulties and dangers, never forsake him, he unites a capacity at once comprehensive and vigorous. In him are combined all the necessary qualifications for bold and daring projects of stratagem and enterprize. He possesses all the requisites, all the expedients, formed to bring about so grand, so sublime an event. His measures seem even calculated to controul Fortune herself. His wonderful ascendency over the troops he commanded would have prevailed on them, at any time, to break the despotic tyranny under which that once magnificent kingdom, but now degraded country, had long groaned. His dissolution of the Council of Elders is a proof that he was not destitute of resources for the performance of so desirable an achievement. A plain indication this, of what he had the powers to plan—of what he had the resolution to execute. Here would have been an opportunity for the exercise of his unlimited influence. This was a proper crisis for the restoration of exiled and debased monarchy. The self-denial I will admit to have been great; such only as perhaps from the philosophy of the most rigid stoic, might be expected. Greater still would have been the credit. Immortal would be the fame. True glory consists in the sacrifice of every selfish consideration.

As to the feasibility of the plan, its success was more than probable. Added to the prodigious body *avowedly* disposed for the revival of the ancient Constitution, thousands besides would immediately have flocked round the Royal standard. Crowds, whom circumstances alone determine, after having risen against the legitimate authority, would as readily have employed

ployed the same energy to restore it. Many, who had preserved till then an insidious neutrality, would unreservedly have declared themselves in favour of the illustrious House of Bourbon. Safely might he have counted on finding some friends even among the malecontents. The whole collected battery of all the embodied Kings of Europe would have seconded the endeavour. The Congress of every civilized State in the Universe would have applauded the undertaking. The fiat and approbation of an admiring Heaven were in readiness to seal its ratification. But glorious would have been the effort, though attended with a failure, and himself had perished amid the ruins of the edifice he was struggling to rebuild. More honourable would have been the sepulchre than the superbest Mausoleum in the power of Eastern magnificence, or the plenitude of human vanity, to erect. Then, like the Roman Curtius, leaping boldly into the gulf that was to close upon him for ever, might he exultingly have exclaimed, there was nothing more truly valuable than patriotism and military virtue. More substantial this than the short-lived, fleeting honours of a Lodi or Marengo*. How preferable to the parasitical, prostituted incense of the Thuilleries!

A precedent of the kind was not wanting. Secure in the attachment of the army, no sooner did Monck declare his intention of reinstating the unfortunate Charles, than the air was rent with the loudest acclamations. Myriads were instantly seen running about, in all directions, frantic with joy. Such were the numbers of the loyalists, that it was the wonder of every one, where Sedition, which so lately reigned triumphant, had hid, on a sudden, her diminished crest. The same discordant, wavering people that so recently sought the sacred life of their Sovereign, as warmly now expressed their transports at his safety—their delight at his return—their repentance for past delusions. Harrassed and persecuted by a succession of tyrannies and unrelenting factions, they could not longer suppress their emotions of pleasure at beholding their Prince once more seated on his throne. Is it likely the French nation would have felt differently disposed, or that

* The Conqueror of Italy was not without his occasional defeats. For England's glory be it recorded, this redoubtable Champion of Republicanism, at the head of an immense army, was discomfited and put to flight by the superior heroism of a Captain of the British navy, ably supported by a handful of British seamen. Sir Sidney Smith, on this occasion, seemed to bear in memory the cruel indignities he had experienced during his long confinement in the Temple. But fortune kindly blessed him with an opportunity of taking *personal* castigation on the author of his unmerited sufferings——an opportunity of which he amply availed and boldly acquitted himself. Thus has the brave Sir Sidney fulfilled several passages of the Holy Scripture, in his miraculous defence of Acre*. Thus, as the agent of Divine Providence, has he preserved the temple of Jerusalem from the profane violation of a second Antiochus†. For had not the French met with this unexpected repulse, it was, no doubt, their intention to have ransacked that venerable city.

* *See* 2 *Mac. chap.* iii *ver.* 39.—*chap.* xv. *ver.* 34.—2 *Esdras, chap.* xv. *ver.* 16 *and* 17.
† *See* 2 *Mac. chap.* v.

the troops would have co-operated with less cordiality towards the restoration of the ill-fated and excluded Louis? From the similarity of the times, from the resemblance of the chiefs, it would be unfair to argue otherwise. A prudent conduct, a deep reserve, were leading traits in both. But the former, actuated by the noblest sentiments, zealous only for the interest of truth, and the well-being of society, risked every thing to re-establish freedom: while the latter—impelled by motives less honourable, and desirous of being apparently compelled to accept what he secretly wished to assume—to gratify an inordinate thirst of power, deserted the cause he professed to espouse. Ambitious of having his name enrolled among Kings and Potentates, in preference to following the example of a Deliverer, he vainly modelled his conduct after that of a Cromwell.

Since it could not be done, but to the manifest disadvantage of one, whom, if I feel no inclination to compliment, I have as little desire to offend, I shall forbear to exhibit the reverse of the picture. The disciples of Jacobinism will strenuously oppose to these tenets the common-place, hacknied language of treachery to the Republic. I will adopt neither the line of argument nor the phraseology usually resorted to in reply. I shall pursue a different course, by attempting cursorily to shew, that such engagements might not only be more honoured in the breach than in the performance, but that it sometimes becomes a *bounded duty* to dissolve them, for the benefit of those, on whose behalf, it is presumed, they have been originally entered into. Supposing, then, the pre-existence of an engagement, express or implied; granting, too, the contractor to have been actuated on this, as on all former occasions, by the most *conscientious* and *fastidious* scruples; he was absolved from the obligation by the eternal laws of God and of reason. An engagement founded in crime cannot be executed without injustice. If a Community be surprised and trepanned into wicked compacts, it is as much dischargeable from them, as are particular individuals who may be forced or inveigled into improvident measures, either through their own inadvertence and folly, or by the violence and villainy of others. As, between man and man, the fixed and determinate maxims of law are qualified and reversed by the more comprehensive and indulgent rules of equity: so does Heaven's chancery, as betwixt its magistracy and the people, take cognizance of the complaints of an aggrieved and abused nation. What is oppressive in the Courts of the one, is not without remedy at the Tribunal of the other. Absurd would be the hypothesis, that whole States or Kingdoms are more exempt from the privileges and protection of such an appeal, than are private societies, or their respective members.—To forsake one's allegiance is Treason. To desert from revolt is Loyalty. But the defenders of Regicide make no distinction between *lawful* inheritance and *forcible* entry. By an inverse mode of reasoning—with them, to subvert order is commendable, to resist commotion would be criminal. To place this matter in a familiar point of view, I suppose a case.—A mutiny breaks out on board a ship at sea. The captain and officers are inhumanly murdered. The crew, from among themselves, select a commander; who, in seeming compliance to their wishes, practices an artful manœuvre. From the moment of his undertaking the charge of the vessel, he forms the resolution

solution of conducting her to a place of safety, instead of into an enemy's port; for which, he teaches the pirates to believe he is steering. In the prosecution of his scheme, he meets with success; and delivers up the deluded wretches to the offended laws of their indignant country. What should we say of such a man? Should we pronounce him trust-betrayer? God forbid! Should we not rather term such conduct fidelity, than treachery.—It sometimes happens, that we approve the act, though we detest the motive: here, I think, we should admire the one, and applaud the other. To break truce with Rebels, is allowable in all cases: it is meritorious in most. In my mind, there is a material difference between a departure from the principles handed down to us by Ancestry, and a dereliction of those imposed on us by Revolution. The former is the legitimate issue of our forefathers, moulded in wisdom, nurtured by reason, and mellowed with maturity. The latter the spurious offspring of a heterogeneous mass of HERESY, MASSACRE, and CANNIBALISM. Thus much for Treason to the Majesty of the people. I confess, I am unable to distinguish between the parricidal would-be Republic of a seized Ship, and the gigantic overgrown Commonwealth of an enslaved State. But I never aspired to the nicer powers of discrimination.

Such covenants are not only void in themselves, but voidable by the laws of Nature and Religion, as well as by the positive Institutions of every country. Magistracy of any sort is not without limitation. No man, on the one hand, has a right to receive what ought not to be conferred; on the other, no one has a right to exact what ought not to be performed. This is so true, that I question whether there be a constitution in either hemisphere, that would hesitate to acknowledge the doctrine, as its fundamental principle. A truly great and virtuous mind despises dominion. Its only wish is to diffuse and impart universal happiness. It prefers the Liberty to the Empire of the World. Efforts to rescue a numerous nation from its own devouring fury, are all laudable and praiseworthy. Not to extinguish a firebrand in the hand of an Incendiary, is to be guilty of Arson. Cramped and grovelling spirits are apt to behold things through the mirror of prejudice. It becomes the duty, therefore, of those who, from exalted stations, are capable of taking more prospective views, to disperse mists and vapour from before the eyes of ignorance, and infatuation. The multitude seldom takes the trouble to reflect. By far the greater part, perhaps, is incapable of judging. Some there are who dare not venture out of the vulgar path; but, locked up in received notions, remain in darkness and error, through life. Others, again, like wayward children, from a fickleness and curiosity which powerfully operate on weak illiterate minds, are induced to seek novelty and change, even to their own injury. When a People submits itself to the prudence and management of an individual, to such subjection is always annexed a *tacit* condition, that he is to act for the general welfare, by the impulse, that is, the *unwritten* dictates of wisdom and discretion. It is no excuse for such a one, who takes a measure militating against the common interest, that it was adopted at intercession. As well might the nurse pretend to justify her carelessness in suffering an infant to spring from her arms, and cripple itself by the fall: or a physician allow

the administration of inflaming liquours to his patient, in the paroxysm of delirium—Because, forsooth, the one, under the influence of a disordered imagination, should importunately cry out for them; or the other, in its little sportive innocence, might chance to make a salient effort.—When it appears evident to our Rulers, that our passions run counter to our safety, to indulge the former at the expence of the latter, is criminal.

Were it possible to collect individually the sense of the nation, the minority would prove the advocates for the present new-fangled system. The greatest tumult does not always betoken the genuine sentiments of a People. Noise and vociferation are as often substituted as mistaken for public opinion; and are not unfrequently had recourse to, in support of an infirm cause. In proportion to the violence of the one, you may fairly reckon on the weakness of the other. At an election, the losing candidate is the most clamorous and turbulent. The enthusiastic shouts of "VIVE LA REPUBLIQUE!" which so lately echoed and resounded through France, may be compared to the cant phrase of "NO POPERY!" that for a while disturbed and annoyed England. With the *mobility* of Paris I take it to have been as perfectly a matter of indifference, whether the form of Government should be Monarchical or Republican; as I conceive it was an object of unconcern with the *rabble* of London, whether the Church of England should be under the dominion of the Protestant or Catholic Faith. Disorder, rapine, and confusion, were the sole motives of both.—"DOWN WITH TYRANTS!"—"NO BASTILE"—or any other popular outcry, is a mere pretext with the demagogues of faction, for the commencement of their riots, conflagrations, and excesses. However, as it is not my intention to go at any depth into this inquiry, I shall conclude with a hint, which, if properly taken, will be received rather cautionary than otherwise. Let it be remembered, that Cæsar, who was a Tyrant, an Usurper, a lawless Intruder; was likewise a General, a Conqueror, a Consul: but that his person was not held inviolable even in the Senate.

Ill-founded, should I consider my claims to notice, were I to attempt their introduction through a base medium. To prophesy is not to approve. It frequently happens, that we deprecate the event, while we foretel the danger. In denouncing imprecations on the head of sanguinary sacrilegious Regicide, it does not, therefore, follow, that I am to direct the avenging tyrannical arm of the assassin. This would be to convert the abomination of a heavier crime, into the incitement of a less.

ADDRESS

Of LIEUT. COLONEL FENWICK *to the Durham Volunteer Regiment of Infantry, on presenting their Colours, November 6th,* 1803.

IT has been usual for the Commanding Officers of Volunteer Corps to address them on their receiving the colours; and I comply the more readily with the custom, because it affords me an opportunity of calling your attention to some very important points. I shall not detail to you the situation of our country; you know that the enemy's shores are covered by troops which are destined to invade us; that their ports are filled with preparations for conveying them; and that, on the first

first opportunity of escaping from the superior skill and courage of the British navy, they will probably push for our coasts. Under these circumstances, surely every man, who values his own interest and safety; every man, who values what ought to be infinitely more dear to him, the honour and independence of his country, will learn the use of arms.

Courage alone cannot enable you to defend your country; it must be rendered effective by discipline. A competent precision in marching, is necessary to enable you to act together; without it no formation can be just; nor can any movement be made without confusion. Correctness in this point is more especially requisite in the non-commissioned officers; by them the march of the battalion is often regulated, and, by the accuracy of their step, the precision of its manœuvres is, in many instances determined. It is their duty, therefore, to pay the strictest attention to this, the ground work of military discipline. Dexterity in handling your arms is equally necessary; such a dexterity, as will enable you, in all situations, to charge with firmness, and to fire with precision. Where this is wanting; where a charge is feebly, or irregularly made; where fire is given with hurry and confusion; where the trigger is drawn before the muzzle has acquired a proper direction, fire-arms are ineffectual for any purpose of attack or defence. They are, on the contrary, the most formidable weapons which soldiers can handle, when a well-reserved fire is steadily delivered from a well-levelled line of musquetry, and followed up by a vigorous charge. It is not sufficient that you should be able to fire a close volley, and to load and fire quick, these things are desireable; but the first, the essential point, is to load correctly, and to level well.

You, Gentlemen, who hold commissions in corps, you, in particular, who command its companies, should exercise yourselves to judge with accuracy of distances, and to march correctly on a given point; if you fail in this, the battalion cannot preserve the order which is necessary to its ready formation. You will also make yourselves thoroughly masters of the manœuvres which are ordered; and finally, from you, I trust, the corps will receive an example of that strict attention to duty, that ready obedience when under arms, without which, it will become merely a nominal force. On my own part, I pledge myself to neglect no opportunity of acquiring the knowledge necessary to fit me for my station; though I reflect, with infinite pleasure, that, if called into action, we shall be led on by abler and more experienced men.

I am aware, Gentlemen, that your attendance on duty must be productive of inconvenience and loss to many of you; but I will not do you the injustice to think that you are not ready to make the sacrifice to your country. We may regret the necessities of the times; we may lament the return of war, after so short a respite; but, with the sense of its evils, it becomes us to combine the resolution to encounter and overcome them. Let us act up to the proud pre-eminence of our country! Let us consider, that whilst the rest of Europe lies prostrate at the feet of France, or watches, in silent dread, the progress of her ambition, Great Britain alone has dared to oppose her; and, in defending her own independence, has become the protectress of the independence of Europe! Finally, let

let us contrast, with honest pride, the situation of this country, with that of the first military power on the continent, when attacked by the same enemy. When the Austrian monarch called upon his people for assistance, they neglected his call; they had been held as nothing by their government, and they deserted their government in the hour of danger. The consequence was, the humiliation of the Sovereign, the dismemberment of his empire, and the ruin of the people. How different has hitherto been the fate and conduct of Britons! Possessing a constitution the noblest effort of political wisdom, on the first signal of danger, the whole nation rallied round the throne of a beloved Sovereign! The difficulty here was, not to procure defenders, but to prevent the whole population from rushing to arms, and abandoning (perhaps to a dangerous extent) the pursuits of industry. This pre-eminence in patriotism, (the first virtue of nations!) is a just ground for national exultation; it places our independence beyond the reach of human power, without infringing the independence or impairing the prosperity of other countries. Let us even hope that it may ultimately conduce to their happiness, and that the governments, which have hitherto relied on extensive prerogative and numerous armies, may learn in what the strength of nations really consists; and be led, by the spirit and loyalty of a free people, to adopt the principles and do justice to the generous energies of freedom.

You are worthy, I am confident, of ranking among the defenders of a country thus honourably distinguished; you love your King, and will defend his throne with fidelity; you revere the just laws and wise institutions of your forefathers, nor will you permit them to be overturned. As Englishmen, you will not tamely see this island reduced to a province of France; as men, your spirit revolts at the idea of a foreign master; nor will you withhold your protection from those who cannot defend themselves,—from old age and infancy, and from that sex which, while it forms the brightest ornament of society, is our best solace under the evils of life. Accept, then, these colours; which, a few years since, were delivered to a corps, of which many of you were members; I give them, with singular pleasure, in the presence of the truly honourable and respected patroness who then presented them. The corps, who first received them, was distinguished by orderly conduct, by its attention to, and proficiency in discipline; maintain you the same honourable distinction. May these colours be to you a bond of union; whenever they are displayed, may they remind you of the sacred duties you have to perform; and, if ever you carry them into the presence of an enemy, remember that all that is dear to a man of honour is attached to their defence. Defend them then with unconquerable spirit, and may it be your lot to defend them with success!

AN ADDRESS

Delivered to the Christchurch Volunteers, by the Rev. S. CLAPHAM, *Vicar of Christchurch, and Chaplain to the Corps.*

"I should not do justice to my own feelings, if I did not embrace the earliest opportunity which presented itself to me, of expressing the sense I entertain of that relation, which, through your flattering partiality, I have the honour to bear to a Corps so respectable for its decorum, and so distinguished by its attention. These standards

ards under which we are assembled, previously consecrated by my worthy* predecessor, whose virtues and whose eloquence will never be effaced from your mind, are again this day presented to you. And as the oath of allegiance, or fidelity to the King, is to be now severally administered to you, I shall not, I am persuaded, be considered as encroaching upon your time, by shortly stating the propriety of the measure.

"It was formerly the custom, the state of society requiring it, for every person, the clergy excepted, at the age of twelve years, to take the oath of allegiance, that is to swear to be faithful to the King on the throne. But as the times became more settled, and society more improved, such an oath was considered unnecessary; and accordingly it is now only taken upon particular occasions; as upon men's becoming members of the legislature, and magistrates; upon their accepting any office, and acting in any department of trust, where the honour and interest of the King, and the welfare of the country are at stake. To call God to witness that you are, and will be faithful to your Sovereign, which is the meaning of an oath, must, I conceive, be a source of satisfaction to every one of you. If a matter of great importance has been entrusted to me, I naturally wish that the person who confides in me should have every possible assurance of my fidelity; especially when I consider, that he commits to a reliance on my intregrity, what he esteems of the greatest value. When you, therefore, reflect, that to you is entrusted the defence of your country, you must naturally be anxious to approve yourselves worthy of the trust reposed in you, and that *the country* should, in return, have the solemn pledge of an oath, that you will bear true allegiance to your King; which implies, that you will be, in the strictest sense, the defenders of your country.

The reason of the oath of allegiance being administered, the occasion of your being now re-embodied, of having those standards again committed to your care, is to preserve us all from one common ruin. And if ruin awaits us, the high and the low will suffer alike. He that has much, and he that has little to lose, will equally be the objects of pity.

Should any one be so unacquainted with the situation of the lower classes of men, as to suppose they cannot be much worse than they are—such a one must be a stranger to the many enviable comforts they possess. When the labourer returns from his work he is received with delight by his beloved family; and the remainder of the evening being his own, is employed partly in providing those conveniences, which conduce to his welfare, and partly in that innocent and interesting conversation, which wealth, splendor and learning might often envy. But what will be his situation, if the enemy after invading, should subdue us? The mechanic and the labourer who are strong and healthy, will be dragged from their families into a foreign land, whose language they can neither speak nor understand, to enslave a nation innocent as themselves, whom they had never seen, and of whom, perhaps, they had never heard before. The aged and the infirm will alone be permitted to continue in this country, and upon them burdens will be laid far beyond their strength and their years to bear. Should the enemy accomplish his infernal purpose,

* The Rev. Mr. Jackson, late Vicar of Christchurch.

there

there is not a field, a street, a shop, a cottage, which will not record our misery. Against such an enemy, and to prevent such effects, every heart will, I doubt not, be inspired with courage, and every arm braced with vigour. Should you be called out, you will remember that you are Englishmen—should an engagement take place, you will bear in mind, that if you do not conquer, you have no home to which you can return.

As it may not, perhaps, be thought expedient, that I should accompany you into the field, you will not, I trust, think so meanly of me as to imagine, that I am with-held by the dread of danger, or the want of courage. The dread of danger, on such an occasion no *man* can feel; and with the want of courage, even the coward, when the enemy is on our shores, will not give cause for reproach. At that juncture, the clergy, we piously hope, may be more usefully employed in the discharge of their sacred profession: Then will be the time, when, in the language of the prophet, the priests, the ministers of the Lord, are to weep between the porch and the altar; and to say, "Spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thine heritage to reproach, that the enemy should rule over them." When the drum shall beat to arms, and the trumpet shall sound to battle—when you shall see your enemy preparing for your destruction—then imagine, that you hear your wives and your children animating you for their sakes, to rouze your courage and exert your valour—then imagine your hear them crying, that, unless you conquer, they are doomed to perpetual slavery, and hopeless wretchedness. When that moment arrives, may the God of hosts go with you! may he be your shield and your buckler, both on your right hand, and on your left! Ye will, I doubt not, through God's good providence, be glorious conquerors—ye will return, I trust, with satisfaction and with triumph to the embraces of your family: and who will not envy your feeling, when you shall tell your children that are yet unborn, and your children's children, how bravely you fought, and how nobly you conquered? you will not envy your feelings, when your head shall be white with age, and your back bowed down with infirmity, you can each of you make this triumphant boast, 'I am the defender and the protector of my King and of my Country?'

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL MASSENA.

IN the summer of 1800, when, after the battle of Marengo, MASSENA was appointed the commander in chief in Italy, his plunder and extortions caused a number of complaints; and, after a command of only four weeks, BONAPARTE recalled him to give an account of his conduct. At his arrival in Paris he was publicly, and in the presence of all the Generals, reprimanded by the FIRST CONSUL.—When the FIRST CONSUL had finished, MASSENA told him, with a very submissive air, "*Je suis un voleur*—*I* am a robber;" and, fixing him, he said, "*Tu est un voleur*—*Thou* art a robber." Looking next at General MURAT, he continued, "*Il est un voleur*—*He* is a robber." Then regarding the whole circle of Generals, he cried, "*Nous sommes des voleurs*—*We* are robbers." Bowing to them all, he added, "*Vous etez des voleurs*—*Ye* are robbers," Then retiring, and turning his back, he exclaimed, "*Oui*, CITOYEN CONSUL, *ils sont des voleurs*—*They* are robbers."—*Des Republicans Francois tel tst le caractere!* [*Traveller.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SOLDIER'S SECOND DREAM.

THE Sun brightly shone and serene was the sky,
My Comrades with chearful alacrity rose,
But each pleasing object I view'd with a sigh,
And the pleasures of others augmented my woes.

In gloomy dejection I pass the long hours,
So hard seem'd my duties, so chearless my rest,
With anguish I thought on my dear native bowers,
And the friends that in sleep my fond bosom had blest.

And at night as I sank on my pallet again,
"Return" I exclaim'd "thou dear dream of delight,
Through the comfortless day I lament me in vain,
Return thou sweet vision and soothe me at night."

I slept—and in fancy once more I was borne
To the scenes where my childhood so pleasantly past,
The fields of my father wav'd yellow with corn,
And his white little cottage receiv'd me at last.

As I lifted the latch how my heart briskly beat,
Yet my blood soon run cold at the scene there display'd—
My hoary-hair'd Father lay dead at my feet,
And the stones with the blood of my children were ray'd.

My Wife—I beheld her distracted with grief,
And wild were her eyes, and dishevell'd her hair;
No tear kindly streaming afforded relief,
But she hail'd my approach with a cry of despair.

"Behold" she exclaim'd "what thy folly has done,
Behold of thy weakness the horrible end,
Thy Father in dying call'd out for his Son,
That Son would no longer his Father defend.

To save us, the sword you once gallantly drew,
And among our Defenders your name was enroll'd,
You swore to your King you would ever be true,
You swore in so noble a cause to be bold.

But false was the vow!—for desponding, deprest,
By the hardships of war, from your duty you fled,
And while from those hardships you sought to find rest,
The foe has prevail'd and your Children are dead."

"Deserter! Betrayer!"—no more could she say,
For the morn o'er the mountains beginning to beam,
The sad scene of horror soon faded away,
And with joy I perceiv'd it was only a dream.

To my duties I rose, and despondency check'd,
And whenever I thought of my dear one's afar,
I cried, "Those I love I must toil to protect,
And Peace must be bought by the hardships of War."

A. Z.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE TYRANT.

The time——*from dawn to dawn.*

"I hear the fleet Eumenides retire;
And close behind them, the far-thundering doors
Of Erebus."

FORBEAR,—and follow me! Yon embers glow
Where, gorgeous lies your boast, in mental woe.
The glimmering tapers flash a twinkling light,
His haggard eyes confess a restless night.
Attend! then say what admiration's due,
When power exists with horrors ever new!
Observe!—from off his couch he wildly starts;
He speaks! Ah hear what miseries he imparts!

"Who waits? Again enchearing day is risen;
From thorns I rise, to quit Ambition's prison,
Unfurl my standard,—raise the clang of war—
Oh from me drive dire midnight horrors far!
Arise!—who waits? Ye, peaceful, slumber all;
On me alone the cries of vengeance call.
Let me on horse!—now tardy morn appears;
Thou, bustling day! assuage my deathless fears!
Arise! ye minions of my fatal power;
Ye feel few torments in the midnight-hour.
Let me, amid the storms of war, revive;
Let day's proud visions with night-horrors strive.
Ambition's mine! No social ties I feel;
This heart approves whate'er this head shall seal.
Ne'er storm'd by love, ne'er mov'd by friendship's glow,
I dauntless wade in blood and brave each foe.

Oh,

—Oh, that yon sun would never sink in gloom!
That sleep were needless till we fill the tomb!
No *dread-unknown* pervades the dark profound,
To bid, for me, the awakening trumpet sound!
Let me but sway reluctant hosts of men,
Till endless slumber sinks me from their ken!
—Oh that the night were not! But 'tis decreed,
By day alone from horrors I am free'd.
Away!—yet hark!—what distant murmurs float!
Has tumult rais'd, at length, her dreaded note?—
—On me their vengeance!—hark!—again I live—
That march is mine!—still mine what victories give!
Enkindling strains!—now wonted ardours burn;
Thus felt I, on *Marengo's* awful morn!"

Thus speaking, straight to martial scenes he fled;
To shun the horrors of a tyrant's bed!
On his approach, what rouzing sounds arise!
From rattling arms, reflected light'ning flies!
—Hear, hear! what shouts of hollow joy they raise!
The wily tyrant dreads the impoison'd praise,
With clouded visage wan, lo! how he smiles!
How darkly glances on his lengthen'd files!
But, soon shall eve her shadowy mantle spread;
Soon in repose, shall rest the neighing steed:
Silence shall be, on war's parade, impos'd;
And the day's bustle be by darkness clos'd:—
Save on his guards, thick station'd round his dome,
Where the fell tyrant, living fills his tomb:—
Such may the dagger of the injur'd ward;
But, what from conscience, can their patron guard

Now warrior-slaves the supper-board surround;
In crime scarce lighter than their leader found.
Un-notic'd they, his guarded startings, mark;
While inward horrors writhe his aspect dark.

Lo! now he rises, from the feast, unfed,
To seek his safety by a change of bed!

Alas! the meed of ruthless deeds is thine;
Ne'er be thy sceptre with its horrors mine!

Now all is hush,—bright midnight tapers burn;
He sinks on down,—by care and sorrow worn—
But not to sleep!—for, when the centry cries
The "*all-is-well*,"—his heart within him dies;
Alarm'd, he hears the voice of safety say—
Thou, from without, hast nought to fear till day!

But, ah! within what rankling troubles live?
Dire fear,—remorse; all matchless guilt can give.
—His quivering limbs relax!—an hideous calm!
Now forms aërial mock his grasping palm:—
Seen by the muse,—a dire assemblage stands!—
What numbers from Italia's classic lands!—
What numbers from Peruvia's mines of gold,
Whom, seis'd in battle, the base warrior sold!—
—More dreadly mov'd!—ah! mark his straining eyes
Turn wildly where Egyptian horrors rise!
Tremendous group! from Alexandria sped;
Enclos'd, he shakes amid the gory dead!
He said,—"strike awe,"—"no mercy let us bear,"—
Uprose the screams of vengeance and despair!
Maiden and matron; babe and feeble age
Fell undistinguish'd by his mortal rage.
Remorseless man! those deeds now wring thy soul,
As round thy couch the torturing spirits scowl!

Slow passing, see the gaunt Arabians slain
Amid their wastes, where heat and silence reign.
Though plunderers bred, a greater plunderer march'd,
To spoil and murder, through their desarts parch'd,
Desaix, at the stern tyrant's bidding, mov'd;
His deeds, more hideous than Arabian, prov'd.
Now, what those horrors yield him in the grave,
His leader, living, seeks, in vain, to brave!

On Carmel's plains, by briny surges lav'd,
Where once the embattl'd Christians' banners wav'd;
Where erst, the mantled Seër's footsteps fell;
Where oft, were heard, prophetic numbers, swell:—
On those lov'd plains, to taste and virtue dear,
The dire invader's atheist hosts appear;
When he had Gaza pass'd, elate in blood,
He march'd to redden Kison's murmuring flood,
Before him sweeping desolation hies;
Flames flashing shoot athwart Canaän skies.
On his approach, in thunders heard afar,
Fam'd Joppa fell in the unequall'd war.
Foul treachery stamp'd her crouch'd defenders' fate;
Their ghosts vindictive round the tyrant wait;
Each gaping wound for lasting vengeance calls;
Of Moslems murder'd fast by Joppa's walls!—
Thou, gentle Kleber; strov'st in vain to save;
And, from thy Chief, in Egypt, gain'st a grave!

His

His treacherous eye glar'd with malignant joy,
When Bonn's, reluctant, yielded to destroy.
With horror pale, the shuddering troops obey'd;—
Their eyes were sightless while their thunders play'd.
Captives on captives strew'd, unburied lay
The winds were tainted on their viewless way.
Avenging gods cadaverous pest elate;
And smote the monster's host for Jaffa's fate!

——We came to mark the recompense of guilt,
Remorseless deeds, blood innocently spilt;
Yet, let him, in contortions writhing lie;
From him the muse averts her weary eye;
Till other bands of pallid spectres rise,
O'er whose blanch'd bones are spread *Samaria's* skies:
——Till they appear, to dauntless *Acre* turn;
How glorious,—great th' invader's dreadful bourne!
Where SMITH immortal propp'd old DGEZZAR'S sway;
His British hand to Moslems led the way:
Reviv'd his country's fame on sacred ground;—
Hear from yon heights what acclamations sound!
In sulphurous clouds the blasting light'nings glance,
From Acre's heroes and from madden'd France.
What peals on peals! The storming columns fall;
The dead and dying form a breathing wall;
Inlock'd the blood-stain'd hostile banners hang;
With rushing clash the reeking bayonets clang.
'Mid blasts volcanic toil the weary brave;
And, grumbling thunders creep on Jordan's wave;—
Ere Kleber quits the ford, toward Nazareth bound,
Mount Tabor shakes around the rumbling sound.
The baffled atheist fumes, where Richard stood;
Nor heeds the reeking pools of Gallic blood.
——"Rush o'er the dying,—mount, by heaps of slain,
Once more—French grenadiers!"—He cries in vain.
Wide yawns the deadly breach,—the stormers gaze,
Refuse to mount and win his hollow praise.
Great Smith! who in the guilty temple pin'd,
When Italy felt yon scourge of human kind;
Immortal Smith! redoubling vengeance hurl'd;
And, drove the tyrant back with banners furl'd.
——See ye yon lambent flame? Hear ye no sound?
The hour is come!—now keener tortures wound!
He shrouds his eyes!—the grisly bands advance,
Who fought, who suffer'd for thy tyrant, France!
At eve, his sick and wounded mates regal'd;
Superior viands, grateful fumes, exhal'd;

But,

But, ah! conceal'd somnific opium lay!
Each smil'd on each; and sunk from pain and day!
Such was their meed, when he from Acre fled;
Each, by his poison, gain'd a sandy bed!
—Another troop of injur'd French appears,
They pour their cause of vengeance in his ears;
Thy flat-roof'd piles, Rosetta! echo'd shrieks,
When strangling tortures blacken'd sickness' cheeks!
"Horrible deeds were done," fell scourge of man!
Thy bow-string finish'd what the plague began!
—Yet more his frame is cramp'd!—how dire his state!
The lingering Furies wait the voice of Fate!
—These shades, alternate, chaunt the lays of hell;
Ah! dreadful! hear the infernal chorus swell!—

Rack the simulating fiend;
Him, who ne'er to pity lean'd.
Give him his foretaste of woe;
What the wicked feel below.
Haunting terrors rack his mind;
Rack the curse of human-kind!
Rack the curse of human-kind!

High on Demons' wings upborne;
Wrapt in gloom, he reigns forlorn.
Stranger to each gentler throe;
Ruthless cause of blood and woe.
E'er till the dawn, be this our lay;
Till the avenger's dagger play;
Till this troubler of the world
Down the yawning gulf be hurl'd!
Down the yawning gulf be hurl'd!

—Now, from his couch the chieftain starts aghast;
Dim burn the tapers—but, dread night is past!
Another dawn, the tortur'd tyrant spies;
And, from a Tyrant's rest, to bustle hies!

Conclusion.

From dawn to eve, what crouching hosts he sways!
From eve to dawn, what horror on him preys!
Sullen he fears the praise of actions past;
For deep-ton'd curses load the hollow blast.
Apart from peace and virtue, what is fame?
Woe, while alive; at death, immortal shame!
On his dire path, red gleam the bickering flames;
Mid smoaking walls, wild shriek the injur'd dames.

Helvetia's

Helvetia's wrongs, the hoary Alps resound;
Her torch of freedom moulders on the ground.
Yet Liberty shall come, in happier days;
And blow her twinkling torch into a blaze!
Slow-footed Retribution shall arrive!
And, from the earth, this bane of nature drive.

THE CONGRESS; OR, A CONFERENCE OF NATIONS.

By Mr. C. Dibdin.

SUPPOSE ev'ry Empire and State
In Congress were met, and should start,
As the theme of review and debate,
The projects of fam'd Bonaparte;
John Bull as the *speaker* assign'd,
Yet instead of the Speaker 'twere odd
If Bony in coming don't find
John Bull *Usher of the Black Rod.*

Says Sweden, "my Charles was a mad one,
But Bonaparte's madder than he;"
Says Naples, "the Consul's a bad one;"
Says Holland, "he kom to *make free*;"
Says John Bull, "why Dutchman it's thus,
Of freedom he makes a great puff;
And it's known both to you and the Swiss
That Bony can *make free enough.*"

Says Italy, "of him I'm sick;"
Says Portugal, "right he perverts;"
"Yet by him, says Spain, I must stick;"
Says the German, "he sticks in my skirts;"
Cries the Turk, "how in Egypt he'd brag,
His insolence I could scarce brook it,
There he bore an *Invincible Flag*;"—
"Yes, I know, says John Bull, for *I took it.*"

Says America, "he's a slave driver;"
Says Russia, "he'll soon drive us all,
If we don't find some able contriver
To quiet this Gorgon of Gaul;"
Says Prussia, "at all of us dashing
What he wants it's quite easy to see;"
"Yes, says John Bull, he wants a good thrashing,
And d——n him he'll get it from me."

THE COUNTRY IN ARMS.

By Mr. C. Dibdin.

IF the Frenchmen a landing should win,
In each *County* they'd find we're not slugs;
Then with the Land's *End* to begin,
In *Cornwall* they'd get *Cornish hugs*;
In *Devon* they'd dread *Plymouth* fort,
Find boxers in *Somersetshire*,
And in *Dorset* they'd meet pretty sport,
From the lads who drink Dorchester beer.

Herts and *Wiltshire* would teach 'em to fight,
In *Bucks* as sure game they'd be taken,
In *Barkshire* they'd find we could bite,
And in *Hampshire* they'd not save their *bacon*:
In *Middlesex* would they be popping,
Or *Sussex*, their ground they'd not keep;
In *Kent*, they'd soon send them a *hopping*,
In *Bedfordshire* send them to *sleep*.

In *Essex* their calveskins we'll curry,
In *Huntingdon* chase the freebooters,
And if they come sporting to *Surry*,
They'll find Surry rangers sharp shooters;
Glo'ster, *Wo'ster*, and *Monmouthshire*, thro'
Or *Oxford* they'll never find passes;
And a conflict they'll pretty well rue
With the *Warwickshire* lads and the lasses.

They'll by *Hereford cyder get sour'd*,
In *Northampton* and *Rutland* lose battle,
In *Suffolk* they'll surely get scow'r'd,
And in *Lincolnshire* all be prize cattle;
In *Leicestershire* sheep with the tetters,
In *Staffordshire* ware that soon breaks,
In *Darbyshire* subjects for fetters,
In *Shropshire* mere Shrewsbury cakes.

Norfolk dumplings their taste wouldn't please,
And they'll prove, in despite of their splutter,
In *Cheshire* mere mites in a cheese,
While in *Cambridge* we'll churn 'em like butter;
There's *Yorkshire* and counties about,
Too far *North* for Frenchmen to win,
And the counties whose names I've left *out*,
I'll be d——d if the French will get *in*.

A VOLUNTEER SONG.

OF love or of wine it were treason to sing,
When like locusts, the robbers of France are on wing;
Our green island to ravage, in myriads they throng;
Then swell the full chorus, brave friends, of my song:
O'er the wave let them come,
They but rush on their doom;
To our shores should they fly, they shall never fly home.

Hark! your sires from their tombs in deep accents implore,
That you'd crush the fierce foe, as they crush'd him before;
That you'd gild with fresh glories fair History's page,
And grace with new *Cressys* and *Blenheims* your age.
O'er the wave, &c.

Their *Edwards* and *Henrys* were lions in fight,
But we have our *Nelson* and *Acre's* dread knight.
It's broom* let the house of *Plantagenet* boast,
Our Navy's the broom to sweep clean yon foul coast.
O'er the wave, &c.

Then away to the field! 'tis your country invites
Remember your homes and your fireside delights!
Yet, if France but one spot in that country should crave,
Indulge her; and, oh! let that spot be her grave.
O'er the wave let them come,
They but rush on their doom,
To our shores should they fly, they shall never fly home.

ABERCROMBIE, NELSON AND SMITH.

TUNE—"*I sing the British Seaman's praise.*"

THE Three I sing, on *Egypt's* strand
Who fill'd their age with wonder:
When War's loud tempest shakes the land,
The Muse like *Mars* should thunder.
For One, with triumph's deathless bough
The cypress-leaf is blended;
But Two survive with laurell'd brow,
By *Albion's* prayers attended.

* The broom *(planta genista)* for some cause or other, about which Antiquarians are far from agreeing, gave a surname to the Earls of *Anjou*, and thence to the Kings of *England*, from *Henry* II. to *Richard* III. inclusively.

Still Coeur-de-Lion forms his line,
The boast of *English* story:
Still Nelson's fatal lightnings shine,
And mark the path to glory.
O'er distant seas, in Freedom's cause,
Their gallant flags are flying:
At home her sabre *Albion* draws,
The host of death defying.

And *Egypt* still her loss deplores,
The sun-like Scot regretting;
Seen in full orb upon her shores—
Ah! seen but at his setting!
There, for a moment's passing space,
He pour'd empyreal splendour;
And sunk, in honour's brightest blaze,
The eastern world's defender.

Him *Turkey's* turban'd millions weep,
The 'minish'd crescent wailing;
And mourn with groans, "not loud but deep,"
Their pride of empire failing.
—But hence with tears! for Two remain,
To hush the storm's commotion:
Then sing—"May long their white star* reign
Refulgent o'er the ocean."

WAR SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE

LOYAL SOUTHWARK VOLUNTEERS,

BY AN OFFICER OF THE CORPS.

HARK! the threats of Invaders resound thro' the air,
See! a vengeful and menacing foe—
Already the Warriors for conquest prepare,
Our Riches, our Beauty, already they share,
Our Cities and Commerce lay low:—

But conquest and plunder by Britons withstood,
Shall sink with the boasters in waves;
Or the soil which our Forefathers nurtured in blood
Shall drink from our veins the rich vital flood,
Ere Britons submit to be slaves.

* Quorum simul *alba* nautis
Stella refulsit, &c.
(Hor. Od. I. xii.)

No! it never shall be—that they dare to defile
The fanes of the God we adore;
He for ages has guarded our much belov'd Isle,
Has bid it with Freedom and Plenty to smile,
And rever'd be his name on our shore.
For conquest and plunder, &c.

No! it never shall be—to a man will we rise,
Round the King whom we love and admire;
See the phalanx we form, all danger despise,
And with hand lifted high, we make oath to the skies,
To succeed in this cause, or expire.
For conquest and plunder, &c.

No! it never shall be—that the Fair, our delight,
Shall dishonour'd go down to the grave;
All the Charities mingle, and urge to the fight,
In such cause e'en the darkness of death appears bright,
And sacred's the dust of the brave.
For conquest and plunder, &c.

View the noble assemblage!—a Nation in Arms!
Should legions escape us at sea,
We'll rush on the foe, in thick danger find charms,
United—exulting in War's deep alarms,
Determin'd to die or be free.

Then Britons, arise! 'tis our Country demands
That we guard the lov'd Isle of the Waves!
'Tis the soil which our Forefathers nurtur'd with blood,
And each vein in our bosoms shall pour its rich flood,
Ere Britons submit to be slaves.

THE NORFOLK HEROES.

WHILE Britain beholds all her Heroes advance,
To oppose in firm phalanx the *Tyrant of France*,
Like her own chalky cliffs, sees her patriot Band
Look defiance around, and encircle her land.
Ye gay Sons of Norfolk, still proud of the name,
That gives to your Country the Standard of Fame,
Again rear its Banners, while this be your toast,
"The MONARCH we love, and the FREEDOM we boast."

With his new-fangled Systems, why let Monsieur come,
JOHN BULL can still show him his system at home;
His old-fashion'd system; to twine round his brow
The Laurel of Conquest, and humble the foe;
To find his arm fearless when nerv'd in the cause
Of his Country, his KING, his Religion and Laws;
While exulting he joins in the favourite Toast,
"The MONARCH we love, and the FREEDOM we boast."

Should they bring to Old England their *poisonous Tree*,
Our soil, like our Sons still indignant and free,
To her oaks and her children shall point with a smile,
And bid them acknowledge the plant of her Isle:
Her own British Bulwark, that bows not its form,
But spreads its roots deepest when loudest the storm;
While beneath its broad branches her Sons give this Toast,
"The MONARCH we love, and the FREEDOM we boast."

When they talk of *Equality*, here let them see,
When Freedom is pure, what it is to be free?
Let them see the rough peasant, who eats his brown bread
And at night sits him down, still the king of his shed;
Round his woodbine-trac'd window, and cottage of clay,
The bright beam of Justice sheds sweetly its ray,
And gilds his dark brow, while he joins in this Toast,
"The MONARCH we love, and the FREEDOM we boast."

He remembers the tales which his fathers have told,
Nor forgets the proud deeds of his grandsires of old:
If exulting o'er Agincourt's trophies he smile,
Or bear his quick glance to the banks of the NILE,
The brave Sons of Norfolk exult in their claim
To the Banners of Conquest transmitted by fame;
With their bosoms high beating, all join in this Toast,
"The MONARCH we love, and the FREEDOM we boast."

Then again rear your Standards, your Pennants display:
Around their bright tents what warm wishes will play!
The soft sigh of Beauty—the hope that's most dear,
The Infant's lisp'd charm, and the Matron's chaste tear;
All, all will be yours—they shall form in the field,
Round each British breast, an invincible shield:
And Beauty though absent, give grace to this Toast,
"The MONARCH we love, and the FREEDOM we boast."

BRITONS,

BRITONS, TO ARMS!

BRITONS, to Arms! to Arms, your Country calls!
Loud, and more loud the blast of war resounds,
Blown by the bloody lips of furious Gauls!
Greedy of plunder, and the battle's wounds.

CHORUS.

Haste then, ye Brave! Britannia's sons advance!
'Tis Britain's Genius leads you to the field;
Dare the fierce menace of insatiate France,
The laws your armour! and your God your shield!

See where, in prowling herds, the savage bands,
From camp to camp, wide throng the hostile shore!
Each ruffian pledg'd to plunge his reeking hands
Yet deeper in devoted England's gore!
Haste then, ye brave, &c.

French Liberty, their nation's Demon, flies
Thro' the tumultuous ranks, and frantic calls,
"Strike! strike my sons! and England's spirit dies,
Strike deep! and England's Constitution falls!
Haste then, ye brave, &c.

Wave wide my banners o'er your proud domain,
Midst shrieks of terror and expiring groans!
Let Slaughter! Violation! swell your train,
Deaf to the orphan's cries and widow's moans.
Haste then, ye brave, &c.

Long have my poisons search'd her Lion's heart,
His native strength the pestilence defies,
Let your sure daggers aid the secret art,
Strike deep, my sons! and England's Lion dies!"
Haste then, ye brave, &c.

Hence Fiend accurst! thou bane of human good!
Tempt not the vengeance thou deserv'st so well;
For Albion's sword shall drink thy desp'rate blood,
And drive thee headlong to thy parent hell.
Haste then, ye brave, &c.

—Patriot Defenders of your Country's weal,
Soldiers! prepare—prepare, old Ocean's Sons!
Blast the Usurper with your light'ning steel,
Astound him with the thunder of your guns.
Haste then, ye brave, &c.

'Tis

'Tis not for Glory's meed that England strives,
'Tis not for Gain her ensigns are unfurl'd;
'Tis for our Altars—Parents—Children—Wives—
Our Fortunes—and the safety of the World.
Haste then, ye brave, &c.

What heart so cold to Honour's sacred flame,
What hand so weak in valour's gen'rous cause,
That would not rouse to guard their Country's fame,
Revenge her insults and protect her laws?
Haste then, ye brave, &c.

Should then invading hordes pollute our soil,
Vindictive rush your Country's rights to save;
Bid the big ruin on themselves recoil,
And let their teeming legions glut the grave.
Haste then, ye brave, &c.

Britons be firm! united! undismay'd!
Quick to fair Freedom's loyal standard fly,
Your King! and Constitution! claims your aid;
—For England nobly live! or nobly die.

Haste then, ye Brave! Britannia's sons advance!
'Tis Britain's Genius leads you to the field,
Dare the fierce menace of insatiate France,
The Laws your armour! and your God your shield!

Globe.

THE ENGLISH COOKS;

OR,

BRITANNIA THE QUEEN OF THE SEA!

YOU'LL find, if in Fame's latter page you'll be looking,
Of brave English Cooks a most glorious view;
There's not such a Nation in Europe for cooking
The French carbonade, fricassee and ragout,
Let's begin with the first, for I wish to get on straight,
Brave Howe who so nobly to dress 'em did learn;
For June, Ninety-four, will quite easy demonstrate
The Gallic Mounseers, fait, were *done to a turn.*
Arrah! wack fal lal lara, lal lara,
Wack fal lal lara, lal la;
Great Britain will never attempt at promotion,
Contented alone to be "Queen of the Sea."

The

The Spaniards came forwards, och! they must be boasting,
This victory was but to them a mere puff;
St. Vincent cried, burn me! I'll give 'em *a roasting*,
'Twas truth that he said, they were soon *done enough*.
Brave Duncan cried out, zounds! if I can molest 'em
Woe be to their masts, and their rigging, and flags:
The Dutch came to tempt him, och! he *over-dress'd 'em*;
He did them so much, they were *done all to rags*.
Arrah! whack, &c.

They have lately cast sheep's-eyes from Calais to Dover,
But the sea an't a pond very easily crost;
And by Warren *done up*, and by Nelson *done over*,
The whole of their fleets are sunk, taken, or lost.
Now as for their boats, there's no doubt of their striking,
While Britons such capital Cooks still possess;
The French can ne'er fail to be *dress'd to our liking*,
For the cause we defend must ensure us success.
Then sing wack fal lal lara, lal lara,
Whack fal lal lara la,
Great Britain will never attempt at promotion,
Contented alone to be "Queen of the Sea."

THE LITTLE ISLAND SHALL BE FREE.

A SONG.

BRITONS, arouse!—The vaunting foe
Now dares to brave our rage again;
But soon in thunder he shall know
The Little Island rules the main:
While other nations bend the neck
Beneath the proud Usurper's yoke,
His mad ambition let us check,
And prove we are true hearts of oak.

From age to age
Th' historic page
Records our empire on the sea;
While round our shores
Old Ocean roars,
"The Little Island shall be Free."

Our wives, our children, and our laws,
Protection claim from ev'ry hand;
And Freedom is the glorious cause—
Freedom! the Charter of our Land.

Great

Great in ourselves, we may defy
The pow'r of mad-brain'd, haughty Gaul;
Though nations leagu'd with him should try
To work the Little Island's fall.
From age to age, &c.

What Briton would, e'en life to save,
Unarm'd in such a cause remain,
And meanly crawl the coward slave!
Gall'd by the conqu'ring Tyrant's chain?
Not one—Our boast shall ever be,
When danger's near we scorn to fly;
While Britons live they must be free,
Or sword in hand with glory die.
From age to age, &c.

A. Z.

THE SONS OF SCOTIA.

SUNG BY A COMPANY OF VOLUNTEERS IN MORVEN.

TUNE—"*Highland March.*"

We sons of Old Scotia, with hearts true as steel,
Enraptur'd, our Ancestors' spirit we feel;
Rising equal to danger, thus boldly we dare
Bid the Corsican Tyrant of us to beware,
For tho' Gallia submits to his haughty decree,
Yet Old Caledonia shall always be free.
For tho' Gallia, &c.

Fingal, with his Heroes, set bound'ries to Rome,
And their gallant Successors were ne'er overcome;
The Danes and fierce Saxons, with broad-swords and shields;
Were conquer'd in thousands, and died on our fields;
And when Europe submissive, obey'd their decree,
Caledonia was valiant, unconquer'd and free.
And when Europe, &c.

Now united with England, our int'rests are join'd,
And from Caithness to Cornwall our strength is combin'd,
All equally Britons, all equally brave,
All detesting the Tyrant that dares to enslave:
Thus runs our new Charter, by Heav'n's decree,
Brittannia shall conquer, and Britons be free.
Thus runs our new Charter, &c.

But

But hark! British Thunders indignantly roar,
From the white Cliffs of Dover to Barra's bleak shore!
'Tis our brethren in arms, see them boldly advance,
All eagerly panting for vengeance on France;
To confirm, single handed, the mighty decree,
That Britannia shall conquer, and always be free.
To confirm, &c.

Like the comet's bright blaze thro' the dark colour'd sky,
See the Spirit of Wallace and Bruce from on high;
They bend o'er the fields of their fame with a smile,
And say, "Sons, guard your freedom, defend your blest Isle
And true to yourselves, bold and firm as we are,
Britannia shall conquer, and Britons be free."
And true to your selves, &c.

Caledonians, dear Comrades, on Mersey's green banks!
Be the foremost in danger, the first in the ranks;
Let the fame of your valour thro' Morven resound,
That the Harp of Old Ossian may joy in the sound:
Defend our fam'd Island, the Queen of the Sea,
Let Britannia still triumph; and always be free.
Defend our fam'd Island, &c.

THE HISTORY OF HUMBUG.

IN ages long past, when Humbug was a trade,
You have heard of a thing which they called Gasconade!
'Twas a neat way of saying just what was not true,
And threatening grand things which we never could do.

The word it was French, and it suited the nation,
Who have always been prone to—enlargification:
Drawcansir came next, in his science well skill'd,
Who killed all he saw, and then eat all he kill'd.

But these Braggarts of old, who once fill'd us with wonder,
Must hide their small heads and be glad to knock under;
The true Braggadocia has now got the start—
And they call this grand hero—Don Puff, Bonaparte.

With a heart made of stone, and with feelings of lead,
In statue four feet, and with eyes sunk in his head;
All feather and sash, this immense Cockitoo,
How he struts and how threatens "what things he will do."

He swears his French nation will soon be a-float,
That he'll beat our whole Fleet with his little cock-boat;
While the winds and the waves must all bow to his nod,
And with reverence look up to this little French god.

Our sailors subdued, his Flotilla comes over,
And the Consular Guard take their breakfasts at Dover
While Don Puff in his seven-leagued boots ere 'tis sun-down,
Rides forward and takes his head-quarters in London.

There seated—he gives us dull English a schooling,
And relieves our poor King from the trouble of ruling,
While his army so gay, as their custom and trade is,
"Pour passer le temps" are amusing the ladies.

To all this fine boasting (with God our reliance)
"The tight little Island" returns its defiance:
And from Johnny Groat's house to Penzance is the pray'r—
Let this Corsican Ruffian but come—if he dare!

INVOCATION.

"Non vultus instantis Tyranni
Mente quatit solida,"
"Is consili expers mole ruet sua!
Vim temperatam Dii quoque provehunt
In majus; idem odere vires
Omne nefas animo moventes." HOR.

HEARD ye the Fiend of Battle's roar,
Born on the blast from Gallia's shore?
Saw ye the banners wave on high,
Briton, thy legions to defy?
Whence thy proud vaunt, insulting Gaul?
Think'st thou those heroes to appal
With braggard menace, whose dread might
Oft hast thou felt in bloodiest fight?
Hast thou forgotten Acre? Sidney's peerless name
Shall blast thy laurels in the wreath of fame!

Spirits of those, whose deeds of yore
Bade the rash Gaul his taunts deplore!
Ye that at Cressy nobly bled
Tow'ring aloft o'er fields of dead,
What time our Edward's prowess gave
Unnumber'd chieftains to the grave!
Or ye that round our Harry prest,
Whilst Vict'ry, gleaming on his crest,
Scath'd with her eye of fire th' affrighted host,
And bade them flee—for Agincourt was lost!

Spirits arise! again inspire
The Briton's soul with your own fire!
Teach them the falchion's might to wield
As Marlborough erst on Blenheim's field,
Bid them with Egypt's conqueror vie,
Embalm'd in honour's bed to lie!

Rather

Rather in Glory's arms to bleed,
Than not to grasp Fame's brightest meed:
Than not the antient British worth to shew,
And, single-handed, meet th' insulting foe!

God of our fathers! shall we kneel
To him who doth no pity feel;
To him, without a tear or sigh,
Who thousands saw at Jaffa die:
Saw them, unarm'd, by butchers fall,
"Whose shrieks for hopeless mercy call?"
Briton, arise! The God who hears
The widow's groan, the orphan's pray'rs,
Shall with thy native strength his power combine;
The cause of Mercy and of God is thine!

Come then, Apostate, dare advance
Myriads of slaves from abject France;
Thy Prophet here in thee shall feel
The vengeance of the Christian's steel:
Come, but soon thy fate to mourn,
Never, never, to return!
Here on the shore thy loathed course
Shall meet the eye without remorse:
Thy banners rent, no more shall be unfurl'd
And War's foul fiend shall ease the labouring world.

INVOCATION.

——Dulce et decorum est
Pro patria mori.

BY *Abercrombie's* well-earn'd fame,
By *Harry's*, and by *Edward's* name,
By *Agincourt's* ensanguin'd plain,
And by the sons at Cressy slain;
Draw, Britain! draw the vengeful sword,
Let DEATH or VICTR'Y! be the word.

By bleak *Helvetia's* groans and sighs,
And by her ravish'd daughter's cries,
By fair *Italia's* wasted plains,
By *Belgium's* wrongs, and *Belgium's* chains,
With vengeance flashing from the eye,
Like Britons live, or Britons die.

As 'erst when Cæsar led his host,
And proudly fought old *Albion's* coast,
Their patriot breasts thy sons expos'd,
And broke the art of war-train'd foes;
Whilst *Druids* sung in words of fire,
To Death or Victory aspire—

Let Priests blaspheme, and flatt'ry raise
Her servile voice in fulsome praise;
Let Frenchmen watch a Despot's nod,
And cringing kiss a Tyrant's rod;
Cry, Britons! cry with latest breath,
O! give us Liberty or Death!

J. PORTER.

Liverpool Chronicle.

THE CALEDONIAN DEFIANCE.

BRAVE Britons! since we now agree,
In our just cause, sae heartie;
We s'all be chearfu' blyth, an' free,
In spite o' Bonaparte.
That vile, ambitious, wicked wasp,
Wha sometimes has misled us,
Wad Britain hae within his grasp,
And threaten to invade us.

We ken, whariver he has been,
He has spread desolation—
Now his fierce rage is pointed keen
Against our envy'd Nation.
But can he, an' his Blackguard crew,
That we frae Egyp' hunted,
E'er think brave Britons to subdue,
Whase courage ne'er was blunted?

Whan we, sae far frae our ain shores,
French miscreants kept under;
How will they meet us at our doors,
An' face our dreadfu' thunder?

E'en let them come—they'll find us bauld,
Determin'd, strong, an' brawny;
An' they s'all be fu' tightly maul'd,
By Johnny Bull an' Sawny.

For Britain's Sons, frae coast to coast
Hae pledg'd ilk ither fully,
To guard the Rights, o' whilk they boast,
Frae France an' her chief Bully.
An' Gude be thank'd, this is the voice
O' ane an' a' sae heartie;
Therefore, united, we rejoice,
Despisin' Bonaparte.

Whan we at ither Kintras glance,
Now under subjugation;
To that base wratch, an' lawless France,
We maun feel indignation—
But while our blessings we contrast
Wi' tyranny, sae hatefu',
To King an' Kintra we'll cling fast,
An' for just Laws be gratefu'.

Times.

THE BRITISH VOLUNTEERS.

TUNE—"*The British Grenadiers.*"

WHO talks of fear? Let cowards fly,
And skulk in holes and corners;
Such trembling dastards shall not cause
The enemy to scorn us.
Let Bonaparte and his tribe
Upon our shores appear,
And he shall feel what courage nerves
A British Volunteer.

No puny set of frighten'd fools,
No hollow-hearted knaves, sir;
No coward, as he falsely says,
No unresisting slaves, sir:
No traitor, with a lying tongue,
His loyalty declares;
But Liberty inflames the blood
Of British Volunteers.

The wealthy coward, who desires
To save his purse and person,
The base-born peasant, who despairs,
Alike I give a curse on:
And let them lie at home secure,
Nor in our ranks appear;
The wretch deserves to die who comes
With grief to Volunteer.

With hands united, thus we swear,
As Heaven our purpose views, sir,
To die, or extirpate from hence
The invader and his crews, sir.
And O may God assist our arm!
Then who dare talk of fears?
Huzza! for life, for liberty,
We fight, brave Volunteers!

WAR SONG.

By a Member of the College Corps, Dublin.

WARRIORS! see the Invader near—
Warriors! now the standard rear—
Grasp the sabre—point the spear—
Warriors! rise.

By the Hero's hallow'd fame:
By the Coward's deathless shame:
By Ireland's injur'd honour'd name:—

By Borhoime's Shade, whose, dying hand,
On the bloody Clontarf strand,
Swept the wild Dane from the land:—
Warriors! rise.

Onward! to the battle go:
Bid the Atheist Plunderer know
Our breasts with Irish valour glow:—

If, trusting to his faith, we yield,
The die is cast—your doom is seal'd—
Remember Jaffa's murderous field!
Warriors! rise.

By

By all the Hero's heart holds dear—
The Spouse's smile, the Infant's tear,
The voice of God and nature near,

'Tis in no Tyrant's tottering cause,
'Tis for his King, his Home, his laws,
The Freeman's sword the Freeman draws.

Warriors! rise.

When did the Frenchman learn to spare
The kneeling Parent's hoary hair,
Or soften to the Infant's prayer?

Tho' Fate or Fortune waft him o'er,
Teach him, if once he treads our shore,
He treads it—to return no more.

Warriors! rise.

See! yonder see his banners wave!
Father! Brothers! Sons! be brave—
Give him no ground, but for his grave.

What, tho' his countless hosts pour on—
What tho' on earth we stand alone,
To shield the Temple and the Throne—

Warriors! rise.

By the Captive's galling chain,
By the polluted, plundered fane—
The ruin'd cot—the soaking plain—

On! Warriors!—to the battle go,
Squadrons sweeping on the foe,
Strike the exterminating blow.

Warriors! rise.

Rushing thro' the heaps of slain,
Re-dye with many a gory stain
The laurels of the Egyptian plain.

Now! the hour of trial's nigh—
Swell the battle—chorus high
Death! glorious Death or Liberty!

Warriors! rise.

Brace the helm, the standard rear,
Grasp the sabre, point the spear—
United! what have we to fear?

Warriors! be brave.

FRATER.

OLD ENGLAND
IS OUR LEADING STAR.

Tune—"*The Topsail shiver in the wind.*

WAVE England's antique banner high,
Resplendent in the air—
Let all the hallow'd sign descry,
And share the Soldier's fare.
For though at home, or bound afar,
OLD ENGLAND is our leading Star.

No common cause demands our aid,
To guard from ruffians' hand,
Our King,—our Laws,—our Wives,—our babes—
Our Fathers' happy land.
And though at home, or bound afar,
OLD ENGLAND is our leading Star.

Th' endearing thought, now danger's high,
Adds vigour to the soul,
To conquer—or to nobly die—
And scorns all base control.
For though at home, or bound afar,
OLD ENGLAND is our leading Star.

Ah! look on yonder blood-stain'd shores;
There view th' Usurper's pow'r—
Where poison, murder, rapine stalks,
Where social life's no more!
Then, while we view those scenes afar,
Blest ENGLAND be our leading Star!

Ah, hapless Nations; had ye rous'd
In time your hardy Swains,
The Tyrant ne'er had bondage chain'd
Upon your peaceful plains!
While, then, we view such scenes afar,
Blest ENGLAND be our leading Star!

Then, Britons, rise!—and to your cliffs;
Be there your Flag unfurl'd—
Go!—hurl th' Invaders down the deep,
And save a falling world.
For though at home, or bound afar,
OLD ENGLAND is our leading Star.

British Neptune.

WARD

WARD ASSOCIATIONS.

Written by a Member of the South-East District of Loyal London Volunteers.

THO' weak my strain, away my fears,
I see no cause of fearing;
All songs should be from Volunteers,
In praise of volunteering:
Unskill'd my lay, sincere my verse,
The theme with pow'r inspires us;
And while our duties we rehearse,
With loyal ardour fires us.
Then ev'ry hand and heart combine,
We need not fear invasion;
While high in Loyalty shall shine,
Each Ward Association.

While martial ardour fills each breast,
Remember still your duty;
We are not boys, in tinsel drest,
To lure the eye of beauty;
Tho' young in arms, in brave array,
We well know how to place them;
Our heroes oft have led the way,
And we will ne'er disgrace them.
Then every hand, &c.

Felicity to keep in view,
Mankind should live as brothers;
Let us that harmony pursue,
We wish to teach to others.
Let conscience yield the wish'd applause,
No strife our peace suspending;
But steadfast in one glorious cause,
Unite, our Rights defending.
Then ev'ry hand, &c.

Our Neighbours long have been misled,
For FREEDOM vainly toiling;
'Tis *here* she proudly rears her head
On her lov'd Children smiling;
Let us deserve her cheering smile,
With sacred awe respect her;
Still may she bless our favor'd Isle,
We can and will protect her.
Then ev'ry hand, &c.

What tho' the Gallic Leader boast,
And threaten to invade us,
Our cause is in itself a host,
And Frenchmen ne'er dismay'd us.
In History's page we oft are found,
In France e'en to defeat them;
United then, on British ground,
We sure must doubly beat them.
Then ev'ry hand, &c.

Long may our Officers possess
Life, liberty, and wealth too;
Urg'd by that love we all profess,
Our King, let's drink a health to:
The Toast push round with lively zeal,
With "Enmity to Faction!"
And what our loyal bosoms feel,
Let's shew, in loyal action;
Then ev'ry hand, &c.

A YORKSHIRE SONG.

TUNE—"*Hosier's Ghost.*"

HARK! the din of embarkation
Blusters from yon hostile shore:
We, with "note of preparation,"
Echo back the thundering roar.
England, still to fear a stranger,
Dares the tyrant to advance;
Single-handed copes with danger,
And defies the hosts of *France*.

To the beach her sons descending,
Rush to meet the murderous foe:
From their spheres of lustre bending,
Sainted warriors bless each blow.
Fierce the strife, but quickly ended,
When the patriot girds his thigh;
And, by *English* hearts attended,
Swears—to triumph, or to die.

Solemn oaths, brave YORSHIRE bind thee,
Pledged in heaven's recording sight:
O then, let thy country find thee
Foremost in the van of fight!
With the blood of *France* all gory,
Haply on thy front a scar;
Think, what then shall be thy glory,
Borne in conquest's crimson car.

Then

Then thy children, clustering round thee,
Shall with rapture clasp their sire:
England then shall boast, she found thee
Burning with thine ancient fire.
Thence in peace each joy possessing,
Thou shalt draw her endless gaze;
Thine shall be her dearest blessing—
Beauty's love, and Valour's praise.

THE SPIRIT OF ALBION.

I SEE, as in the days of old,
Albion's heroic spirit rise;
I see him vigorous and bold:
"To arms! my gallant sons!" he cries.
"Defy the rav'ning power of France;
Her threat'ning and her guile defy:
Bold let your steady ranks advance,
And on your righteous cause rely.

With you no nation can compare,
For freedom and for upright laws;
Ye know your rights, and, knowing, dare
Be valiant in an upright cause.
Ye will, with ready heart and hand,
Immediate to your shores descend;
Ye will your rights and native land,
Your roofs and families defend.

From every hill and dale around,
My Britons, heirs of endless fame!
I hear your martial clangour sound,
I hear, with joy, your loud acclaim.
My military youth behold!
Whom no assailant shall dismay;
How firm, how resolute and bold!
How graceful in their bright array?

How graceful is the gallant youth
Whose heart with martial ardour glows!
The champion of a nation's truth!
Th' avenger of our wrongs and woes!
On him our expectations wait,
His dear, dear country's hope and stay;
A pillar in our peerless state,
In glory's crown a brilliant ray.

Now, while the martial clangour sounds,
And wide the waving banners fly,
How eagerly his bosom bounds!
What lightning flashes in his eye!
Awake, ye minstrels, wake the lyre,
Full let the mighty descant flow,
For him who breathes heroic fire,
And hurls defiance at the foe.

A gentler breath pervades the sky,
And soft that beam of orient day!
Was it a maiden's tender sigh?
Her melting blue eye's dewy ray?
Cease gentle maiden, cease to mourn;
Let no alarm your bosom move;
Soon will the valiant youth return,
Victorious, to your faithful love.

"Go forth, my gallant sons, and save
Your country from a cruel foe:
The rage of bloody conflict brave,
And lay the proud oppressor low.
Despise his menace, scorn his wiles,
And lay him spurning in the dust!
For Heaven on your endeavour smiles;
To Heaven for timely succour trust."

TYRTÆUS BRITANNICUS.

THE BRITISH SAILOR,

BY THE LATE DR. CROSSFIELD.

LIQUID mountains roll,
Shake from your heads the hoary spray;
Ye cannot daunt the Seaman's soul,
Though danger spreads the pathless way.

Vivid lightnings flash,
Blow tempests, bellow thunders dire,
The Seaman braves the dreadful crash,
Though billows to the clouds aspire.

Rise, pointed rocks, arise,
Assaulted by the foaming surge;
Sailors your flinty sides despise,
When friendship, love, and honour urge.

Roar, thundering cannons, roar,
Death-dealing bullets whistle round;
Let cowards wish themselves on shore,
A British Sailor loves the sound.

THE PLOUGHMAN'S DITTY;

Being an Answer to the Question, What have the Poor to Lose?

To the Tune of—*He that has the best Wife.*

BECAUSE I'm but poor,
And slender's my store.
That I've nothing to lose is the cry, Sir;
Let who will declare it,
I vow I can't bear it,
I give all such praters the lie, Sir.

Tho' my house is but small,
Yet to have none at all,
Wou'd sure be a greater distress, Sir;
Shall my garden so sweet,
And my orchard so neat,
Be the prize of a foreign oppressor?

On Saturday night
'Tis still my delight,
With my wages to run home the faster;
But if Frenchmen rule here,
I may look far and near,
But I never shall find a pay-master.

I've a dear little wife,
Whom I love as my life;
To lose her I shou'd not much like, Sir;
And 'twou'd make me run wild
To see my sweet child
With its head on the point of a pike, Sir.

I've my Church too to save,
And will go to my grave
In defence of a Church that's the best, Sir;
I've a King too, God bless him,
Let no man oppress him,
For none as he ever opprest, Sir.

British laws for my guard,
My cottage is barr'd,
'Tis safe in the light or the dark, Sir;
If the 'Squire shou'd oppress,
I get instant redress,
My orchard's as safe as his park, Sir.

My cot is my throne,
What I have is my own,
And what is my own I will keep, Sir;
Should BONEY come now,
'Tis true I may plough,
But I'm sure that I never shall reap, Sir.

Now do but reflect
What I have to protect,
Then doubt if to fight I shall choose, Sir;
King, Church, Babes, and Wife,
Laws, Liberty, Life,
Now tell me I've nothing to lose, Sir.

Then I'll beat my ploughshare
To a sword or a spear,
And rush on these desperate men,-Sir;
Like a lion I'll fight,
That my spear, now so bright,
May soon turn to a ploughshare again, Sir.

Traveller.

TO BONAPARTE.

Sure Nappy you've a cruel heart,
And most unfeeling soul,
For not content to *bone a part*,
You mean to *bone* the *whole*:
But build not Castles in the air,
Nor let vain hopes deceive,
For Daddy John has set a snare,
Where none can take—*French leave!*

THE END.

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